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Collier's

MARCH 13, 1943

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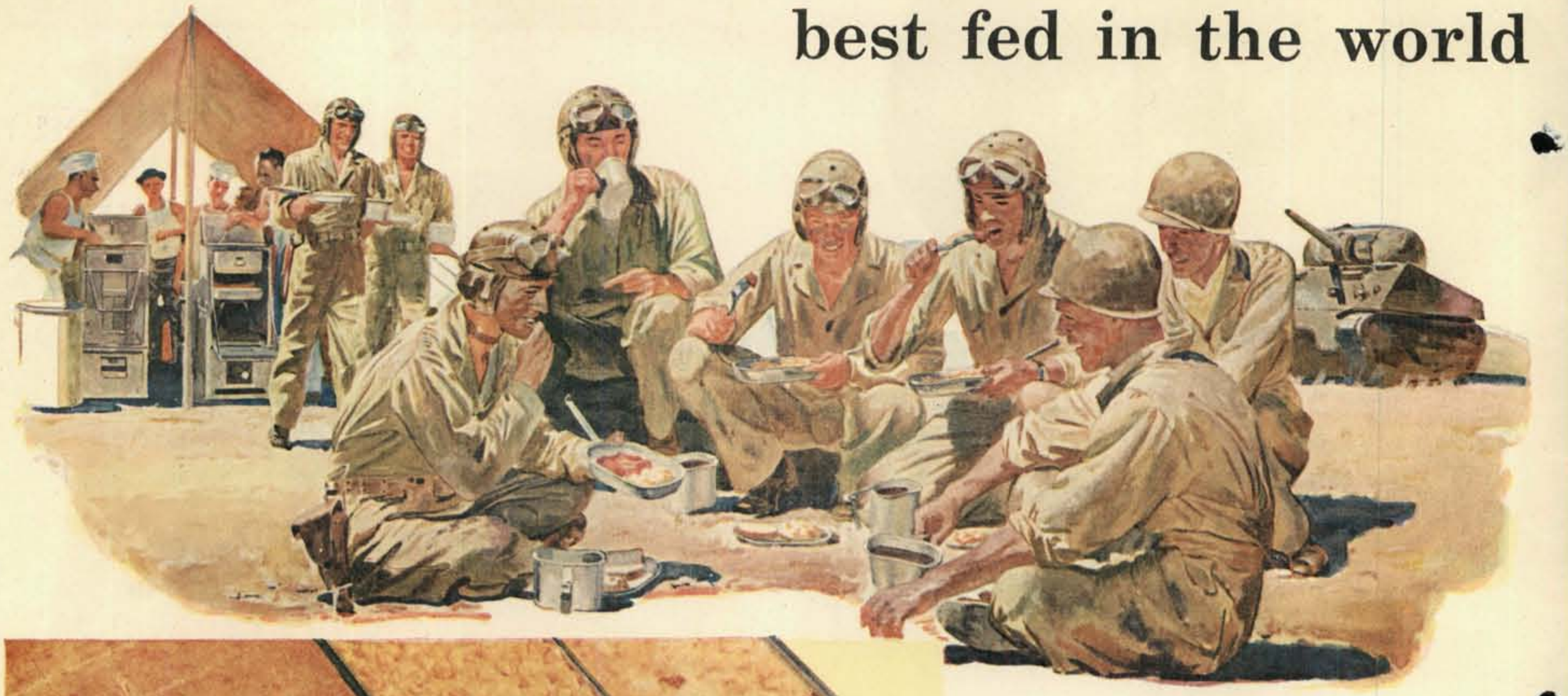
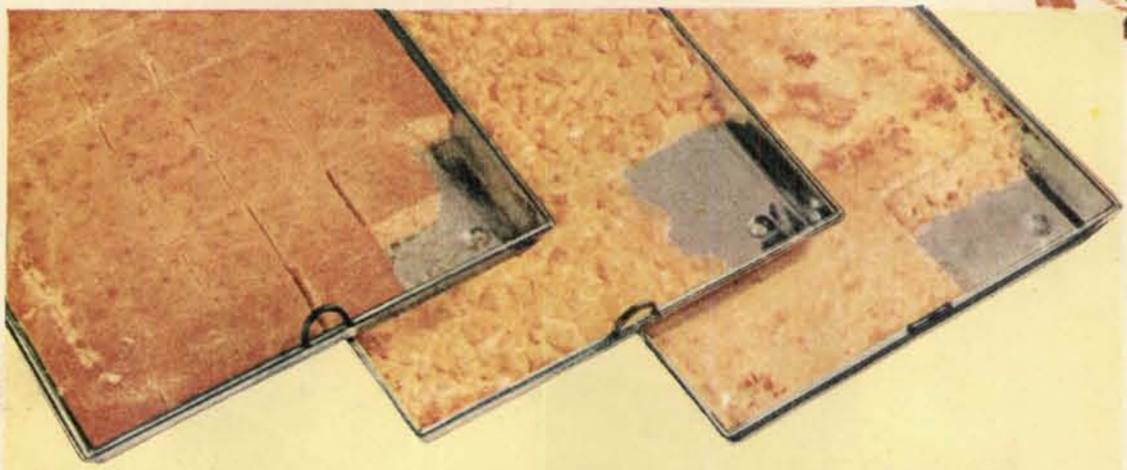
Mar 13'43

A modern food miracle helps keep our army the best fed in the world

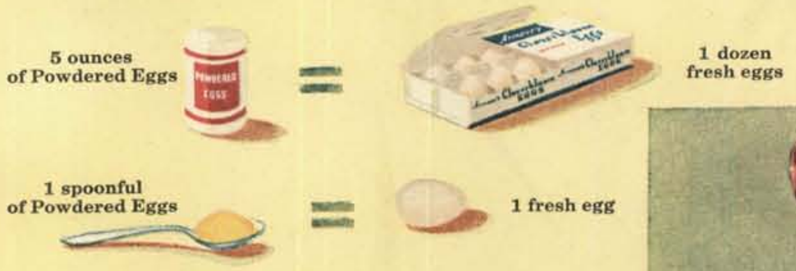




How the U. S. Army Quartermaster Corps gives overseas fighters their full quota of nourishing eggs

Whenever *fresh* eggs are available, our fighting men get them. But in foreign fields, Powdered Fresh Eggs come to the fore. Army cooks use them for scrambled eggs, cake, pudding, corn bread. Biggest advantage of powdered eggs is that they are remarkably easy to handle and keep.

They need no refrigeration, keep indefinitely and are always ready for use by simply adding water. They are so compact, one 5-oz. package of powdered eggs equals one dozen fresh eggs in the shell. One shipload of powdered eggs going to England is the equivalent of 6 shiploads of fresh eggs in the shell. Greatest quantity of this new food is going to feed our allies overseas.



England's eating more eggs now!

Not long ago, the English Ration allowed three fresh eggs per person per month. Then, through Lend-Lease, came America's Powdered Fresh Eggs. A spoonful... plus 2 spoonfuls of water ...and presto! The English housewife has the equivalent of a whole egg... purer than a fresh egg in the shell!

Not a hen in a hundred miles ... but they get their scrambled eggs

FRESH eggs are an important part of the American soldiers' daily diet. But in some of the barren countries where Americans are fighting, a fresh egg is just a legend. Nevertheless the Army Field Kitchens still serve up piping hot, delicious scrambled eggs... thanks to a new food "find" —Fresh Eggs in Powder Form.

In the wink of an eye, top-quality fresh eggs are transformed into a golden powder, with all the goodness of fresh eggs... and actually purer than fresh eggs in the shell!

Armour and Company pioneered in developing Powdered Fresh Eggs... built big plants to produce them... was ready to supply them to millions. Then with Pearl Harbor, this perfected food was rushed instead to Uncle Sam and our allies!

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DO YOUR BEST... AND *Be at your Best*

THESE are simple obligations, to our country, to our men at the front, and to ourselves.

No matter what your job—housewife, office employee, war worker—give it all you've got . . . do your best all of the time.

That means keeping strong, keeping healthy. This job's going to take every bit of stamina we can muster. And health is your greatest asset.

But as you work, don't forget to play. Play is the great equalizer. Make it part of your life also. Step forth. Go places. Meet people. Cultivate old friends and make new ones—lots of them. And try to be at your best always. Look your neatest. Be your sweetest. Swap a smile for a tear. Trade a laugh for a frown. Don't let down. Keep smiling. Keep going. That's the way the boys at the front would like it.

* * *

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It is hardly necessary to add that, because of its germicidal action which halts bacterial fermentation in the mouth, Listerine Antiseptic is the social standby of millions who do not wish to offend needlessly in the matter of halitosis (unpleasant breath).

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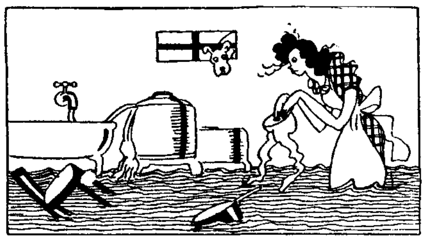
ANY WEEK

IT SEEMS that William T. Knight of Lincoln, Nebraska, is so bored with talk about taxes that he has a solution for this vexatious problem: "Let the government take over all our wages or salary and then feed and clothe us and pay our rent and give us Army pay of $12 a week for the duration. That would free about half the government employees for war work and cure a million headaches. Most workers never have as much as $12 a week left anyhow, after paying those above-mentioned bills."

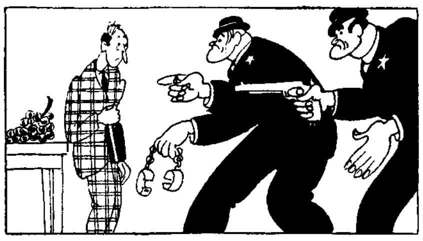


IF MR. KNIGHT thinks he's going to get by with anything as subversive as that, he's crazy and may be inviting a visit from the F.B.I. If he considers he has troubles, he is only pampering himself. From Alva Adams of Madison, Wisconsin, we learn of real tragedy: "Because of the war, we have a fuel-oil shortage; because of fuel-oil shortage, we're cold; because we're cold, I purchased outing flannel pajamas for the family. Outing flannel consists of one tenth outing and nine tenths fuzz. Said fuzz does not remain with garment but sneaks out of it, creeps downstairs, lurks in corners, garnishes family roast (when we can find a roast). I tried washing the offending garments in the family washer. Result: Clogged up that little sieve where water runs out; removed sieve, let water run on floor. Result: Basement drain clogged; shortage of men, can't get a plumber anywhere. I hope they boil Shicklgruber in oil—preferably fuel oil!"

AND according to one of our most faithful correspondents on the Coast Mr. Sam Goldwyn has just finished a picture starring Bob Hope, and he thought it would be a good idea to get some information on what Hope's last previous effort had done for Paramount. The film was Road to Morocco, and the reports ran something like this—Boston: "They tore the roof off for this one." Chicago: "They ripped the seats up in their enthusiasm." Memphis: "Hope really burned the place down this time." Sam Goldwyn read these raves with something approaching terror. "It beats me." he said worriedly, "how they're able to stand up under that boy."

BUT if Paramount is having trouble with Bob Hope, we're being harassed by A. M. Jackson, editor-publisher-handy man of the Slaton (Texas) Slatonite, who writes, "If your column needs some original ideas from a real man instead of these imaginary characters you claim you hear from in all parts of the world, I can turn out some high-grade baloney (for a price) from a place in Texas where cowpunchers raise cotton and where we build sand fences instead of snow fences." If Jackson thought he was going to break our heart by spoiling our last illusion, he is mistaken; nobody is ever going to make us believe that Texas cowpunchers are anything but BIG, BRAVE, BULLDOGGERS.

AND while we're all (in the East, at least) sitting around in freezing rooms like characters in a play entitled The Last Days of St. Petersburg, Headlee Lee Howard, now in training at Nashville, Tennessee, has the effrontery to be sore because we printed an article on the making of the picture Air Force, in which we said that the motion-picture crews almost died of the heat around Tampa, Florida. Insisting that Tampa never in its life had a temperature over 100, Mr. Howard seems to suggest that the whole thing may have been a plot by the movie people from California. We investigated and found that the crew returned from Tampa looking like baked apples, but that may merely have been make-up. We must insist, however, that Mr. Howard keep a civil tongue in his cheek on the subject of heat. We burn a chair in the middle of our living room every night and are not too amiable with people complaining about sunburn.



OUR anger is relieved somewhat by finding a touch of pathos in a communication from R. D. Wullschleger of Frankfort, Kansas, who asks indulgence for those who brew a crock of the flowing grape for their own pleasure. It wouldn't happen, he says, if the government would be content with lower taxes on liquor, but since they won't be content, and loose fruit *will* persist in lying around, a man can hardly help making a little wine. "He gives his friends some," says Mr. Wullschleger,

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THIS WEEE

MARCH 13, 1943

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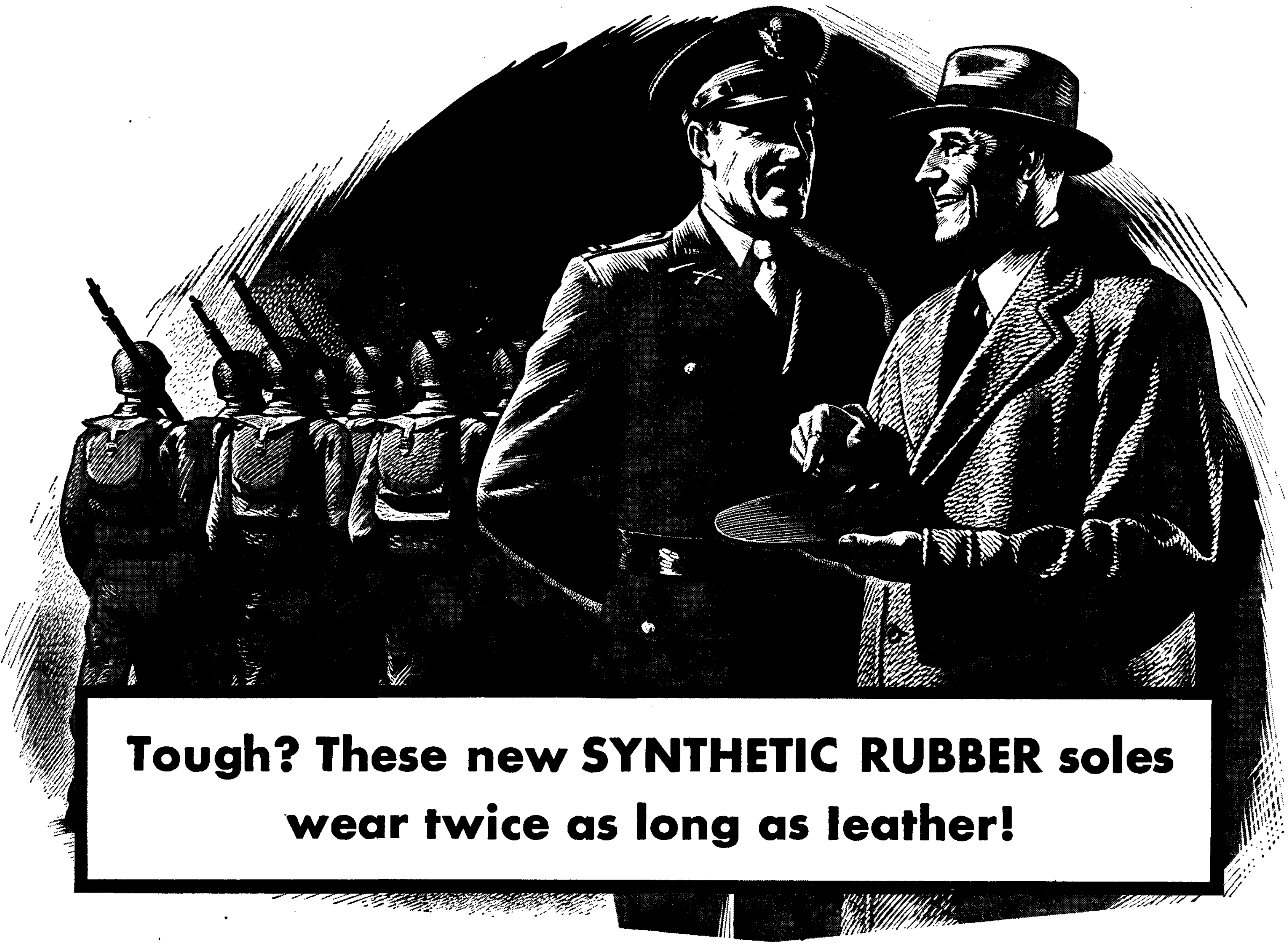

Tough? These new SYNTHETIC RUBBER soles wear twice as long as leather!

EVERY general knows that a soldier is no tougher than his feet. That is why, back before the war, both the Army and Marine Corps made rubber soles and heels "regulation" on field shoes—because tests proved good rubber long outwore any other material on the march. And it is easier on the feet than old-style hobnails.

But when Uncle Sam began calling millions of men to the colors, Goodyear foresaw that our troops might eventually be deprived of these longer-wearing, foot-cushioning soles as the nation's rubber reserve dwindled. So many months ago we set our Research Department the task of developing comparable soles and heels from Chemigum, Goodyear's own synthetic rubber.

Now after many trials Goodyear is ready with Chemigum soles and heels that not only wear as long as natural rubber—*more than twice as long as the best leather*—but possess a plus advantage not found in either rubber or leather. This is Chemigum's impermeability to acids, oils and greases that cause both leather and rubber to soften and swell.

CHEMIGUM

As a result, Chemigum soles and heels are definitely superior for wear in engine rooms, auto repair shops, gasoline stations, oil fields, barnyards and in many industries.

Thus once again Goodyear has anticipated an emergency and is ready with the answer. Should the rubber shortage force the Army to give up its present shoe construction, Chemigum soles and heels can be produced as rapidly as adequate quantities of this synthetic rubber can be made available. And with the expanding output of new synthetic plants, built as part of the government's rubber program, these better shoe products will ultimately be available to all.

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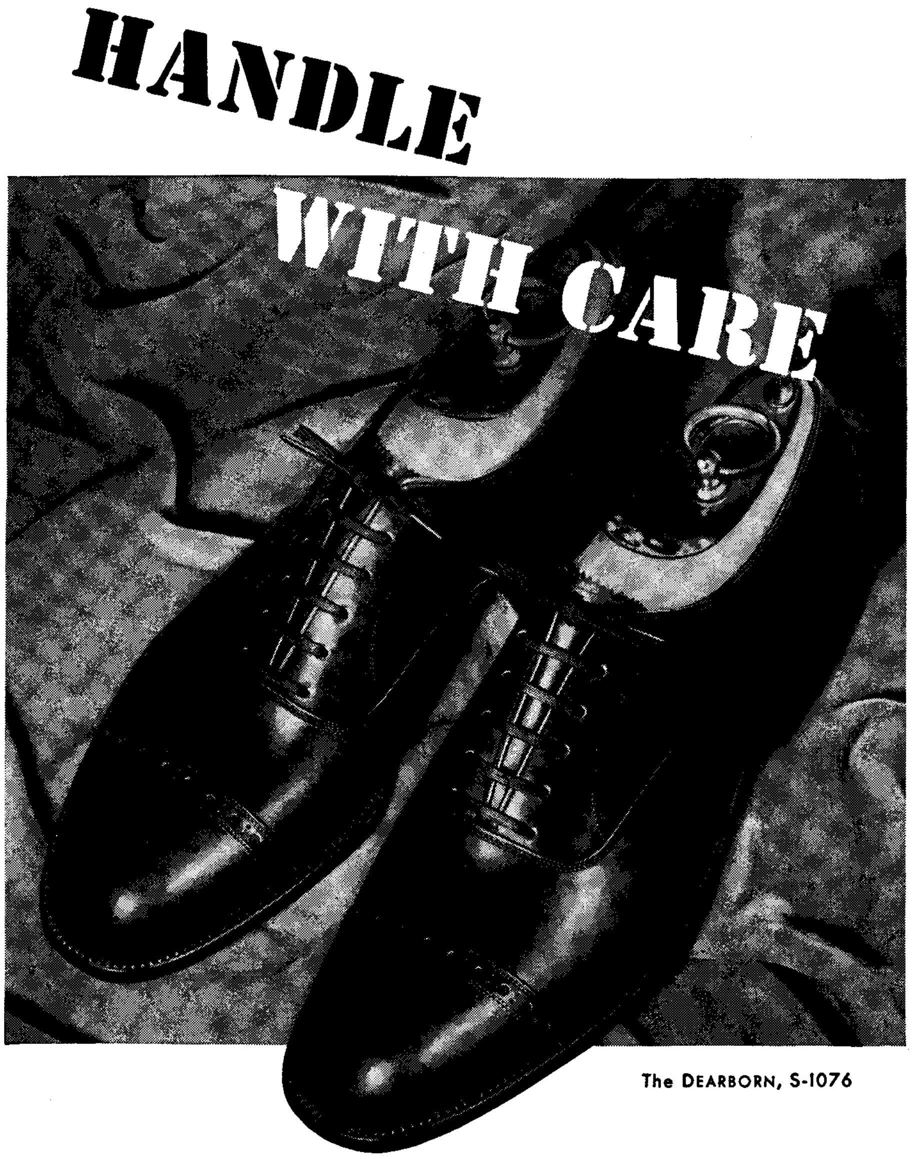

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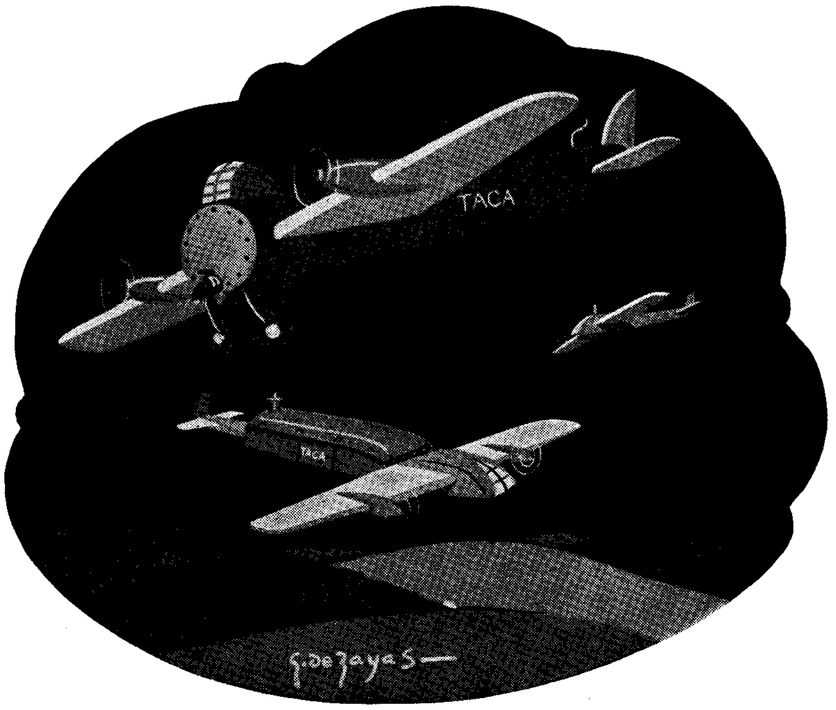


KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The world's largest carrier of aerial freight is the TACA line (Transportes Aereos Centro-Americanos), which serves the seven countries of Central America with 56 planes, 30 radio stations, 126 offices and 200 airports. Each day over its 7,000 miles of scheduled routes, are carried such articles as dynamite, chicle, mahogany, foods, heavy machinery, household goods and work and meat animals. Incidentally, it is the only airline in existence that owns a flying oil tanker.

In its study of the possibility of the transmission of breast cancer of mice through milk, the National Cancer Institute in Bethesda, Maryland, uses a machine to milk its laboratory mice. No one has hands small enough to relieve these little rodents of their milk which amounts to about one quarter of a thimbleful taken at each milking.—*By S. G. Collier, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.*

Amatol, an explosive used in shells and bombs, requires a heavy charge of another high explosive to set it off. This "booster" is usually the more sensitive TNT which, in turn, is detonated by the still more sensitive mercury fulminate.

A package addressed to a soldier overseas can no longer be accepted by a post office unless the sender produces a request for the specific articles in it, written by the soldier and approved by his commanding officer. Moreover, the package cannot be mailed if it is more than five pounds in weight, fifteen inches in length or if it is thirty-six inches in combined length and circumference.

During the entire seventeen months' siege of Leningrad, broken on January 18, 1943, most factories, schools and churches continued to function and four theaters and twenty-three motion-picture houses did not close their doors even for one day.

A new treatment for burns is the spraying of the injured skin with a melted mixture of paraffin wax, sulfanilamide, cod-liver oil, vaseline, camphor, menthol, and oil of eucalyptus. The advantages claimed for this new spray treatment include instant relief from pain, elimination of bandages and time saved, as twelve men can be cared for while one man is being treated by any other method.

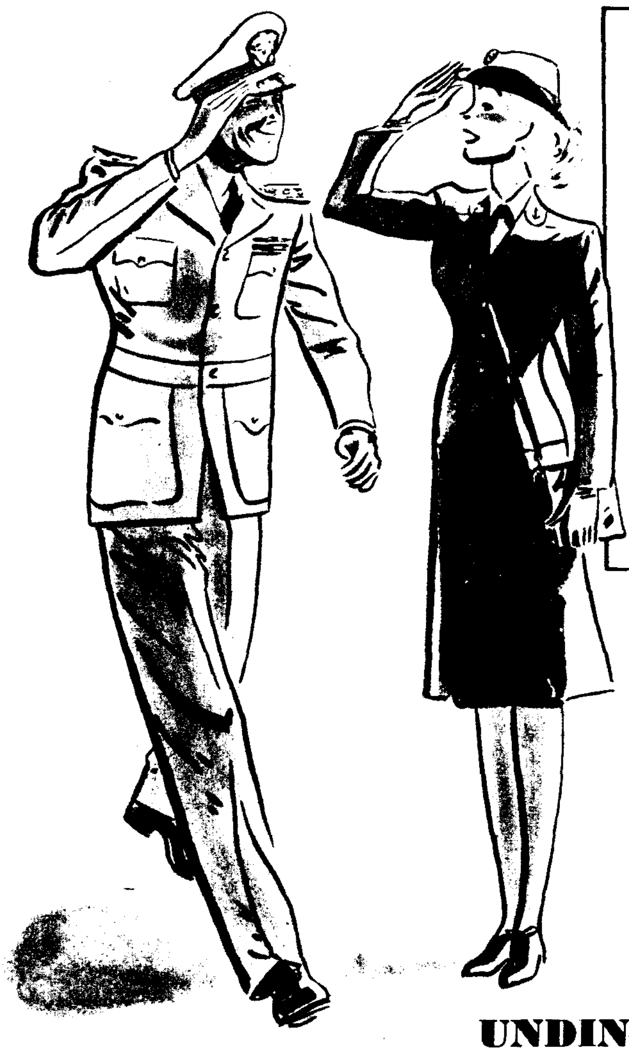
Many psychologists believe that everything we have heard, said or experienced in our lives is retained in the subconscious mind, but that most of these details rarely return except under exceptional circumstances. Classic case cited is that of an illiterate servant girl who, while delirious, repeated numerous passages in Hebrew, Greek and Latin which she had overheard a former employer recite in his study.

On December 8, 1941, the Jockey Club of New York received a great many letters from racing stables requesting the official registration of the name "Pearl Harbor" for one of their horses. On the following day, the name was given to a bay gelding formerly known as "Two," which was owned by the Bedford Stock Farm near Fort Worth, Texas.—*By E. A. Maker, Swansea, Massachusetts.*

When an American soldier is captured, his pay is continued and the accumulated amount given to him upon his return, minus such deductions as insurance premiums and allotments made to dependents. When a man is reported missing in action and his fate is unknown, he remains on a pay status for at least a year.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

WHAT'S IN A NAME?



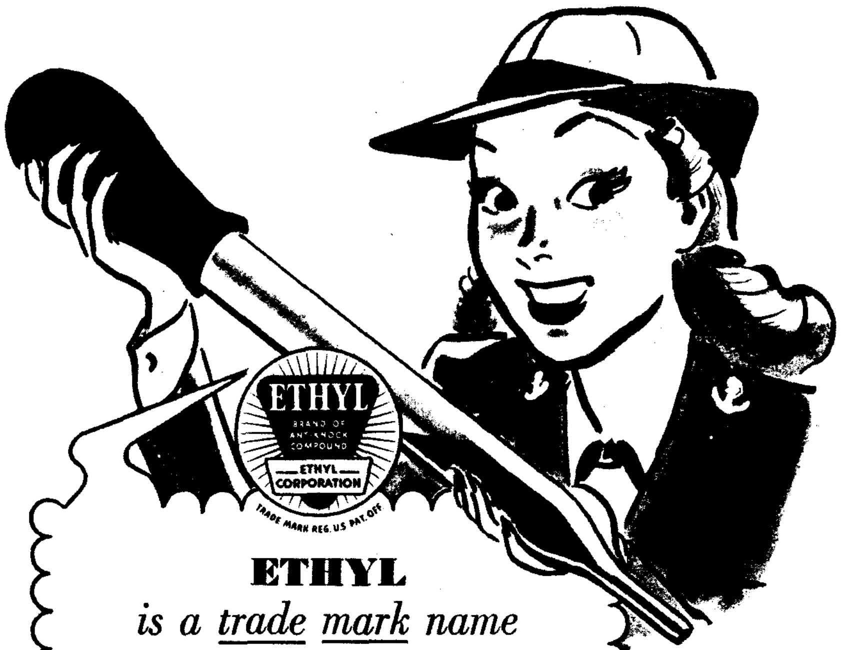
MEREDITH
means
"an admiral"

UNDINE
means
"of the waves"

JOEL
means
"he who commands"

SIMON
means
"hearing and obeying"

HECTOR
means
"an anchor"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is a *__trade__* *__mark__* *name*

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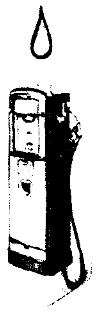
The Ethyl trade mark emblem on a gasoline pump means that Ethyl fluid has been put into high quality gasoline and the gasoline sold from that pump can be called "Ethyl."



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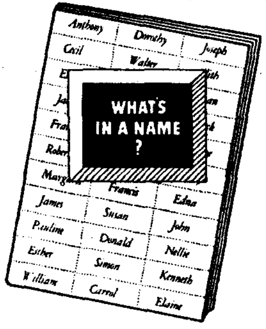
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WING TALK

ACME

Col. R. L. Scott, Jr. (right) and Col. R. H. Carmichael tell of their experiences on the sky battle fronts of the Far East

TAKE it from one who should know, America's fighter pilots and bomber-plane gunners are better shots than their opponents in the Jap air force—and for a sound reason. Colonel Robert L. Scott, Jr., Army Air Corps, says that when an American airman pulls the trigger on his machine guns, he's usually on the mark, but that Jap pilots and gunners always shoot behind their target.

Scott has just returned from China where he headed the fighter group of Brigadier General Claire Chennault's air force, and personally shot down at least thirteen Nipponese planes. American aerial gunnery is top-notch, he declares, largely because most of our airmen learned to shoot at an early age. The average American boy—at least outside our big cities—owned a BB gun at eight and went hunting with his daddy at twelve. The art of leading a moving target, learned from shooting on the wing, is what makes our men good aerial gunners, Scott says. On the other hand, few Japanese airmen ever went "duckin'" as boys and never developed the knack of leading a moving object.

Drawling Colonel Scott, a thirty-five-year-old Georgian, is mighty proud of the fact that his American Army Air Force fighter pilots took over from the famed Flying Tigers and kept up the destructive record of the AVG soldiers of fortune.

"The Japs," he says, "sorta figured they'd have an easy time of it when the veteran Tigers moved out, and we stepped in. But we got nineteen Zeros the first day without losing a plane and have got ten or twelve to one ever since."

In attacking a Zero, Scott advises, get on his tail and aim for the point where the wing joins the fuselage, and give him a few bursts.

"If you've hit where you aimed," he says, "at first it seems as though you've missed. Nothing happens immediately, but then a tongue of flame appears and slowly spreads. Then he blows up and you fly right through the pieces."

When Colonel Scott flew home from China recently, to teach his hard-won knowledge of killing Japs to our fledgling fliers, he passed a flight of American bombing planes over the Atlantic midway between South America and Africa. The lead plane of the group en route to the fighting front had been named "Georgia Jerk," by its crew, he noted. On arrival at the American base in Brazil, Scott inquired who was commanding the Georgia Jerk, saying that he must have been a cracker like himself.

"Yep," came the reply, "he's a Georgia boy. Came from your home town, and he says you taught him to fly. Name's Scott, Lieutenant Roland B. Scott. Yep, that's right; your kid brother. Said he hoped to take your place at the front so you could come home for a while."

FOR many decades, military writers have vied in thinking up maxims which declared either: (1) infantry is the decisive factor in land warfare, or (2) artillery dominates battlefields. Some general, it seems, once wrote that "infantry is the queen of battle." It was countered by another who said, "Artillery conquers, infantry occupies." He added that, if infantry was the queen, artillery was king.

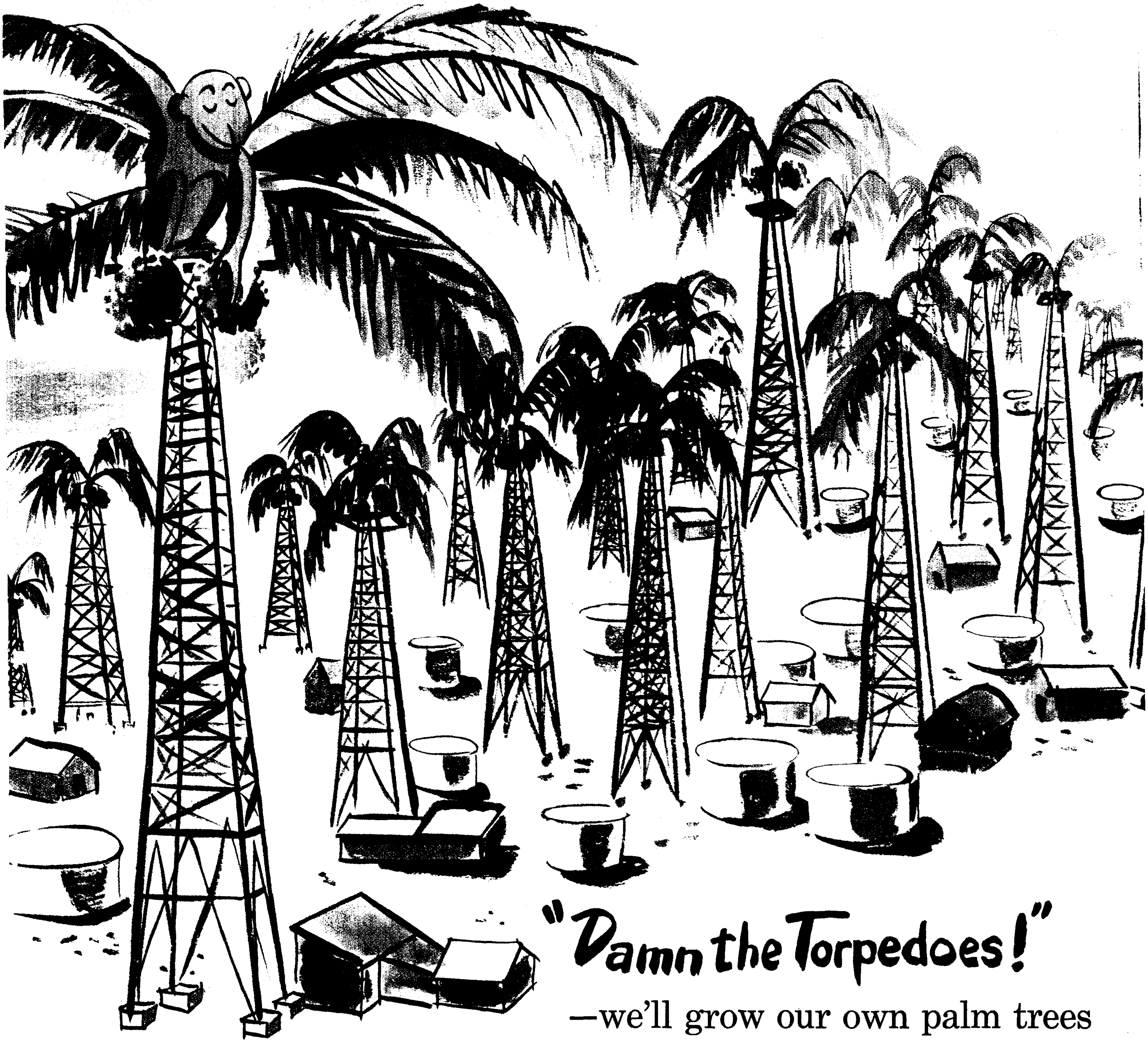
German Stukas appeared for a time to have permanently banished these royal pretenders, although they later came back into the lists. Now another contender has put in his bid for the throne.

This writer recently asked Major General A. A. ("Archie") Vandegrift, who led the Marines into the Solomons last August and commanded our forces there during the heavy fighting last fall, what caused the most casualties among the Japs—infantry machine-gun and rifle fire, artillery fire or dive bombing.

"We haven't any official statistics," Vandegrift said, then turned to his chief of staff, Colonel Gerald Thomas and asked, "But how about it, Gerry?"

"I'd say, definitely, Chief, that ground strafing by airplanes killed the most Japs," Thomas replied.

American planes, firing both .50-caliber machine guns and 37-millimeter cannon, accounted for many of the Nipponese killed at Guadalcanal by aircraft fire, while attacking landing barges. The same destructive fire killed many hundreds and probably thousands of Japs in New Guinea, particularly when Tojo tried his ill-fated offensive on Port Moresby over the Owen Stanley Mountains. In that rugged terrain, the Japs had to stick to the single mountain trail where they were fair targets for the Allied airmen. . . . JOHN G. NORRIS



"Damn the Torpedoes!"

—we'll grow our own palm trees

IT was a matter of convenience to let Nature grow the palm trees in Africa. Palm oil was then extracted from the pulp of the palm fruit, and American manufacturers used it—among other ways—in tin plating.

When the torpedoes began to cut into the cargo space for palm oil, scientists at the "University of Petroleum," Shell's research laboratories, made a study of its chemical structure. Tin plating is always important. Right now it is critical.

The result was that Shell scientists produced an oil from petroleum which, by every laboratory test, fulfills the functions of palm oil, insofar as it enters the process of plating tin over other metal. They did better than that:

Shell's substitute "palm oil" from our own oil derricks hasn't the shortcomings of natural palm oil: it is more oxidation-stable, and does not thicken, or become inflammable. . . .

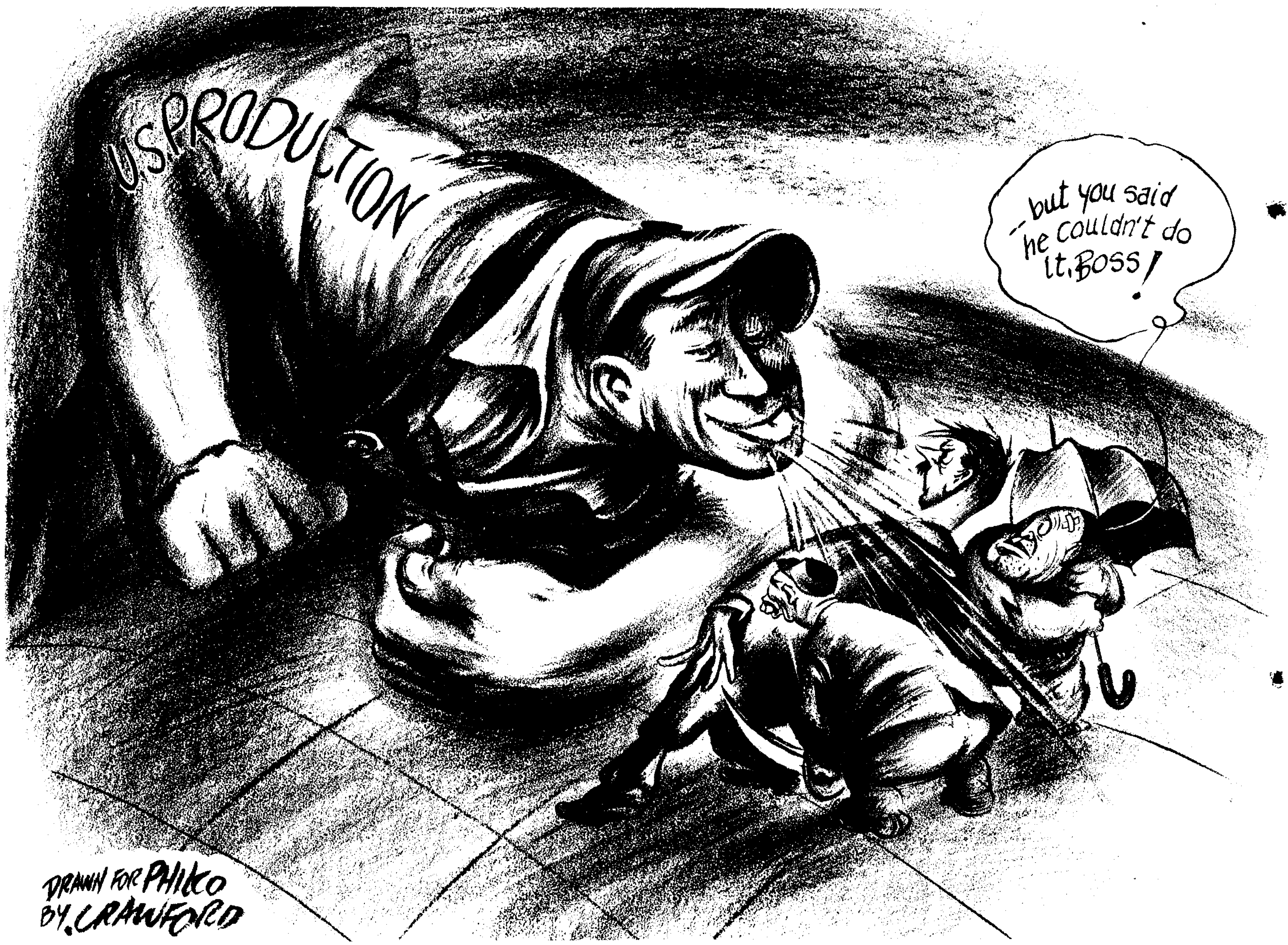
War pressure is hastening realization of the wealth we have at hand in petroleum, and the science which puts it to work in wholly unexpected ways. When we could get palm oil and rubber from trees, and silk from the silk worm, it was natural to take what Nature provided. We won't do that any longer. Shell Research is helping write a new Charter of Freedom . . .

This Freedom will prove as stimulating in peace as in war. To our everyday lives in the peaceful world to come, it will bring new strength, self-reliance, and abundance.

SHELL

Shell Research:
Sword of Today
Plowshare of Tomorrow

. . . In the Axis' Face


U.S. PRODUCTION
--but you said he couldn't do it, Boss!
DRAWN FOR PHILCO BY CRAWFORD

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OVERWHELMING leadership in the radio industry for 12 straight years before Pearl Harbor had qualified the men and women of Philco Corporation for their important assignments in the production of radio and electronic equipment for our armed forces.

Because of the scientific genius of Philco engineers, because of the skill and experience of its production lines, Philco had become the quality name in millions of American homes for radio and, more recently, a leading factor in the fields of refrigeration and air conditioning.

Today that knowledge, that skill, that experience is exploring new realms of science in the development of radios and communications equipment for the planes, tanks and ships of our fighting forces. And when Victory is won, Philco will again fulfill the obligations of leadership by bringing you radios, refrigerators and air conditioners that embody the amazing scientific progress and the new standards of precision, performance and construction achieved for war.

W. H. Crawford makes this contribution to the series being drawn for Philco by America's leading editorial cartoonists depicting the significance of America's productive might. While available, a full size reproduction of the original drawing will be sent, free, on request to Philco Corporation, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask for Cartoon No. 44C.

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Our Peacetime Products: RADIOS, PHONOGRAPHS, REFRIGERATORS, AIR CONDITIONERS, RADIO TUBES ★ ★ INDUSTRIAL STORAGE BATTERIES FOR MOTIVE POWER, SIGNAL SYSTEMS AND AUXILIARY POWER

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The Army-Navy "E" Flag awarded to Philco plants in Philadelphia, Chicago, Trenton, N. J., and Sandusky, Ohio

Our War Production Pledge: More! Better! Sooner!

Let's Live a Little Longer

By J. D. Ratcliff

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR MARCH 13, 1943

The fat rat near Dr. Clyde Mc-cay's right hand is 420 days old and shows signs of advanced age. The thin rat is 1,400 days old and is still spry and lively—thanks to the restriction of its diet

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS

Can man's useful, productive life be prolonged through what are now his declining years? Can he learn how to live longer? The answer in both cases is "Perhaps." A most promising start has already been made on the biggest of all medicine's problems

DOCTOR OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES had stock advice for people who wanted to live for a long time: "Sometime before birth, advertise for a couple of parents belonging to long-lived families."

Modern research men are laying down more practicable rules. For the first time in history, they have demonstrated that life can be prolonged. In dramatic experiments with rats they have more than doubled the normal life span—from 600 up to 1,400 days. This is the equivalent of 140 years in a man's life. Furthermore, the facts they have found have obvious human applications—as we shall see presently.

The idea of living to a tremendous age has always been fascinating. Men have always sought fountains of youth and elixirs of life. The only sound advances have been made by medical research men. By whipping one plague after another, they have extended life from 25 years in Roman times to 64 years today. But the researchers realize that they are facing a blank wall. Even if they whipped all remaining diseases, man still wouldn't live to a very great age. Solution of the cancer riddle, for example, would add but one year to the average life. Whipping the problem of heart disease—the greatest killer of all—would add another year. Where then?

What was needed was a fundamental attack on the reason for aging, an explanation for the fact that we start dying the moment we are born. No one understands *why* we grow old. The chemistry involved is altogether too subtle.

This brings us up to the significant work of a man named Clive Maine McCay. Doctor McCay, 44, is a chemist at Cornell University, a specialist in nutrition. He was born at Logansport, Indiana, the son of a country schoolteacher. He went to the University of Illinois in 1916 to study journalism but got more interested in chemistry. When he graduated, he taught at Texas A. & M. for a year to get money for more education—at Iowa State, the University of California, Yale and Oxford. At Yale he began his research career.

The Connecticut Conservation Department wanted some work done with fish. The state hatcheries wanted someone to work out a cheaper diet. McCay drew the problem.

In the past, hatchery fish had always been fed meat. McCay started feeding them dried milk, vegetables and a variety of other things. None of this was particularly interesting, but while he was on this work, he ran across a striking fact. He noted that if fish were kept on a semistarvation diet their growth was stunted. He also noted that these stunted fish lived considerably longer than the ones which grew normally. Why?

In any case, both these pieces of work fascinated the energetic, wiry-haired young research man, McCay. He announced to his superiors that he was going to devote his life to studying the problem of aging. They smiled indulgently. Better get started, they said, while you are still young. McCay did.

In 1927, he got a job in the College of Agriculture at Cornell as an assistant professor. He kept thinking of his fish back in Connecticut, and how they were alive and kicking long after they should have been dead. Finally, he saw an opportunity to start work. There was a research grant of $1,000 which no one had claimed. McCay outlined the project he had in mind. He wanted to take some living creature and see if he could radically prolong this creature's life.

Insects were out; too little was known about their food requirements. Mice were too small to provide adequate autopsy material. Dogs lived too long. But rats seemed to fill the bill. Another point in the rat's favor: It is astonishingly like a man, subject to the same chronic ailments, the same infectious diseases. McCay got the $1,000. This was in 1930.

Two Different Diets

He bought 106 white rats and laid out his experiment. Half of them would get all the food they wanted. The other half would get a diet perfectly balanced so far as vitamins and minerals were concerned, but a diet limited in calories. In other words, the retarded group would get a diet which provided all essentials except the surplus energy needed to grow.

After a year, the rats that got all the food they wanted began to grow old. Ten days in a rat's life, remember, equals a year in a man's life. Therefore, at the end of a year, they had achieved a state of maturity equal to that of a man at thirty-six years. At this point, fur was beginning to ruffle and eyes to cloud, and they had lost much of their youthful activity. But the retarded group? They were much smaller than the others, but they were youthful, full of vitality.

Things were going along in this fashion when calamity struck. The heat controls in the animal room at the Dairy Building—McCay's headquarters—broke. During the night, the temperature soared to 130 degrees Fahrenheit. When McCay arrived in the morning, a large part of his animals were dead. Instead of junking the experiment, he went on with the rats that survived.

At the end of 900 days, there were only a couple of survivors in the group that got all the food they wanted. They were ancient, slow moving. But the retarded group was still full of vigor. At this point, they were, for our purposes, 90 years old.

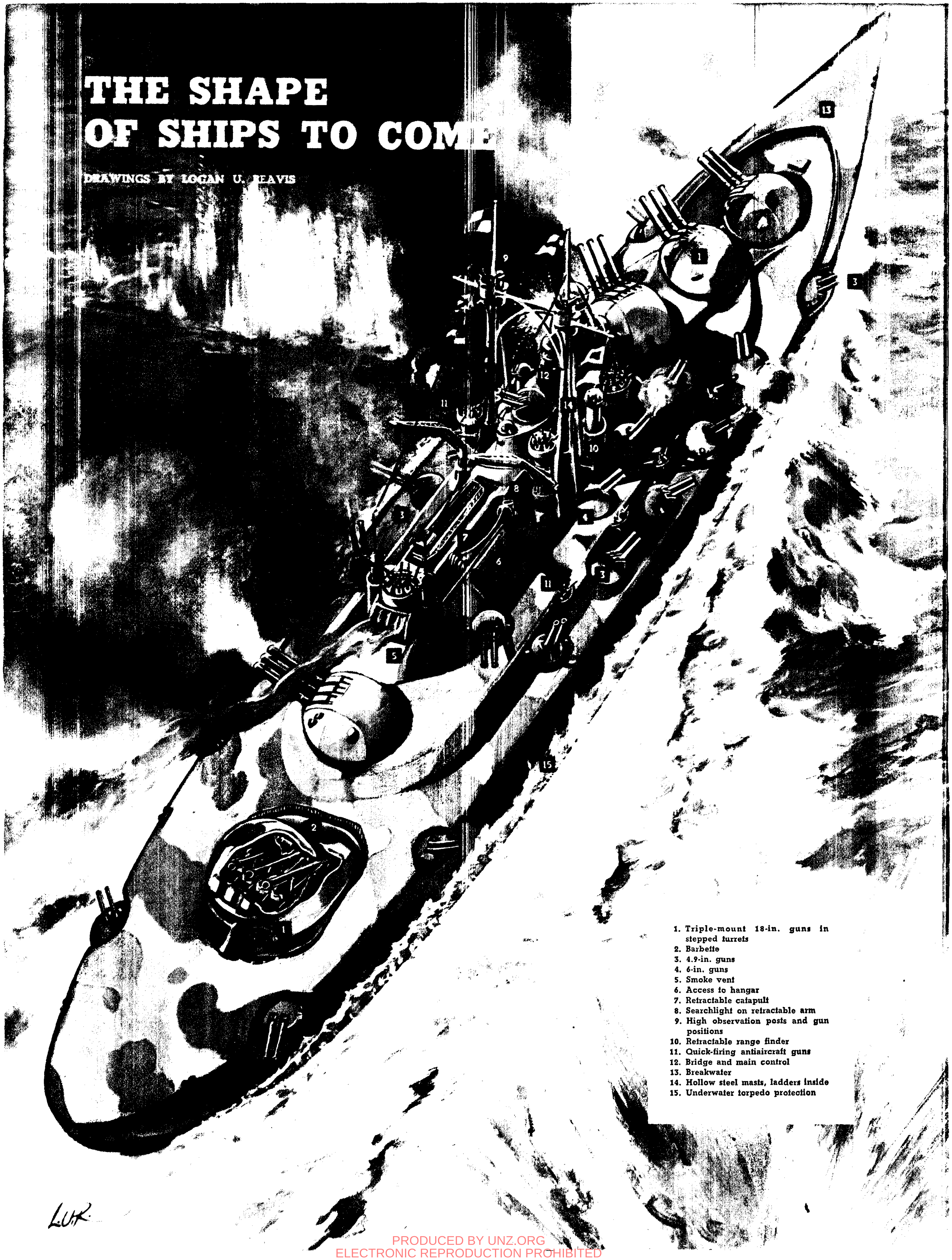
What would happen if the retarded rats got all they wanted to eat? McCay decided to see. To his complete surprise, the 90-year-old animals started to grow. In the course of a few weeks, they were within 10% of normal size. It was like a frail, shrunken Civil War veteran suddenly shooting up like a 15-year-old-boy. Doctor McCay was "amazed by the fact that animals retained the power to resume growth long after they should have been dead."

Things still harder to believe were waiting. At 1,200 days, there were several

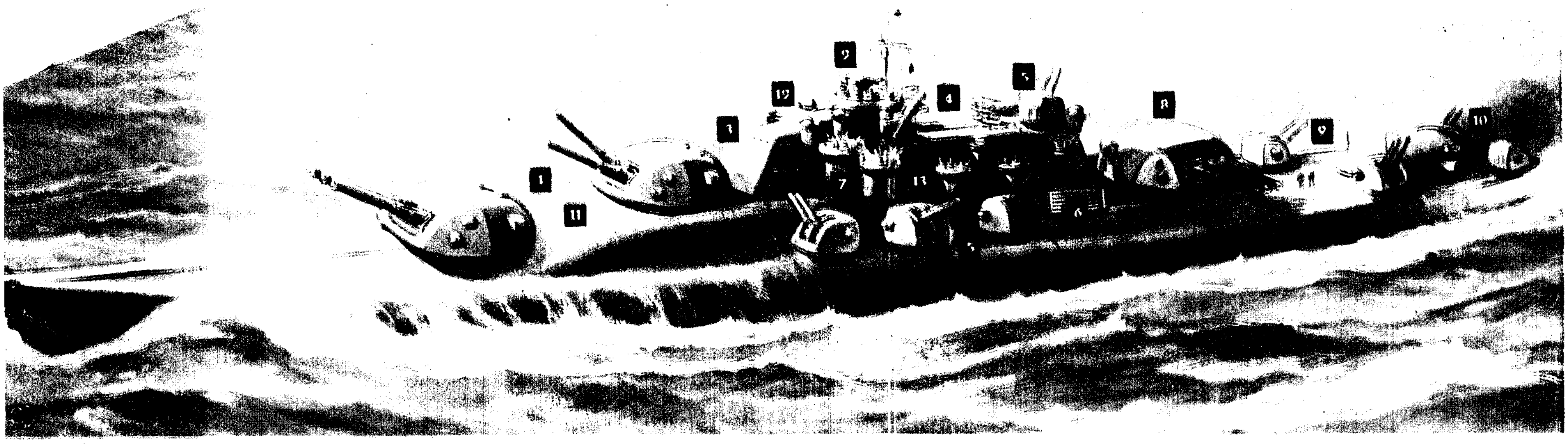
(Continued on page 72)

THE SHAPE OF SHIPS TO COME

DRAWINGS BY LOGAN U. REAVIS



1. Triple-mount 18-in. guns in stepped turrets
2. Barbette
3. 4.9-in. guns
4. 6-in. guns
5. Smoke vent
6. Access to hangar
7. Retractable catapult
8. Searchlight on retractable arm
9. High observation posts and gun positions
10. Retractable range finder
11. Quick-firing antiaircraft guns
12. Bridge and main control
13. Breakwater
14. Hollow steel masts, ladders inside
15. Underwater torpedo protection



THE COASTAL BATTLESHIP

A new, special-purpose ship, designed to aid in amphibian operations—with gun power intended to blast a way for invasion forces. Tonnage is smaller than in the heavy battleship, armor is unusually heavy, main battery is adequate but not super-strength—this ship is built for "infighting." Draft is kept to a minimum, to permit shallow-water work. The antiaircraft battery is one of the ship's most important features, since it must shield other vessels of the invasion convoy as well as itself. Displacement, 25,000 tons; length, 600 ft.; beam, 108 ft.; speed, 20-22 knots.

1. **Triple-mount 15-in. guns, retractable, in separated turrets**
2. **Principal range finder**
3. **Narrowed superstructure**
4. **Catapult for seaplanes**
5. **6-in. guns**
6. **Access for tanks**
7. **Antiaircraft armament**
8. **Low-elevation 15-in. guns**
9. **Quadruple group of 6-in. guns**
10. **Aft-venting stack**
11. **15-in. deck armor**
12. **Fire control posts**
13. **Hangar**

THE BATTLESHIP

This is the evolution of the gun-fighting ship. It exists for the smashing power of its fifteen 18-inch guns—each salvo dumps a total of 22 tons of metal and explosive at ranges far over the horizon, to hit with an impact velocity of 1,800 miles per hour. The guns are mounted in domed turrets, and are retractable—for bomb-defense they can be pulled right inside the turrets. Above water the ship is streamlined and turtle-backed, protected by heavy bombproof horizontal armor. Even the stack is utilized for added bombproof protection by turning it upon its side and armoring its construction—incidentally, the stack becomes the foundation for the catapult, and beneath the stack there is a protected hangar, for this ship carries scouting aircraft even as battleships do today. For antiaircraft defense, the ship bristles with quick-firing batteries of secondary and machine guns—these batteries can also be used against torpedo craft and submarines. All important gun and ship control towers are retractable. Below-water compartmentation is greatly increased, and the hull has antitorpedo guards and construction. Displacement, 65,000 tons; length, 945 ft.; beam, 126 ft.; speed, 30 knots.

HERE is a look into the not-too-distant future, a future in which the airplane has driven the navies of today from the seas, just as the coming of the heavy gun ended the sailing-ship era.

Neither the gun nor the airplane put an end to sea power—to navies, to the importance of ships. On the contrary, the gun ushered in an era of swift naval evolution, and now the airplane has speeded up the process. Never before have navies grown so fast, or changed their shapes more swiftly.

Navies of tomorrow will be larger, more complex, more powerful than ever before. In appearance they will be vastly different from the navies of today, just as today's navies differ vastly from the sailing-ship navies of the last century.

The drawings on these pages are not intended as "blueprints" of tomorrow's navies. They are not rigid plans that Collier's believes must be followed. They are not intended to represent any specific navy—neither our own, nor the British, nor any other.

Collier's, following the swift progress of naval evolution, asked the artist, Logan U. Reavis, to do these imaginative sketches. Mr. Reavis is a member of the United States Naval Institute. His sketches represent the trend of naval development as it appears today to naval designers and naval builders.

You will notice several broad principles underlying these pictures. Hull shapes do not change greatly since they are fixed by the inherent nature of ships.

But defensively all ships will change their above-water shapes—are changing them now—as horizontal armor is introduced for protection against bombs. These ships will use the principle of retractability—will pull masts, range finders, even guns down inside the armor when they are not in use.

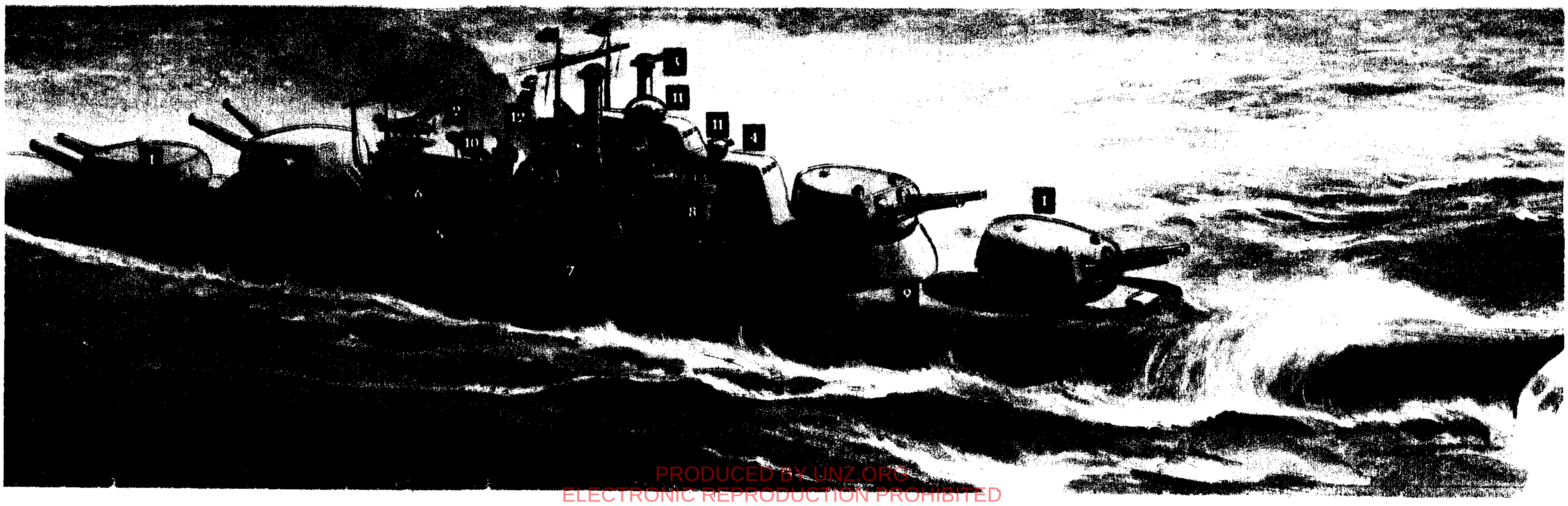
Offensively you will notice that all things now strong tend to grow stronger. Guns become larger and more numerous—they hit harder. Ships carrying aircraft carry many more aircraft than they do at present, and they hit harder with them at longer distance.

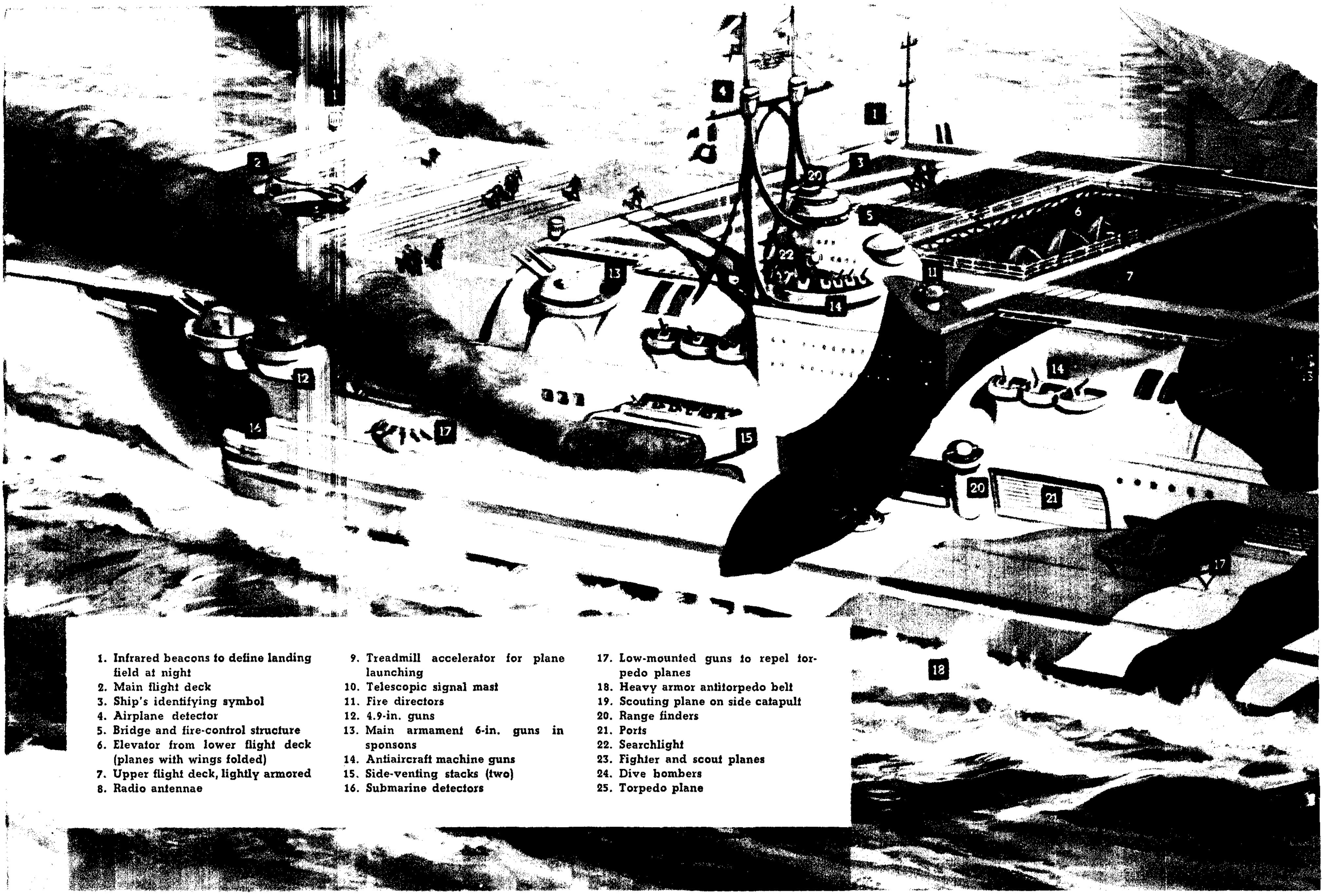
The Navy of tomorrow promises to be fantastic in its war-making power, swift, hard-hitting and tougher in defense than anything now dreamed of. This is what it will, in all probability, be like.

THE ARMORED CRUISER

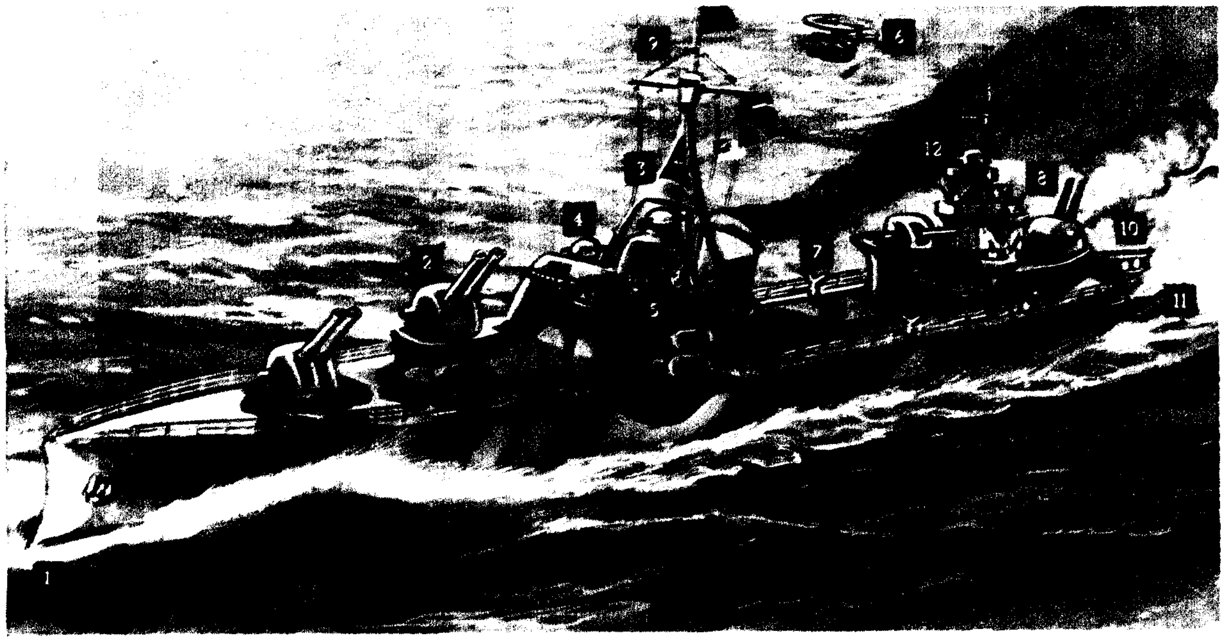
This is the logical evolution of today's heavy cruiser, gun-fighting companion to the aircraft carrier for fast-moving "task force" duties. She is large and very fast. Much-improved horizontal armor makes her able to resist air attack far better than any cruiser at sea in 1943. Because of her probable duties, the antiaircraft battery is able to throw a veritable umbrella of steel into the air. The ship represents highly mobile gun power—her streamlining may well be an accurate forecast of the "shape of ships to come." Displacement, 20,000 tons; length, 655 ft.; beam, 84 ft.; speed, 28 knots.

1. **Dual-mount 11-in. guns in separated turrets**
2. **Scouting seaplane on retractable catapult**
3. **Retractable range finders**
4. **Narrowed superstructure**
5. **Armored hatch covers**
6. **Hangar**
7. **Dual-purpose 6-in. guns**
8. **Quick-firing AA armament**
9. **8-in. deck armor**
10. **Crane**
11. **Fire directors**
12. **Side smoke vent**





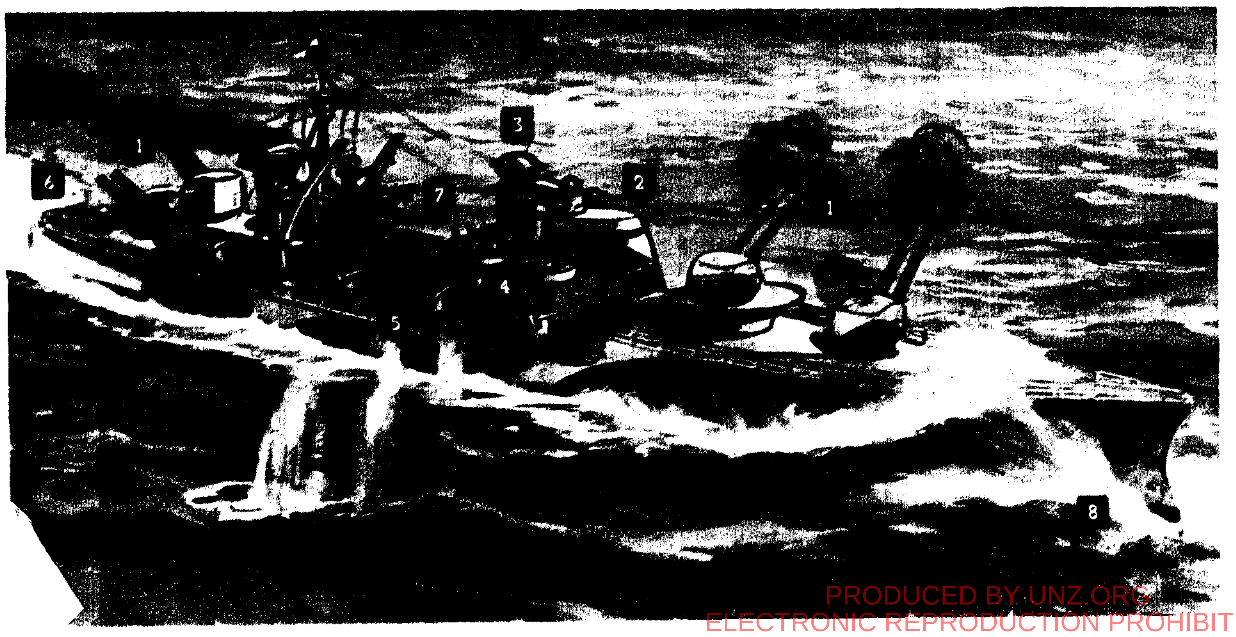
1. Infrared beacons to define landing field at night
2. Main flight deck
3. Ship's identifying symbol
4. Airplane detector
5. Bridge and fire-control structure
6. Elevator from lower flight deck (planes with wings folded)
7. Upper flight deck, lightly armored
8. Radio antennae
9. Treadmill accelerator for plane launching
10. Telescopic signal mast
11. Fire directors
12. 4.9-in. guns
13. Main armament 6-in. guns in sponsons
14. Antiaircraft machine guns
15. Side-venting stacks (two)
16. Submarine detectors
17. Low-mounted guns to repel torpedo planes
18. Heavy armor antitorpedo belt
19. Scouting plane on side catapult
20. Range finders
21. Ports
22. Searchlight
23. Fighter and scout planes
24. Dive bombers
25. Torpedo plane



THE ESCORT VESSEL

This special-purpose ship first appeared as the "sloop" of World War I, reappeared as the "corvette" of World War II, and is here shown in an eminently practical evolution—stout, seaworthy, the ideal convoy escort. These ships are intended almost solely for antisubmarine work (their working running-mates are escort aircraft carriers, which take care of the antiaircraft part of the job). In this ship, the ram reappears and the helicopter goes to sea. Displacement, 2,000 tons; length, 325 ft.; beam, 40 ft.; speed, 22 knots.

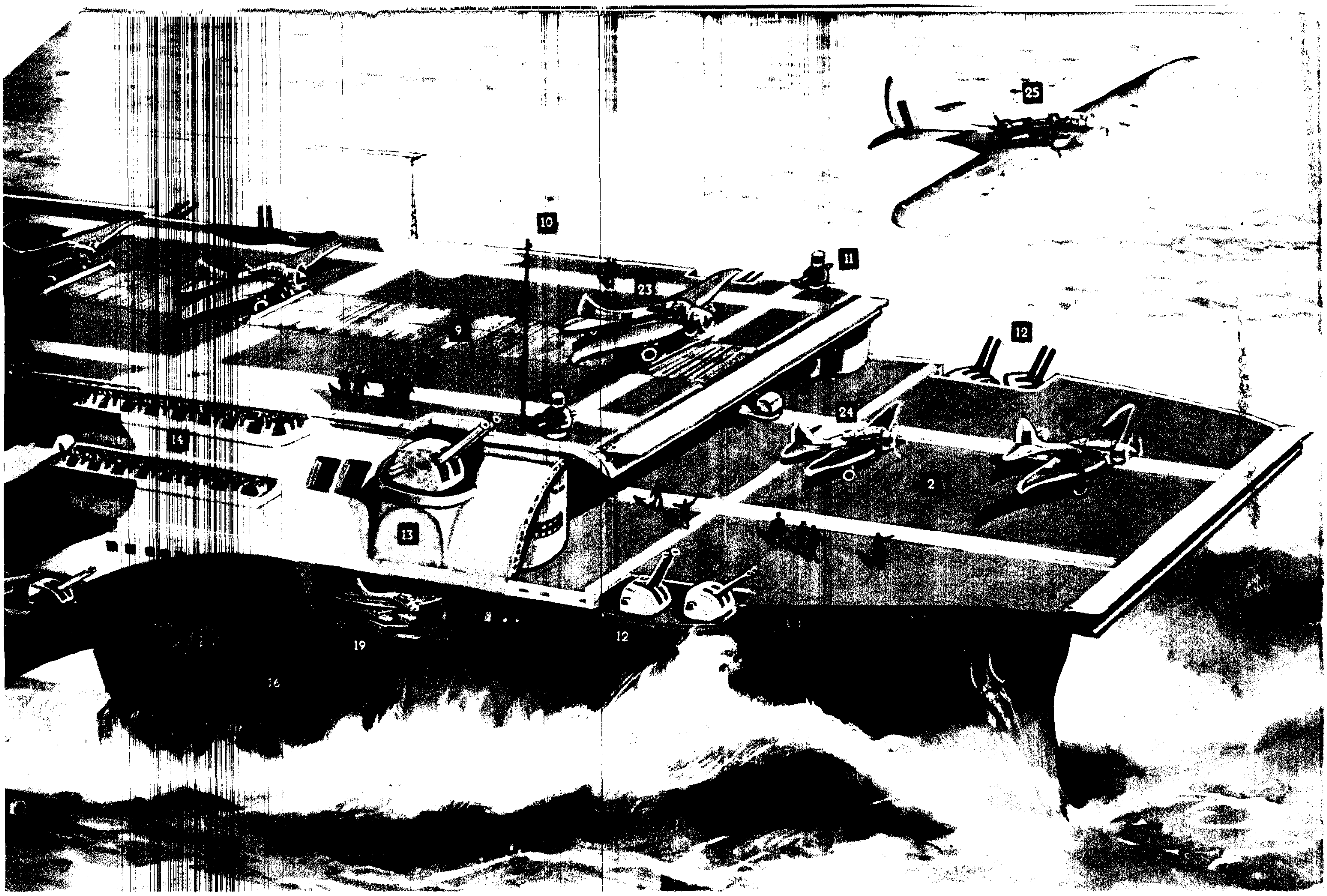
1. Ram
2. Dual-purpose 6-in. guns
3. Bulletproof shield to protect range finder against strafing
4. Range finder
5. Antiaircraft machine guns
6. Helicopter
7. Y-guns for depth charges
8. Aft 6-in. guns
9. High observation post
10. Depth charges
11. Smoke-screen ejector
12. Secondary control station



THE DESTROYER

No longer a torpedo craft, the destroyer is now a "submarine destroyer"—it is the antisubmarine escort of fast-moving naval vessels, the "screen" of naval movements. It has a seaplane and catapult for scouting purposes, enough gun power to fight surface ships its own size, but has evolved into highly specialized detection, location and destruction of the submarine, with all the tools of the trade. Displacement, 2,500 tons; length, 430 ft.; beam, 40 ft.; speed, 38-40 knots.

1. Dual-purpose 6-in. guns
2. Narrowed fire-control structure to permit wider arc of fire
3. Main range finder
4. Antiaircraft guns
5. Quick-firing AA guns
6. Depth charges
7. Seaplane (with folding wings) on retractable catapult
8. Ram



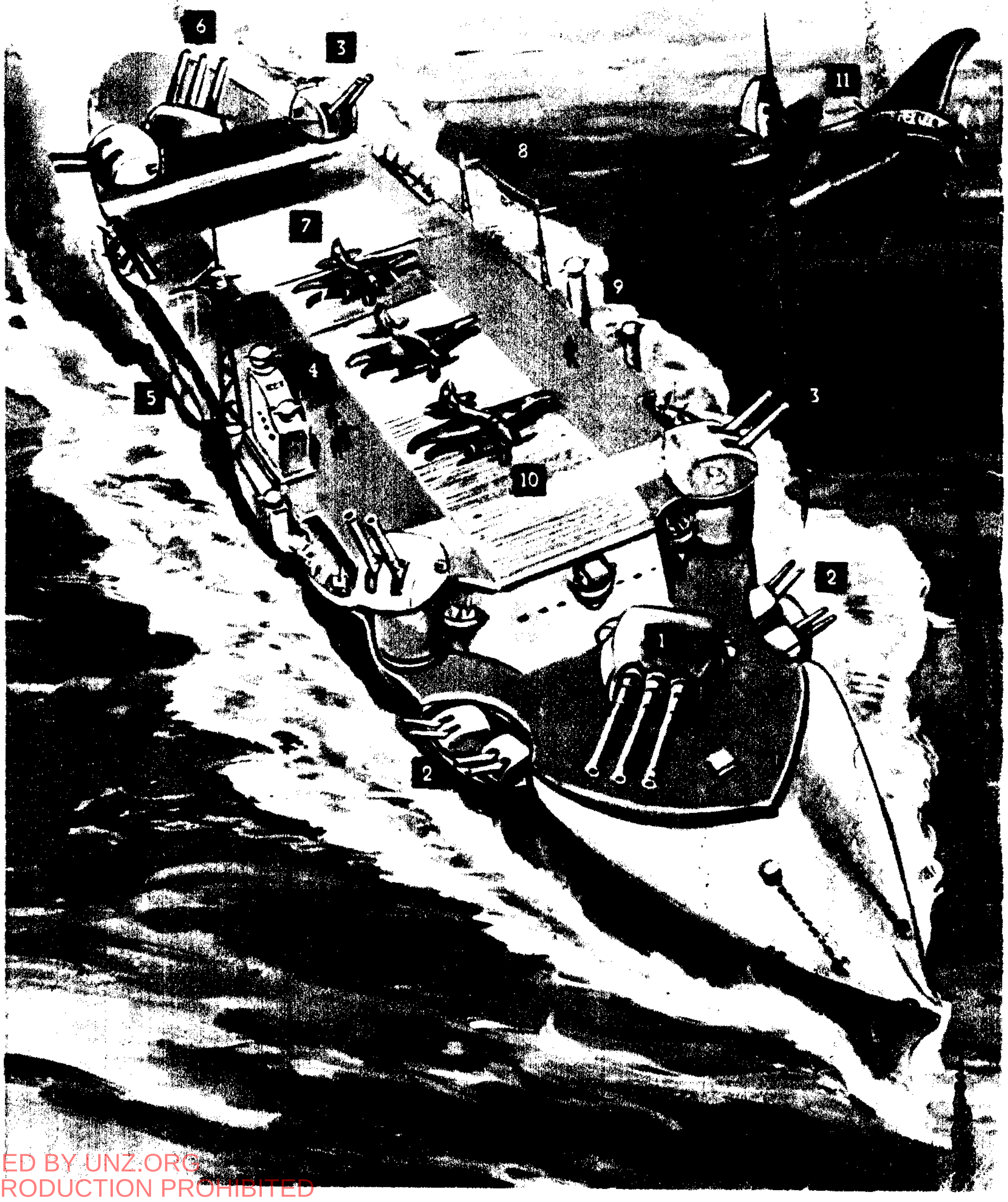
THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER

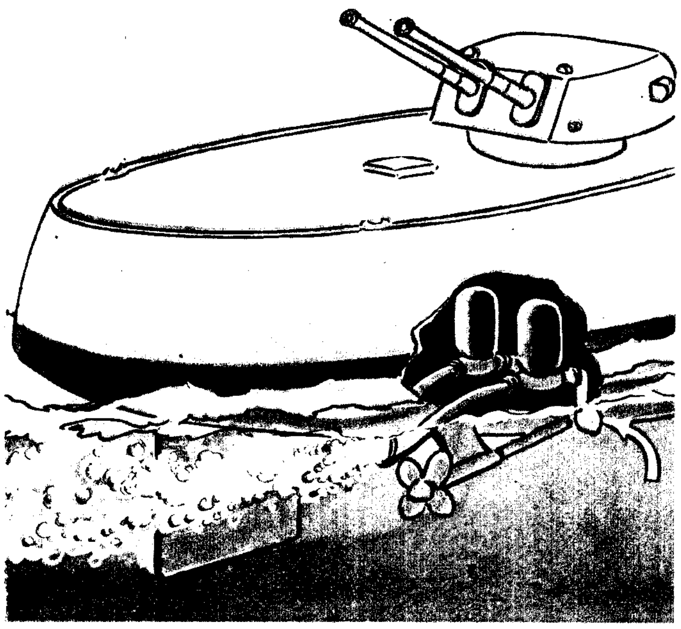
The Aircraft Carrier is a mobile airdrome. Putting planes into the air is only the beginning of its job—it must recover those planes, service them, refuel them, and must carry reserve aircraft to replace combat losses. Carrier operation is a problem in getting the utmost out of a limited runway area. Future carriers may have two flight decks, one superimposed upon the other. This carrier is in every way a ship of aerial offense, intended to project airstriking power at long range in the form of dive-bomber and torpedo-plane striking groups. For self-defense, she has very heavy antiaircraft batteries and carries her own quota of defensive fighter planes. She has no offensive gun battery and is not meant to stand up in a gun fight—that part of the job goes to the heavy cruisers which are her constant companions. A new feature is the accelerating moving runway to facilitate take-offs. But many of the most important revolutionary developments of these ships are inside the hulls and cannot be shown: automatic fire-quenching devices, improved gasoline stowage, improved lifts and hangars. Displacement, 22,000 tons; length, 750 ft.; beam, 95 ft.; speed, 32 knots.

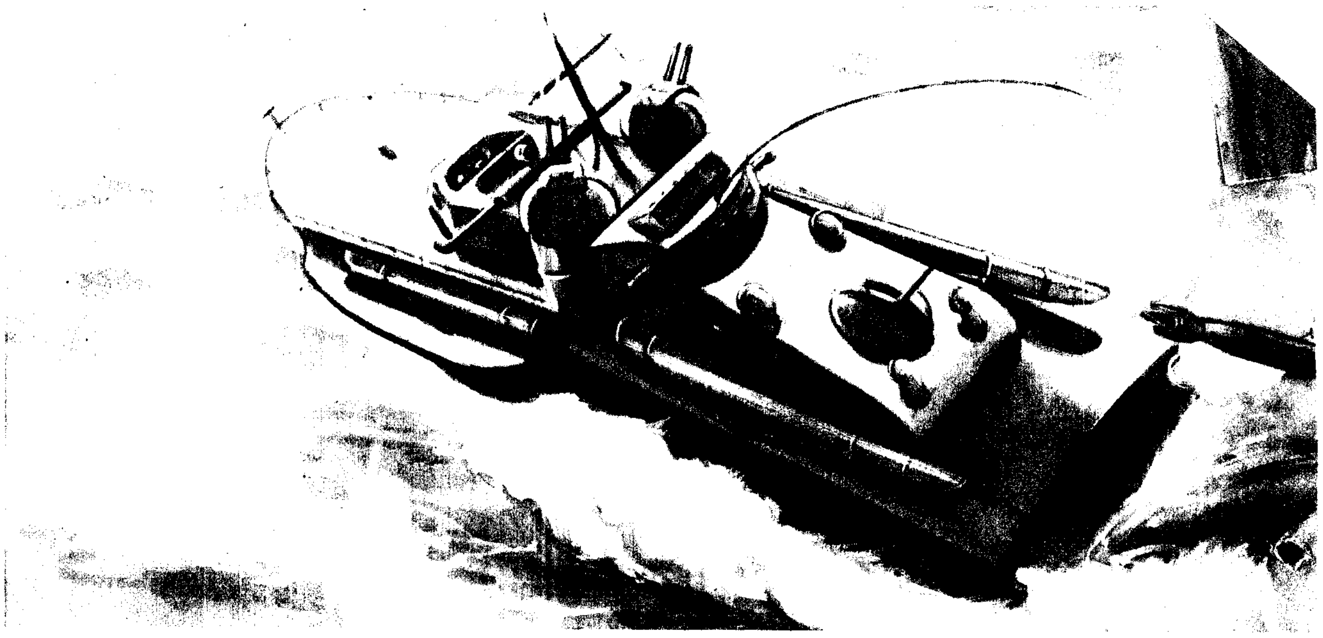
THE CARRIER-CRUISER ➡

This large, fast type is a newcomer at sea, a "one-ship task force" able to hit hard with aircraft or with her 11-inch guns, though limited in total striking power. She is intended for offensive sorties (with cruisers and destroyers in company) that are not important enough to warrant the use of a full task force but are beyond the capacities of an unaccompanied cruiser group. She would be very useful as an escort for valuable convoys, such as the deep-sea portion of a ship-borne troop movement for invasion. Displacement, 12,000 tons; length, 650 ft.; beam, 75 ft.; speed, 35 knots.

1. Forward 11-in. guns, triple mount
2. 4.9-in. guns
3. 6-in. guns with full 360-degree arc of fire
4. Retractable fire control station
5. Side stack
6. Aft 11-in. guns, triple mount
7. Elevator for planes
8. Radio masts and antennae
9. Retractable range finders
10. Treadmill accelerator
11. Medium bombers



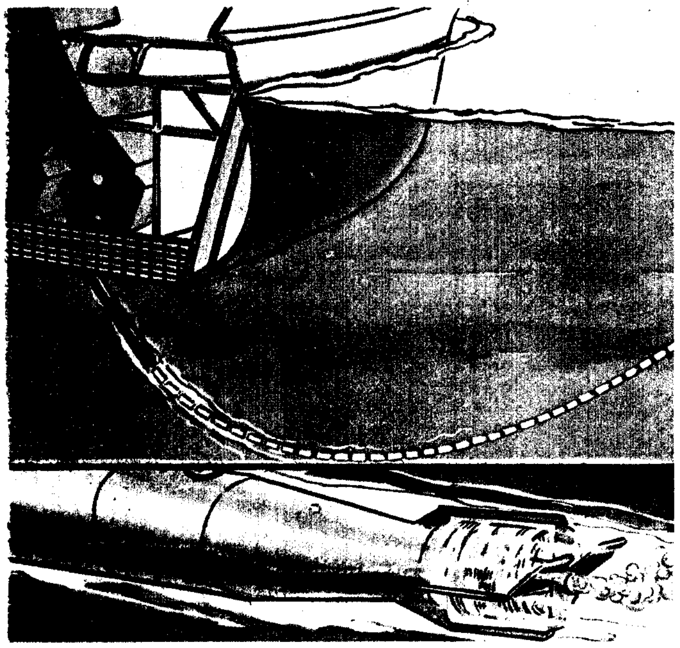




Torpedo damage to rudder and propellers may impair maneuverability of ships during battle or even disable ships otherwise fit to fight, as in the case of the Bismarck. Tomorrow's ships may utilize emergency jet propulsion in such contingencies (below) ejecting high-pressure streams of water astern to steer and move ship.

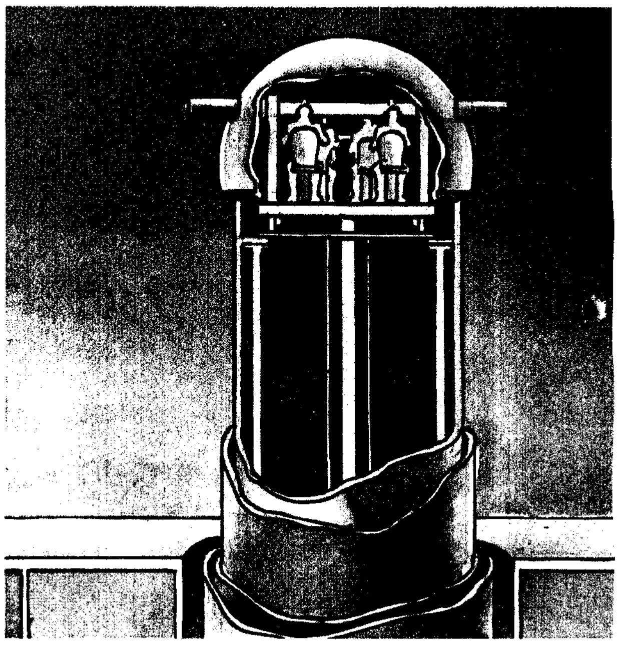
MOTOR TORPEDO BOAT

This speedy hornet of the seas has become a permanent and valued offensive component of the modern navy—its special job is the fast night attack close inshore. Its weapon is the torpedo—here at last the "torpedo boat" comes into its own. The motor torpedo boat of today, the most ultramodern of naval ships, undergoes little evolution, is larger, faster, carries more torpedo tubes and heavier defensive armament. It fires torpedoes both fore and aft. But it is still a frail hull. Function: Hit and run.



Increased below-water protection against torpedoes—antitorpedo bulges, guards, nets, etc.—will probably be followed by development of torpedoes that dive, through automatic rudder controls, to come up to blast ship's bottom. Such torpedoes could not be completely offset by use of heavier armor on bottoms. Answer will probably be greatly increased compartmentation.

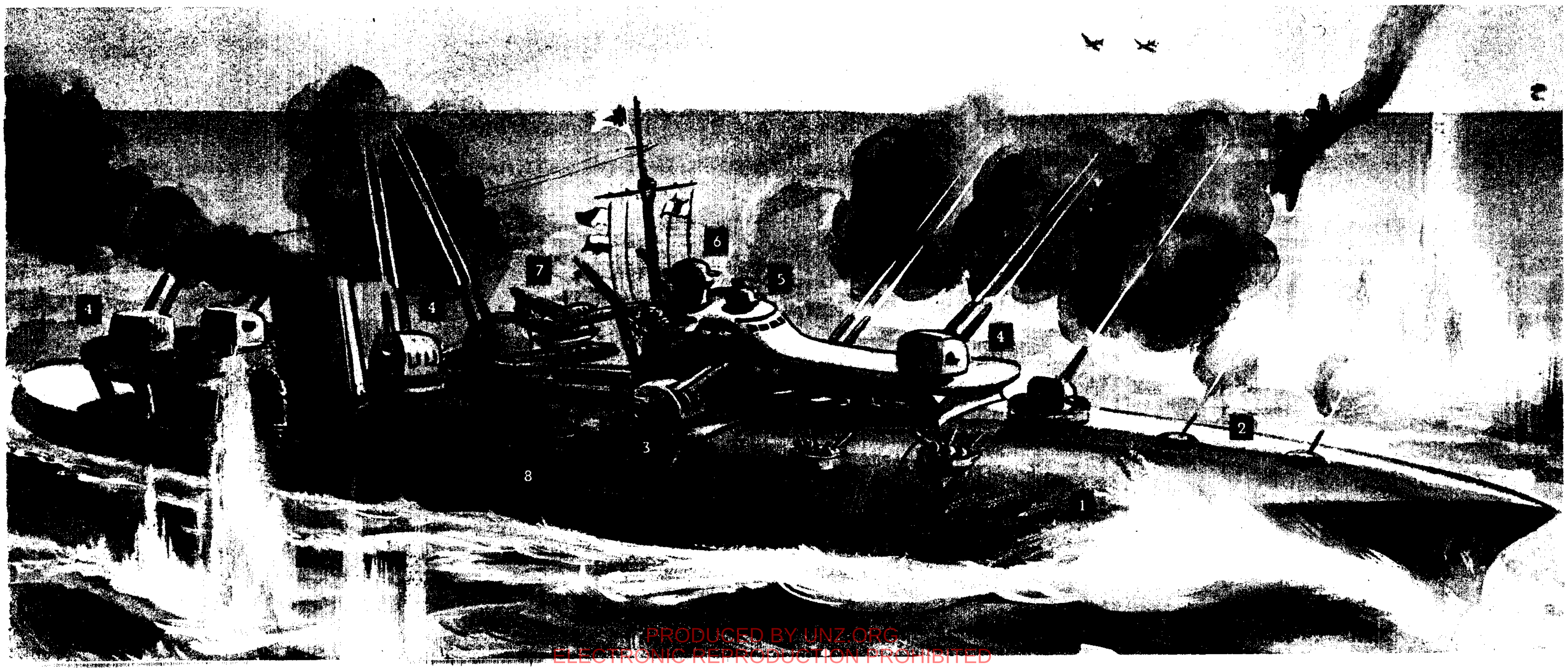
Blast and splinter damage to range finders and fire control can be a tremendous handicap to a fighting ship in action. Trend is toward more protection. Result will in all probability be better armoring and (see right) elevator mountings that will permit these sensitive installations to be retracted when not actually in use.



ANTIAIRCRAFT DESTROYER

Already developing, this ship is intended to provide heavy defensive antiaircraft fire for units naturally weak in such fire, notably for convoys of merchant ships. Effective antiaircraft gunnery demands not only special guns, but highly specialized control instruments. The antiaircraft destroyer has enough horizontal armor to stop light bombs, and carries an aircraft of her own for scouting and fighter purposes. Displacement, 5,000 tons; length, 475 ft.; beam, 45 ft.; speed, 35 knots.

1. **Whaleback-type armored deck**
2. **Countersunk antibomber machine guns**
3. **4.9-in. guns**
4. **Main battery of 6-in. guns**
5. **Bridge and fire control stations**
6. **Retractable range finders**
7. **Retractable catapult with seaplane**
8. **Quick-firing AA guns**



Double, Double, Toil and Trouble

By Lion Feuchtwanger

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE censoring mail in the German army, during the first World War, Alois Pranner, a magician, learns much about his comrades-in-arms. Unaware of this, the soldiers are astounded by an act that Pranner and Oscar Lautensack, a mind reader and clairvoyant, stage; and soon the two fellows are entertaining audiences, far behind the lines.

Sixteen years later—in 1931—both of the fakers are living in Munich. Alois is fairly prosperous, but Oscar is in straitened circumstances. Liking the clairvoyant and knowing that he has no money, Anna Tirschenreuth, a sculptress who has made a bronze mask of him, gets him an assignment to write a book on the subject of telepathy; she also lends him two hundred and fifty marks.

While Oscar—awaiting the contract for his writing job—is living on the loan, his brother, Hans, comes to Munich. Hans, a thoroughgoing scoundrel, has just been released from prison, where he had been held for the murder of a man.

Hans informs his brother that he has become a member of the National Socialist Party; and a short time later the fellow takes him to a meeting where Adolf Hitler is the principal speaker. Listening to the Nazi leader, studying him closely, Oscar sees in him—or thinks he does—a kindred spirit. After the meeting, he meets Hitler, who seems strongly drawn to him.

A short time later, Hans tells Oscar that a powerful woman—Hildegard, Baroness von Trettnow, who lives in Berlin—had obtained his release from prison. He suggests that Oscar go to Berlin, meet her, win her friendship—then, working with her, exploit her, use her to their own ends! He suggests, furthermore, that Oscar (in whose powerful, hypnotic personality he has great faith) *win Hitler's friendship, become his leading adviser!*

Oscar listens. Then he goes into a trance. When he comes out of it, he tells Hans that he has "seen" the baroness *coming to Munich!* He promises to co-operate with Hans. . . . The contract arrives. Oscar does not sign it—he tears it up. . . . Hans gives his brother a membership card in the Party. The card is No. 667. Its former owner has been foully murdered by his brother Nazis.

II

IN ORDER to carry on his business in Berlin, Oscar had to have a partner who would be devoted to him heart and soul. Almost everybody who worked with tricks had been betrayed sooner or later by his assistants. There was only one possible person for Oscar—his old friend, Alois Pranner, the magician, called Cagliostro.

Oscar had left him on that former occasion without thanks or farewell, and had not called on him since. Yet he now made his way to Gabelsbergerstrasse without any feeling of guilt; he was sure that his friend would rejoin him without hesitation.

And sure enough Alois' long, furrowed face wrinkled with pleasure. Tenderness and a slightly malicious glee expressed themselves in his grin; he assumed that Oscar was coming to him because he had hit rock bottom again and couldn't find shelter anywhere else. "Haven't seen you for a long time," he greeted him in his rasping voice, patted him on the back with his long, lean, white hand, and asked: "You're staying for supper, of course?"

"Yes, I'll stay," Oscar said grandly, "but don't get the idea that I'm going to live with you. I'm very well off."

Then he talked about himself. About his brother Hans, or Hannsjörg, about the Party, about any number of things. Finally he made his proposal.

Alois sat listening—lean and bent over; he kept his long, bald head with the high forehead bowed; he stroked his chin in thought. Then, more sadly than aggressively, he said no, that he hadn't imagined working together with his friend like this. He had thought of a real vaudeville theater for a real public. But Hans and the Nazis—no, that was not for Alois Pranner. It smelled fishy.

Oscar then spoke about the fascinating technical problems which the prospective undertaking would present. Since the Berlin project had come up he had been planning the execution of certain complicated tricks. Instead of the obvious mirror and projection tricks of former years, there were now the most delicate electrical machines to materialize things from out of the spirit world. He appealed to the professional in Alois. And Alois, a passionate conjurer, resisted at first, then allowed himself to be infected by Oscar's enthusiasm. He elaborated Oscar's ideas, thought up things himself; they worked together splendidly.

After much argument they reached a kind of agreement. Alois was modest, he said, he demanded a monthly guarantee of only a thousand marks, and that for only six months.

A thousand marks and for six months! Oscar had no idea where he or Hannsjörg could find anybody who would guarantee Alois such fantastic sums. But he did not hesitate an instant. "It's a deal," he said.

He spoke to Hannsjörg about Alois' conditions. Hannsjörg replied that it would be possible to procure the contract if Trettnow came. Oscar was annoyed by that "if." He was sure of himself and didn't allow his brother any doubts either.

A WEEK passed, then another. Oscar asked casually: "Have you heard from Trettnow?"

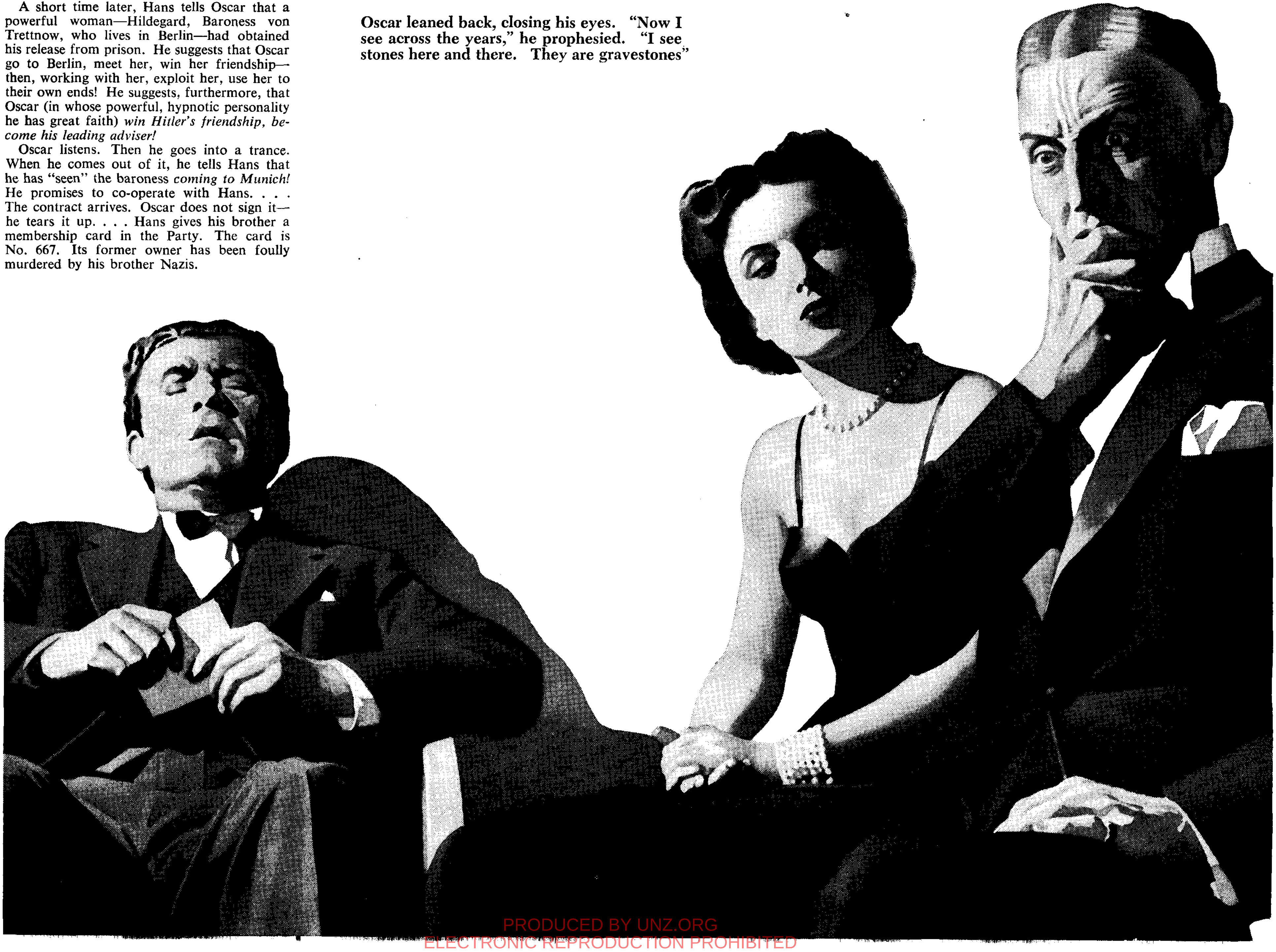
"Not yet," Hannsjörg replied just as casually.

Oscar had only three short weeks left now; then the term Alois had set would be over. He was just as sure as ever that Trettnow would come. But now he began to sleep badly.

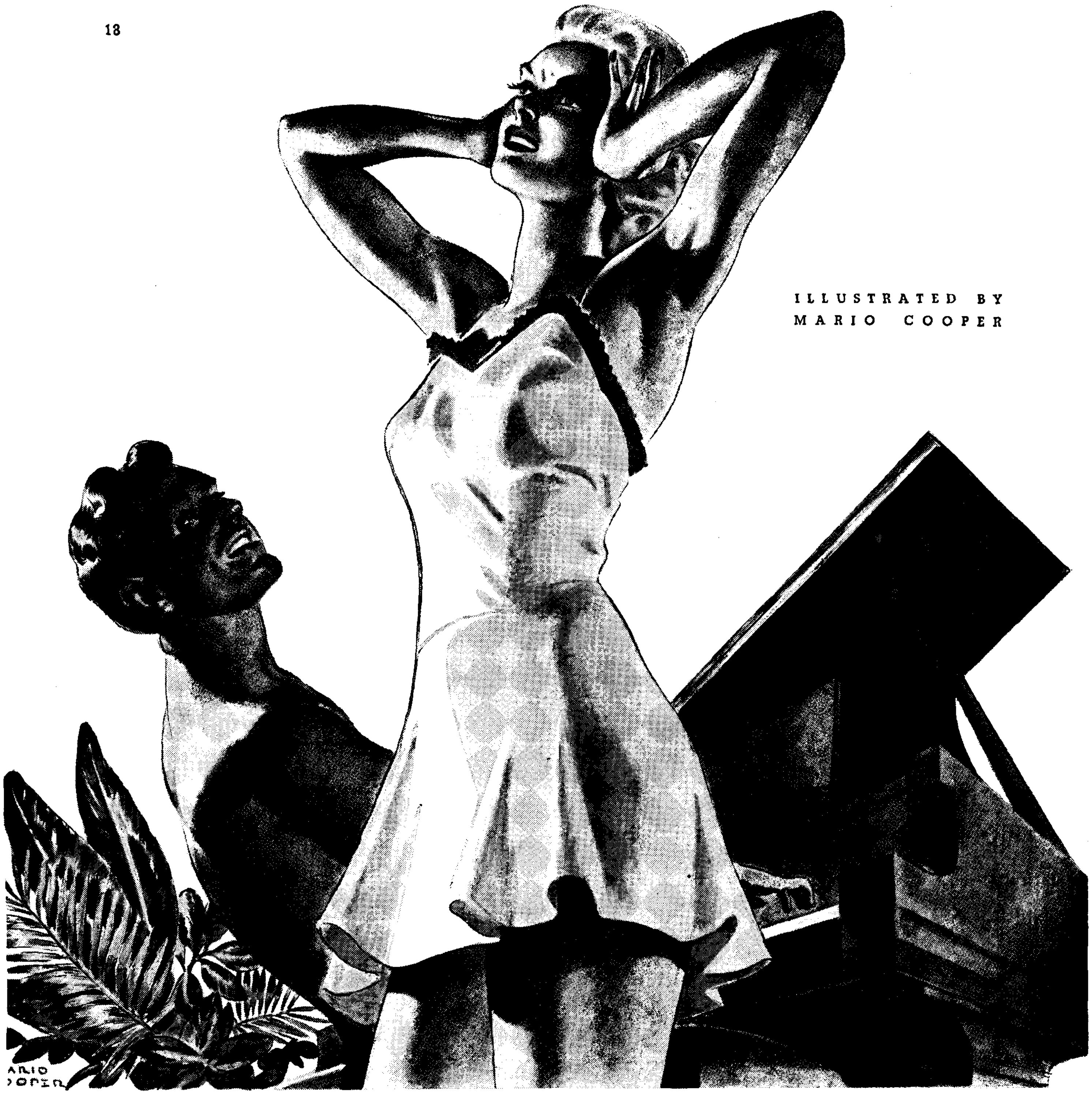
Once, during those weeks of expectation, Hannsjörg gave him a ticket to the opera, to a performance of Tannhäuser at the National Theater. Oscar loved music. Whenever great things stirred in him, when he "saw," music sprang to life in his soul, especially Wagnerian music.

It was a ticket for a box seat, and Oscar dressed with care. He chose a long, black coat which he had inherited from his father, a Prince Albert, an article of apparel that was slowly going out of fashion; it was something between an officer's uniform and a priest's cassock, severe,

(Continued on page 75)



Oscar leaned back, closing his eyes. "Now I see across the years," he prophesied. "I see stones here and there. They are gravestones"



ILLUSTRATED BY
MARIO COOPER

Johnny, smilingly, began to sing in a whisper—"Oh, yesterday's tears are tomorrow's laughter. Each time—" . . . "Stop!" Sally cried. "It's a quickie. I don't want to hear any more of it"

Johnny-Quick-on-the-Downbeat

By George F. Worts

The strange case of Miss Sally Evans. She wouldn't admit she loved her man until time proved him a fake

IT WAS siesta time at Malibu when Johnny Hale crawled out of the restless blue sea like an exhausted seal and flopped down in the sand beside the girl in the white bathing suit. She was lying on her stomach. Her face was tucked into a folded arm, but he would have recognized that rippling fair hair, that slim and glorious figure anywhere.

"It's a very patriotic little number," he said judicially, "but where's the hat?"

The girl asked, "What hat?" in a sleepy murmur.

"The way I figure it," Johnny Hale answered, "if you made the sun suit out of the material the Navy wastes in cutting out, say, a pair of sailor pants, there should have been enough left over for a hat."

Sally Evans turned her head and opened one large liquid blue eye. It was an extremely beautiful eye. She gasped. She pushed her shoulders up and opened the other eye, which was also blue and equally beautiful, and stared at the young man stretched out beside her, presenting to her a wet, sun-browned countenance of winning amiability. Her face had lighted with a glow of delight, but this was gone now.

"Johnny!" she cried. "Where did you come from?"

He waved a hand feebly in the direction of China. "I rode in on a tuna."

Disapproval gathered as a cloud in Sally Evans' face. Judged by any man's standards, it was a singularly beautiful face. When it was registering anger, annoyance, distaste or any of the other destructive emotions, it was a fascinating face. Johnny Hale had never seen it more fascinating than it was now, as it tried to register them all.

"The man at the gate wouldn't let me in," Johnny quickly explained, "so I parked down the road, got into my trunks and swam around that point. I'm sorry I'm late for tea but I was caught in a riptide."

"You are not staying for tea," Sally said. Her eyes were large with unhappiness. "I thought you understood that I didn't want to see you again, Johnny."

"I'm not hungry, really," Johnny Hale compromised. "I just had breakfast. I had to see you. Maybe I've got a song in my heart for you."

"Now, really," said Sally Evans. She arose with decision and brushed sand from her long golden legs with a pale-blue bath towel six feet long. "I don't want to hear a song. I don't want to talk to you, Johnny. You are a terrific disappointment and I want you to stop bothering me. My agent wants you to stop bothering him. We do not like your songs any more—or your antics. I don't want to sound cruel, but you are out of my life, Johnny, professionally and personally, and I want you to stay out."

She walked into the blue cottage. It was her cottage, leased by her and furnished by her, as he had learned by diligent inquiry. Before the screen door could slam in his face, Johnny was inside, too. Sally stopped at the end of the room and turned halfway to face him.

It was a charming room. It had not only good taste but happiness. So few women take time to give happiness to anything, Johnny reflected. If they aren't busy stabbing a knife into your back, they are busy twisting it in your heart.

As his eyes adjusted themselves to the pleasing gloom, he saw her etched against a dark green background—her slim young waist, her snug little hips, her high full bosom which was that of a singer. She always carried herself beautifully, with her breast high, her chin up, as if she were utterly unafraid.

The top of a grand piano gleamed satinly in the dusk.

Johnny Hale was gazing at her thoughtfully. "I don't know what good it does me, your being so beautiful. All I can use your face for is to kiss and look at. A third of the time, I'll admit, it really inspires me. Another third of the time it upsets my calculations and warps my judgment. The final third of the time it's nothing but wolf bait."

"I'll just leave the room," said Sally.

"No. We're in the inspirational department. I swam to you because I hoped you'd inspire a song and, sure enough, one's beginning to bubble up in me.

He took the enormous bath towel out of her hand, folded it on the piano bench and sat on it.

"I imagine," said Sally, "this will simply dazzle me."

"I think," he said dreamily, "I'll call it Tomorrow's Laughter. Yesterday's tears are tomorrow's laughter."

"You mean," said Sally, "yesterday's heartaches are today's wisecracks. Did you just make that up?"

"On the moment's shining spur," Johnny Hale said modestly. "My genius never fails me."

"So I hear. Music and lyrics on tap at any hour of the day or night. At the drop of a hat, you'll whip out a song to fit any occasion. Johnny-Quick-on-the-Downbeat!"

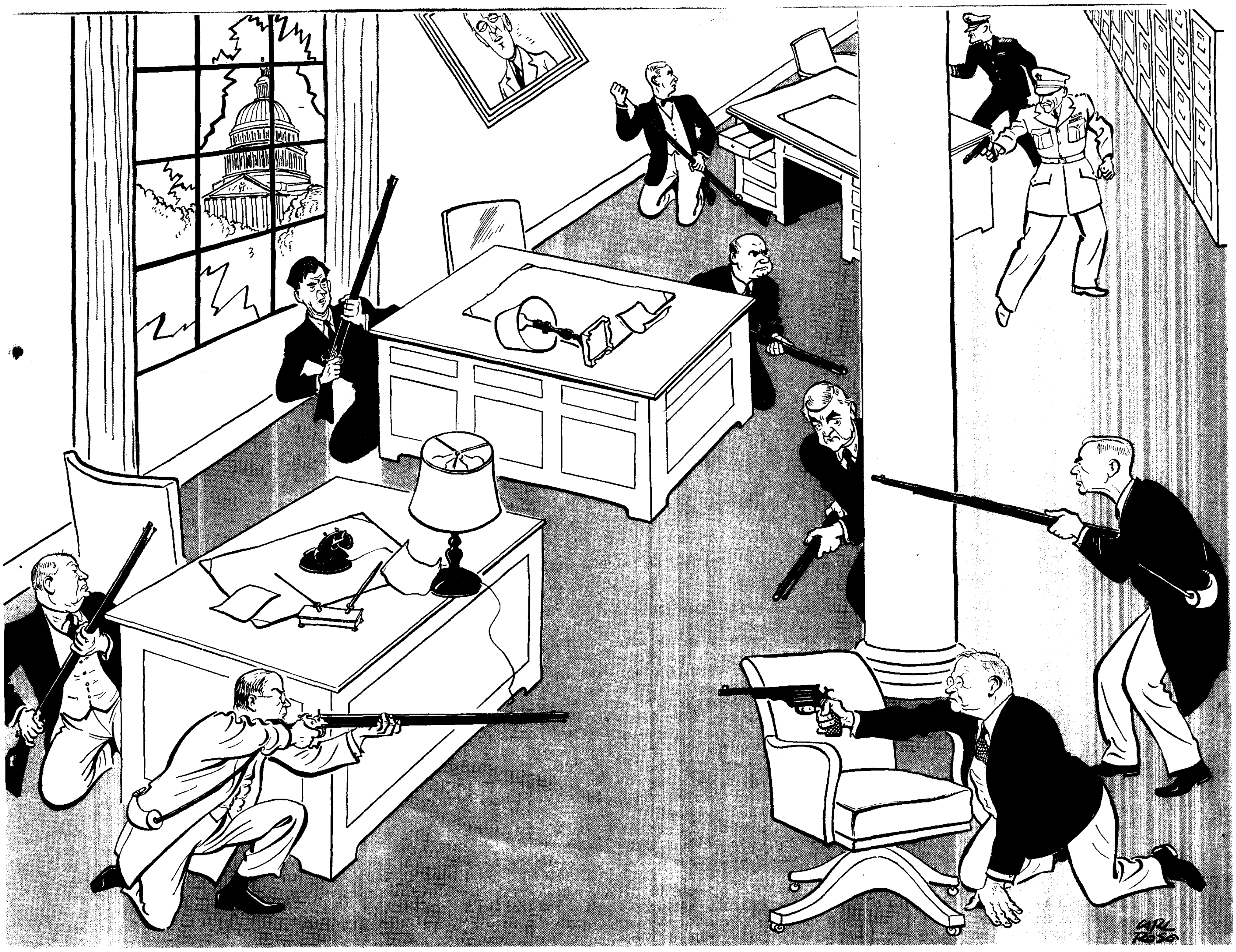
He ran his fingers along the keys. "Never use that name without my written consent. It's copyrighted."

"Anybody want a nice fresh song today?" Sally caroled. "It may not be any good, but it's hot off the griddle, folks! Just think! Sitting down there like that and pulling a lovely song out of the nowhere right into the here!"

"Comes your song," said Johnny with his dreamy smile. He played a succession of bright and whimsical arpeggios, then struck a wry minor chord. He began to sing in a whisper:

Back in the days of the Depression—
If you'll pardon this digression—
This land of liberty was sad—so sad—
Each day the tidings were so bad.
All men wore gloom upon their faces—
It was the end of human races.

(Continued on page 46)



Battle scene along the Potomac: Foreground, Nelson and Jeffers behind the desk keep an eye on indomitable Ickes firing from the security of a chair. He is threatened by Jones, sheltered by column, who in turn is covered by Wallace and wary Hull at right. New-to-the-struggle Lehman holds his own on his knees while Davis loads his musket to resist the brass hats. It's all very confusing and someone is liable to get hurt

DARK AND BLOODY GROUND

BY GEORGE CREEL

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL ROSE

THE Hatfields and McCoys may have thought they set an all-time high in feuds, but those bushwhacking mountaineers were really good neighbors compared to the heads of President Roosevelt's war agencies. Due to overlapping, duplication and utter confusion as to authority and jurisdiction, Washington is a Dark and Bloody Ground where every man is forced to wage a daily battle for place and power. Let him turn his back for so much as a split second, and nothing is more likely than a knife between the shoulder blades. It's total war and then some. Things have reached a point where even mild, peace-loving Cordell Hull never fares forth without Old Betsy snuggled under his arm, all cocked and ready to shoot at any rustle in the underbrush.

As might be imagined, Harold Ickes, the Human Porcupine, is the feudin'ist of them all. Every morning at sunup, he dons his coonskin cap, pours a handful of slugs into his muzzle-loader and hides near the salt lick for a pot shot at such as may draw nigh. It doesn't matter who, for Harold's grudges take in everybody. No one denies that the Secretary of the Interior is a highly competent official and honest until it hurts. The trouble is that he does not credit anyone else with equal competence, and even when admitting that an associate has honesty, he usually manages to slip in a qualification of some sort.

The Suspicious Mr. Ickes

At the present moment, his chief feuds are with Jesse Jones and Donald Nelson; he is supremely convinced that both are parties to a dastardly conspiracy to reduce him to a second-rate power. Through his Bureau of Mines, Harold claims to have located millions of tons of iron, tungsten, manganese, bauxite, chromite, mercury, and aluminum clay, all right here in the United States and just begging to be dug up. Not only does he want to develop these deposits, but it is also his burning desire to build fabricating plants close to the raw materials. Still another passionate wish is for millions with which to buy power plants that can be tied in with Bonneville and other dams.

Jesse Jones, however, as head of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, holds the purse strings, and up to date, at least, has shown an irritating unwillingness to let Mr. Ickes play tunes on the cash register. To be sure, Mr. Jones points out certain restrictions in the law, but Harold angrily sweeps that aside as so much camouflage. According to his contention, Jesse has "the banker's idea of security of investment and rate of return," and going still further, he even hints at a plot to protect big corporations against postwar competition. Mr. Jones, in reply, uses language that he learned before he was saved, and when particularly heated, dares Harold to take off his glasses.

The Ickes feud with Nelson is no less bitter and also has its base in frustration. Having started one pipe line on its way to completion, Harold now wants seamless steel tubing for another that will bring petroleum products from West to East. Instead of handing over the necessary priorities cheerfully and without question, the boss of WPB answers with mumbles about escort vessels, merchant ships and high-octane gas. More than that, Donald has dared to appoint a Power Director with orders to take Harold's application, along with others, and "fit all of them into an orderly and integrated program."

Sensible enough on its face, but Mr. Ickes still burns so furiously that his flames light up the countryside for miles around. Who, he asks of one and all, is Donald Nelson to tell *him* —the Secretary of the Interior and the Petroleum Administrator—what he can or cannot do? And for that matter, why should he have to go to Jesse Jones, hat in hand, and beg money for projects that hold the promise of America's salvation? What he wants, quite openly, is the right to function independently, free from the RFC and the WPB, and such is his wrath at being thwarted that Jesse and Donald have been seen pricing false whiskers and dark glasses.

Incredibly enough, Henry Wallace, Vice-President, and chairman of the Board of Economic Warfare, is almost as much of a feudist as Honest Harold, a change that has Washington gasping. Only a few short years ago, Wallace was a bashful man, even diffident, happy with his boomerangs and horoscopes, and seemingly devoid of any lust for power. Now he is a two-gun man and lightning on the draw. The one explanation offered so far (and it comes from Republican sources) is that Milo Perkins dunks tiger bones in Henry's daily quart of milk.

The Wallace change first became evident a year ago when Henry edged into the White House and induced the President to sign an executive order that took vital powers away from the State Department and the RFC, transferring them bodily to the Board of Economic Warfare. Not that it was difficult, for there is nothing the President loves more than to sign executive orders.

About all left to Jesse Jones was his fig leaf, for by that one stroke of the pen, Henry Wallace—and Henry alone—was given the right to obtain from foreign sources such strategic and critical materials as might be needed for our own stock piles or to keep them from falling into the hands of the enemy. In plain words, Jesse was reduced to the status of a BEW cashier and forced to sign checks for anything that Henry might choose to buy, regardless of price or conditions of sale. Not only this, but the sweeping order curtailed Cordell Hull's right to formulate fundamental foreign policy.

COLLIER'S "Mother, do you think I'm fading?" GARRETT PRICE

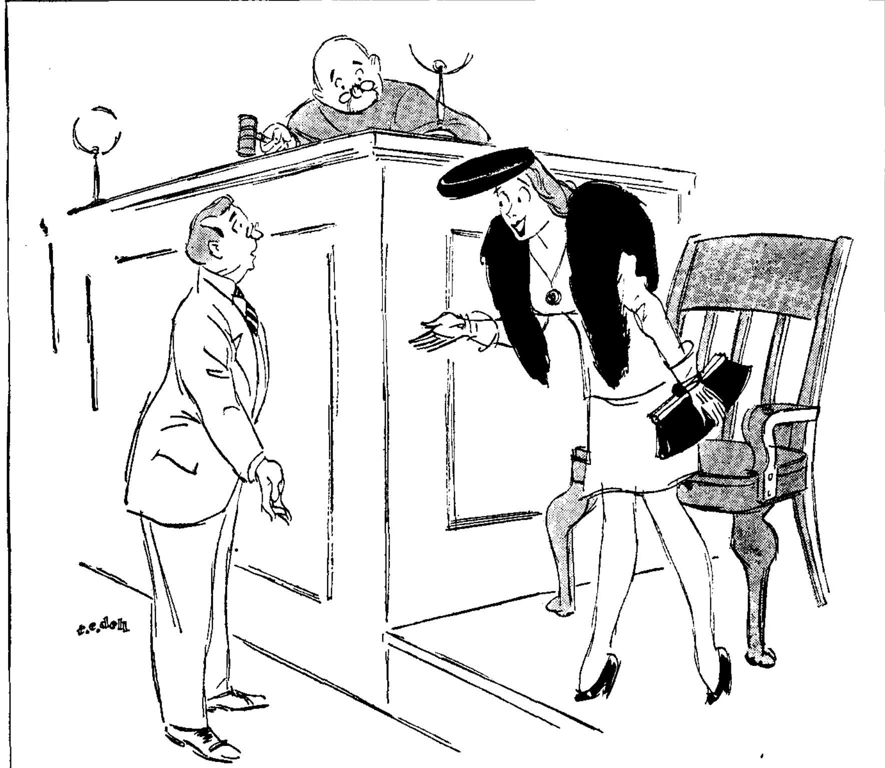
That Busy BEW

The BEW and not the State Department was to represent the United States in dealing with the economic agencies of the United Nations; the BEW was empowered to send abroad its own economic representatives; the BEW was to "determine the policies, plans, procedures and methods of the several federal departments" in these import matters; the BEW was to "advise the State Department with respect to the terms and conditions to be included in the master agreement with each nation receiving Lend-Lease aid," and just to make sure that nothing was overlooked, the BEW was authorized "to take other such action as may be deemed necessary to facilitate the war effort and strengthen the international economic relations of the United States."

Several days passed before either Cordell Hull or Jesse Jones learned of the order, and then both hit the White House all spraddled out. Mr. Hull must have been more than ordinarily impressive, for on the heels of his visit came an "interpretation," explaining that the order was not meant to interfere in any particular with the constitutional and traditional duty of the State Department to determine foreign policy.

Massa Jones, however, must have been less forceful, for in everything that concerned him, the order stood. It is also the case that Henry Wallace's purchases in foreign countries have not contributed to better feeling, for every contract negotiated by BEW brings a scream of anguish from the very depths of Jesse's tortured soul—not so much because of prices as the "social welfare" clauses by means of which Henry seeks to establish the New Deal in Latin America.

It was at this point that Mr. Jeffers, the Rubber Czar, catapulted himself into the feud. Evidently disliking the Wallace way of doing things, he came out with an overnight order of his own that returned to Jesse Jones the authority to negotiate contracts abroad for the purchase and cultivation of natural rubber—a shot in the rear that must have been a painful surprise. But Henry, counterattacking swiftly, reached out and took over four of Jesse Jones' pet agencies, transferring them to BEW.



"Now don't you give me some shaving cream or $64 or something"

COLLIER'S R. C. DELL

As for "Big Bill" Jeffers, the change in him is almost as surprising as that in Henry Wallace, for when he first appeared upon the scene, fairly radiating sunshine and good will, all Washington agreed that here at last was a man who couldn't be dragged into any of the feuds that tore the town apart. Unfortunately, Mr. Jeffers took his instructions from the President with appalling literalness. Having been appointed to carry out the synthetic-rubber recommendations of the Baruch committee, he set about it with a grim determination that took no account of anybody else's needs or of the supply problem as a whole.

Like Harold Ickes, Mr. Jeffers wants what he wants when he wants it, and has no patience with Donald Nelson's frenzied efforts to make a fair division of dwindling stock piles. Along with indulging in public criticism of the WPB for holding up his synthetic-rubber plants, the bluff railroader has found time to feud with the Army and Navy. The Armed Forces may refer to their uniformed plant representatives as "expediters," but Mr. Jeffers calls them "loafers." True or untrue, it is anything but a contribution to team play.

Even amiable, conciliatory Elmer Davis, head of the Office of War Information, has his feuds. As if it were not woe enough to have the Army, the Navy and the State Department maintain their own information services, Col. William J. Donovan is making nightly raids on poor OWI. Nobody has any idea what the colonel is supposed to do.

He first came into the picture when Frank Knox sent him on a mysterious tour through Europe, Asia, Africa and all points south. After losing his pocketbook and passports, the colonel returned and next bobbed up as Co-ordinator of Information, another of those fantastic creations that the Master Magician loves to pull out of his hat. Skidded out of that eventually and seemingly headed for the junk pile, what does the colonel do but reappear as director of the Office of Strategic Services, whatever that is. Anyway, he is now out to control "psychological warfare" and is fighting tooth and nail to grab short-wave broadcasts from the beleaguered OWI.

Feuds, feuds! Nothing but feuds! Old ones growing in bitterness and new ones brewing steadily! Never think for a moment that shrewd, forceful Lieutenant General Brehon Somervell, head of the Army's Service of Supplies, is not continuing his fight to overthrow Donald Nelson and regain control of priorities: or that the State Department is not on guard against any raids by ex-Governor Herbert Lehman, empowered to rehabilitate the broken peoples of the world. Already the two are at grips in North Africa.

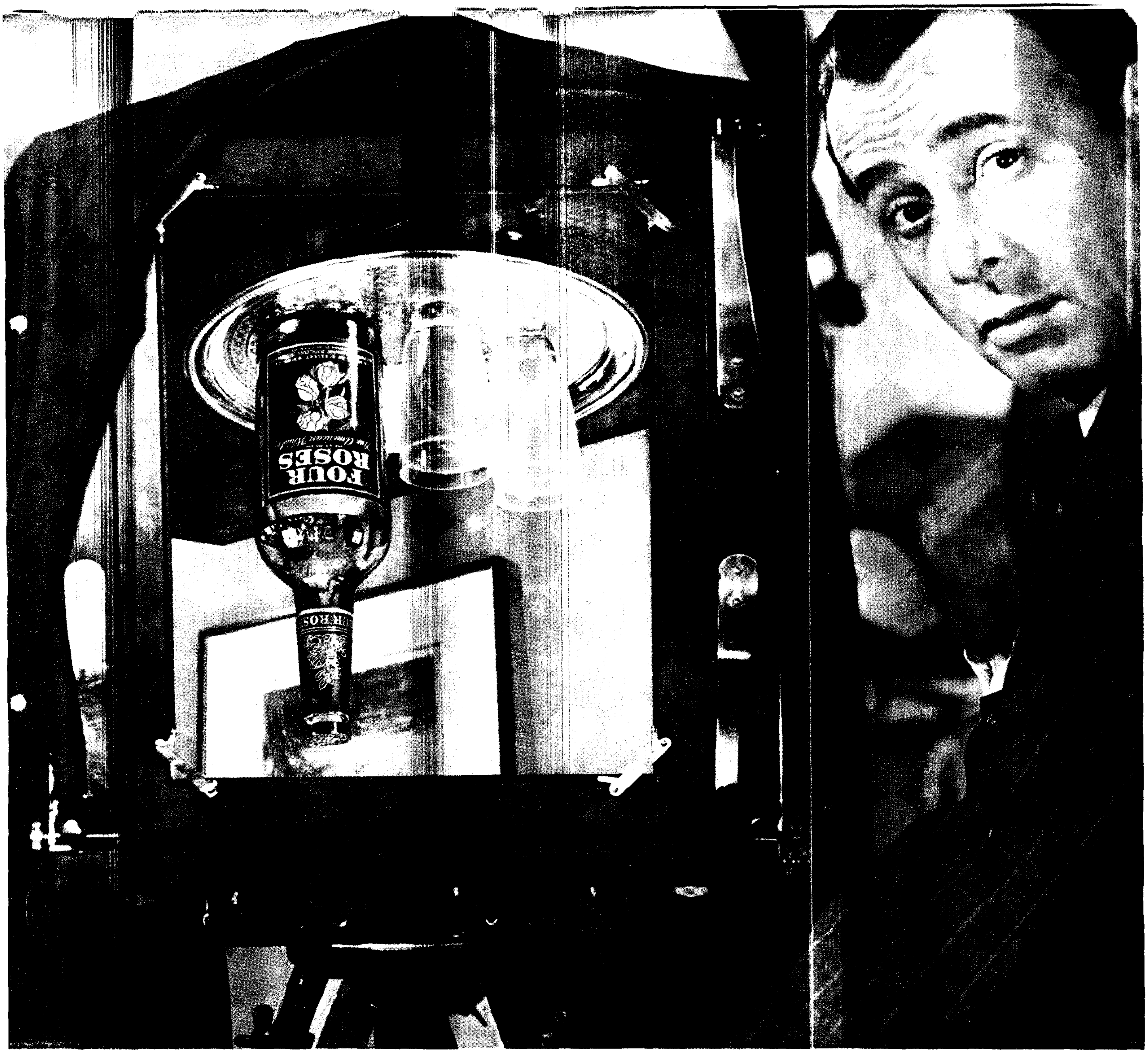
The Woodrow Wilson Method

It may be useless to mention it, for every Washington official is under oath not to profit from any lesson taught by the other World War, but Woodrow Wilson had a very effective method for dealing with departmental wrangles. At a time when bickering, backbiting and jurisdictional disputes made a joke of team play, he formed a War Cabinet composed of these men: the Secretary of War; the Secretary of the Navy; William G. McAdoo, Railroad Administrator; Bernard Baruch of the War Industries Board; Vance McCormick of the War Trade Board; Herbert Hoover, Food Administrator; Edward N. Hurley of the Shipping Board, and Harry Garfield, Fuel Administrator. In addition, as occasion arose, the heads of other agencies were brought in.

Once a week President Wilson called this War Cabinet together for a whole afternoon, and every problem and every quarrel was laid on the table for all to see. No long-distance wrangling, but face-to-face presentations of differences. Did one official think that another was treating him unfairly? Was this man encroaching on the powers and duties of that man? Were certain rules and regulations of one agency making it impossible for another agency to do its job? If so, the whole matter was spread out and fought out behind closed doors and not in the newspapers.

No man was permitted to run to the White House with his side of the story. All grievances had to be aired in open meeting, with the President as referee. It saved his time and it saved their time and, best of all, it made for team play. Each man gained better and more friendly understanding of the problems of his associates and got the picture as a whole instead of just his own particular part of it. As simple as that!

THE END



It's no use, Mr. Photographer—pack up your camera!

No, no, it's not because the picture is upside down. We know a picture always looks that way in the back of a camera.

It's because even you, with all your skill, can't possibly take a picture that does justice to a Four Roses Whiskey Sour. In fact, we've never seen a picture that looked half as enticing as this grand drink really tastes.

So we suggest you forget the picture—pack up your camera—and, you guessed it, enjoy one of those fine drinks yourself!

How to make the world's finest Whiskey Sour

First, make certain that you have some Four Roses on hand—for only a whiskey that is perfection itself can impart true magnificence to this glorious drink.

Then, put one part lemon juice and three parts Four Roses into a cocktail shaker. Add sugar to taste.

Shake well with cracked ice, strain into glasses and then, if you wish, decorate each drink with a cherry and slice of orange.

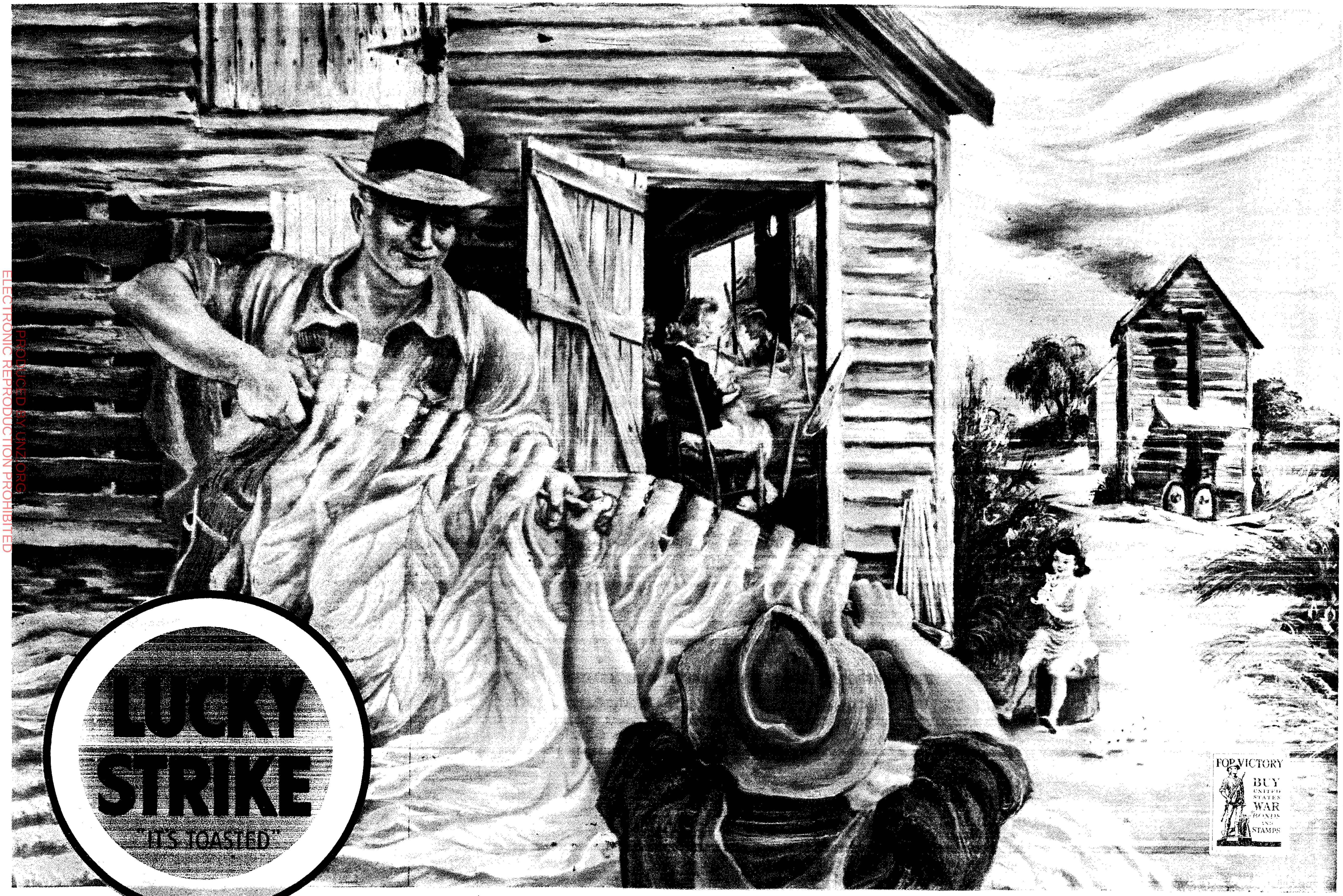
And now let your palate luxuriate in the sparkling flavor of one of the world's greatest mixed drinks—a Four Roses Whiskey Sour!

FOUR ROSES

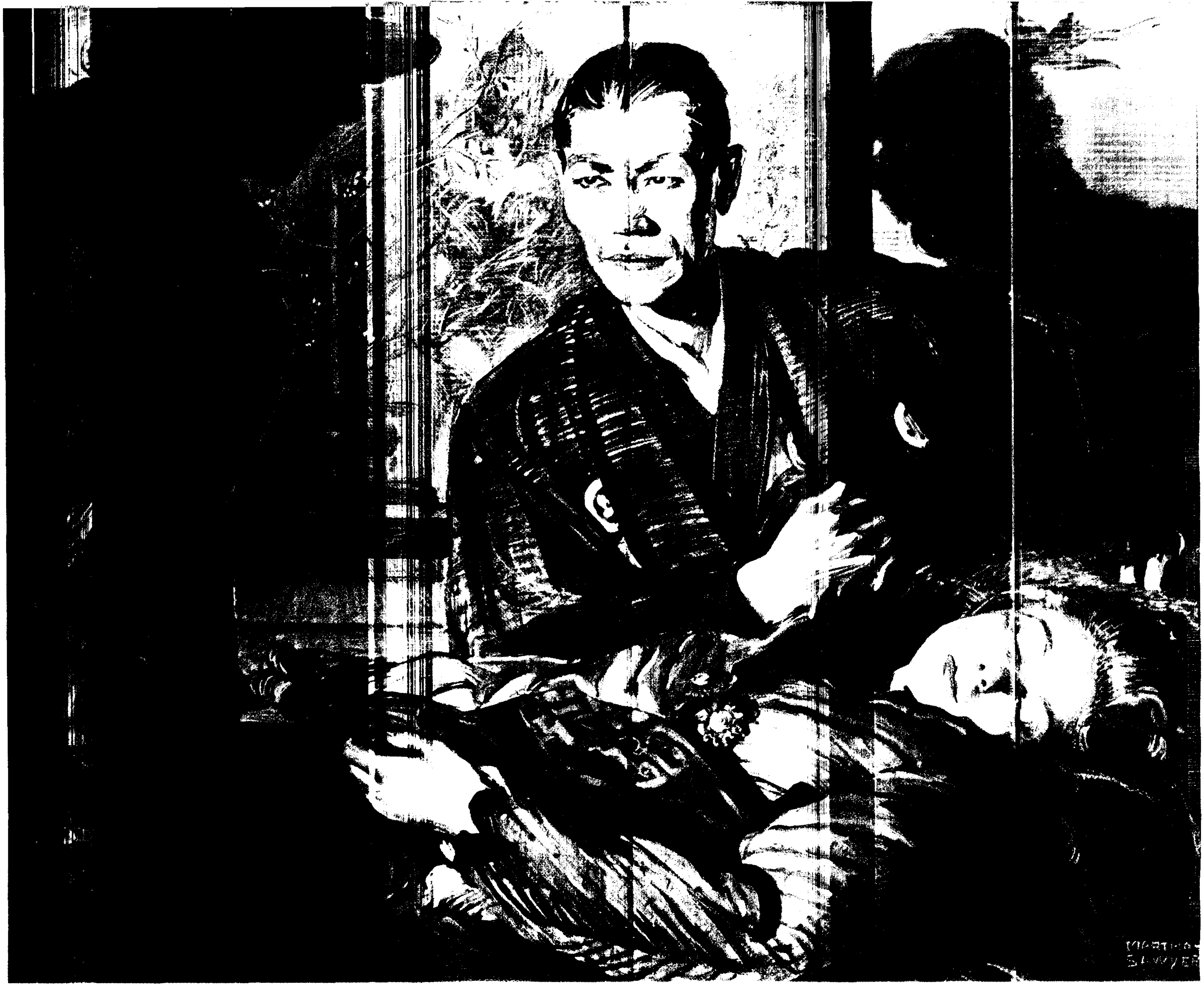
Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

"Getting ready for auction day." Painted from life on a Southern farm by Aaron Bohrod.


LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed — So Free and Easy On The Draw



She stood there in front of Shigo, her white hair straggling from under the old hat. "You're drunk," she said

CHINA FLIGHT

By Pearl S. Buck

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE houseboating in China with two of his friends—Arnold Hatford and his fascinating Eurasian wife, Leone—Lieutenant Daniel James, of the U. S. Marines, hears that the Japanese have bombed Pearl Harbor. Leaving the Hatfords (who set out for Hong Kong) he goes to Shanghai, where he is arrested.

Questioned by Shigo Kuyoshi, a Japanese official, he is sent to prison. With him, when he is sentenced, are two women—Jenny Barchet, an American newspaper correspondent, and Mrs. Shipman, a kindly woman who runs the Gate of Hope, a home for unfortunate girls. Shigo interns the two women. . . .

Leone Hatford is in love with Dan James. So, eager to see him again, she gives her husband the slip and makes her way to Shanghai. There she finds refuge in the home of her grandfather, P'an Lao-yeh.

Meanwhile, Shigo Kuyoshi has fallen in love with Jenny Barchet; and the girl, parrying his advances, is terrified. Divining the truth—that Jenny is interested in Daniel James—Shigo gives the Marine a job pulling his ricksha! . . .

Realizing that he cannot win Jenny's love, Shigo is desperate, unhappy. In an evil mood, he goes to the Gate of Hope, seizes one of the youthful inmates—a girl known as Meri—and takes her away. James, who is near by at the time, tries to protect the girl; but the Japanese guards overpower him.

With the abduction of Meri, Mrs. Shipman gives up. She releases her girls, telling them where they should go to be safe. Learning of this and aware that Dan James and Mrs. Shipman are in peril, Leone asks her grandfather if he will permit them to come to him for refuge. He says he will do what he can for the foreigners.

Mrs. Shipman and Dan find their way to P'an Lao-yeh's home. Leone meets Dan, tells him that he must get out of the city. "I can't go yet," he argues. "There's a girl I have to get out first."

Leone knows about Jenny Barchet. She strongly suspects that Dan and the American girl are in love. But, curbing her emotions, she says quietly, "Of course. We must find her and save her, too."

VI

"GET out of my sight," Shigo said.

The girl Meri did not move. He turned and struck her and the mark of his fist was left on her cheek, like a bruise on a peach. She backed away from him slowly, her great eyes darkening.

"And where shall I go, monsieur?" she asked. "This is a strange house to me."

"I do not care where you go," Shigo said.

He moved to the window, put aside the curtain and gazed out into the morning sun. Yes, it was morning again. The insanity of the night was over. He felt cold as stone and as hard.

Without looking at the girl he turned and struck a bell on the table. A second later an old Japanese woman came in and he threw a command at her:

"Take this girl away."

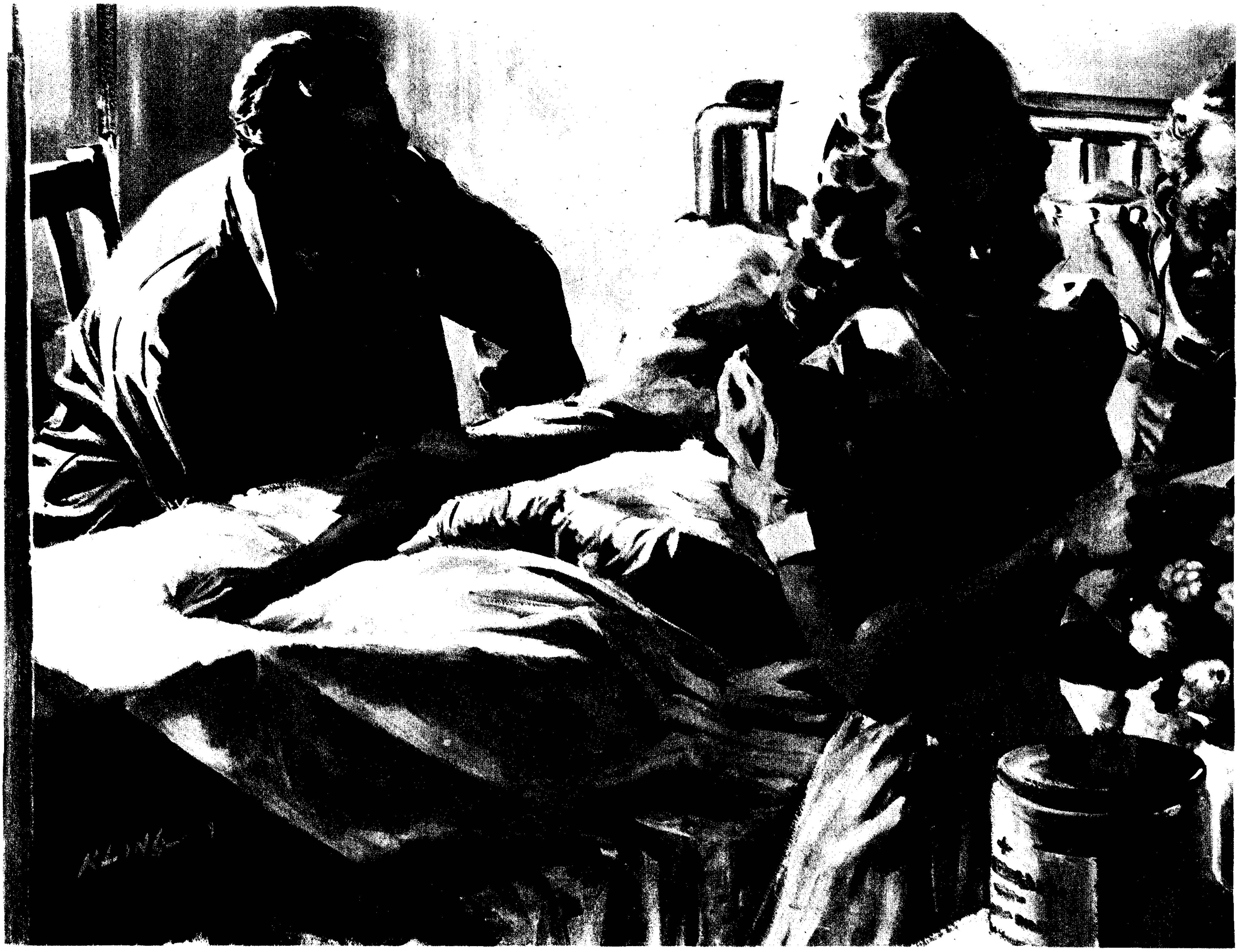
The woman took a gingerly hold upon Meri's sleeve, as though she were a filthy child, and led her away. And when they were gone, Shigo, as though he could not bear himself, disrobed again, and bathed and shaved and put on fresh garments. When this was done he went into the next room and ate the food that was waiting there on a lacquered tray on a table. All the time his eyes were brooding, his face set and he ate with haste. When he was finished he rang the bell, and again the old woman came in.

"Where is the girl?" he asked.

"I put her outside the gate," the woman said. She paused a moment and then went on: "But she was not pleased, honorable. She fought and scratched me." She pushed up the sleeve of her kimono and he saw on her yellow skin three deep, red scratches.

(Continued on page 26)

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS



"I found a sailor there with a severe case of burns. His face was swathed in bandages, but he could talk"

They told her Toby would not be coming back. But she was a woman, and in love, and her heart told her they were wrong

I'll See You Again

BY ELIZABETH FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

THE port had no name. It was simply a port of embarkation. You knew where it was, but you didn't put it at the head of a story. You let the public guess where you were, which pointed up the drama nicely. Gerry Potter was exhilarated at the prospect.

"I'm sure you can do it," the boss had said in parting. "I'm perfectly sure, in spite of your modesty, which doesn't fool me a bit, that you can do a swell job."

"Thanks."

"Yeah, I know you can," he went on, "because you don't care *how* or *where* you get a story. You stop at nothing. You have no respect for human feelings."

"The end," Gerry Potter said coolly, "justifies the means."

"You must be a pain in the neck to some men," he added pleasantly.

Gerry laughed. She'd stopped worrying about what the men thought of her long ago. It was three years since Bill Wickard had given her the brush-off. After she came to her senses, she had written even better than before, and now she was so good that they were sending her to England. She was on the staff of the magazine, with her name on the masthead. She was all set.

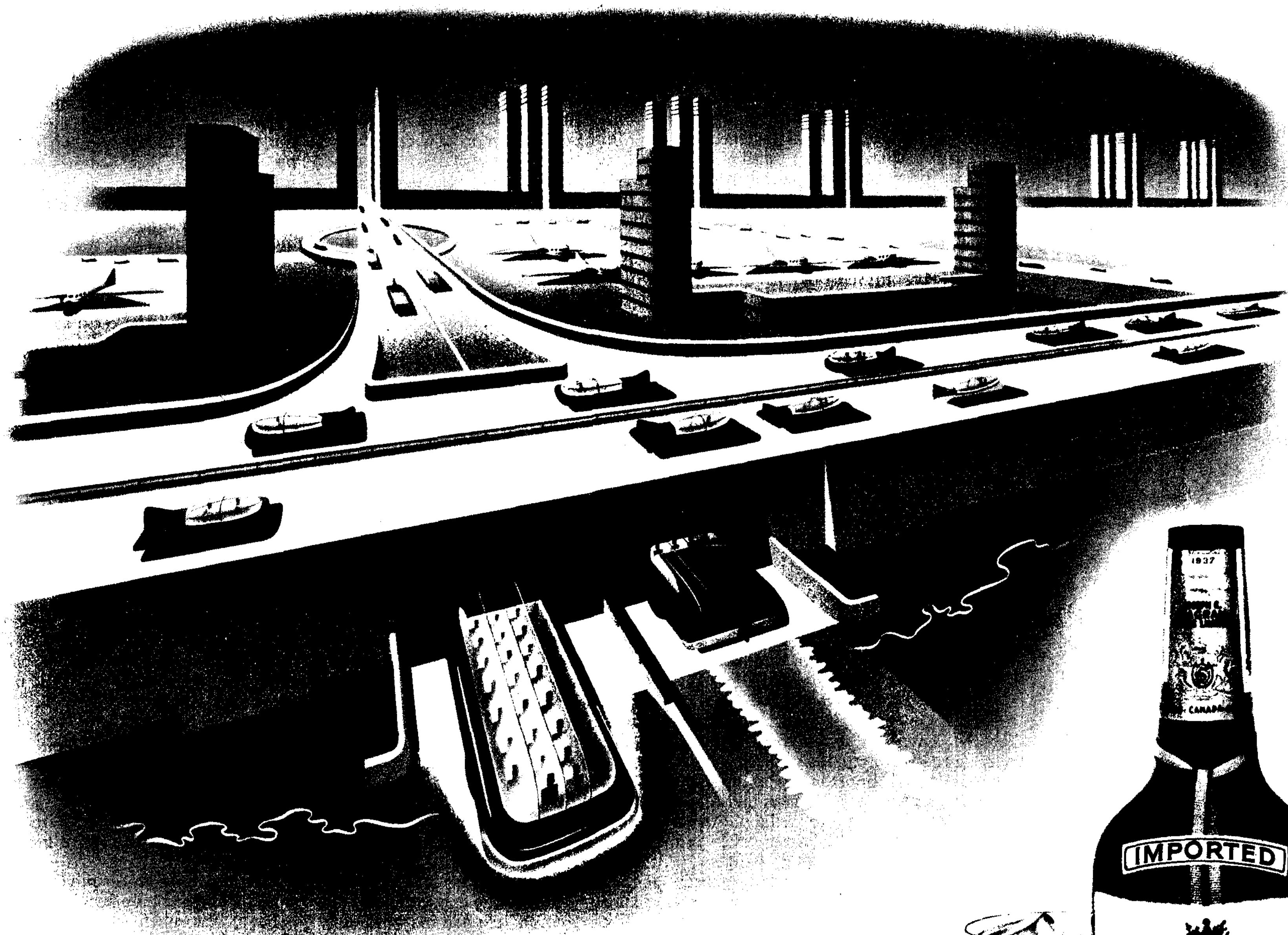
"I am sitting in the hotel," she wrote, "waiting for the order to sail. The town is completely blacked out, and there is a feeling of tension in the air. Everybody is waiting for the curtain to go up on the big scene. Maybe it's going up tonight—maybe tomorrow. Nobody knows. You're not told until the last minute when a convoy is going to sail. The town is thick with uniforms. The boys who are going to get us across are a swell lot. There's a story behind every one of them, a story of heroism and sacrifice."

Gerry paused. It might be a good idea to go and interview one of them right now. Once aboard the freighter she wouldn't have a chance to talk to the boys on the destroyers. "Better do it, Geraldine," she decided, locking her machine; "this may be your last chance."

She went out into the darkness. It seemed very black after the toy dimout in New York. She stubbed her toe, and then ran smack into a portly individual carrying some bottles. There were no bars in town. If you wanted anything stronger than beer, you bought a bottle and drank it out of

(Continued on page 36)

Men Who Plan beyond Tomorrow Like CANADIAN Whisky at its Glorious Best!



High-speed, amphibious motors will whisk along the highways or skim across the waterways with equal ease. Your own car will do a smooth, safe 100 miles per hour on land – and fifty on the water. Sky-scrapers will rise from spacious lawns . . . when Health Authorities abolish over-crowding of buildings . . . Fantastic? Not at all! These things are being developed today by Men Who Plan Beyond Tomorrow.

SEAGRAM, too, plans beyond Tomorrow – *always*. The rare selected whiskies in Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN were carefully laid away to mellow years ago. Since "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" first appeared on the screen . . . since the International Paris Exposition opened . . . these fine whiskies have been treasured for Tomorrow – so the V. O. of *today* will always be gracious and smooth – preferred FOR THE WORLD'S LIGHTEST HIGHBALL.

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Spur
CANADA DRY
Spur

The cola drink with Canada Dry quality

Bottled and Distributed by Licensees of Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.

China Flight

Continued from page 23

"She is insane, that girl," he said, and threw her a coin.

"So she behaved," the woman replied. She bowed and picked up the coin, and put it in her obi.

"What I rang for was to order my car," he remarked, "not to inquire of the girl. If the car is not mended, one is to be hired."

She bowed again and went out, and he put on his coat and hat and selected a special Malacca cane. The head of this cane was gold, and he unscrewed it and drew out a narrow sword scarcely thicker than a hatpin. He tested the point and the edge, replaced it and fastened the cap again. Then he went outside. The car was there and Ling stood, holding open the door.

"It is mended?" he asked briefly.

"Can do," Ling replied.

BY THE mysterious mouth-to-ear wireless of his people, Ling knew nearly all that had happened. Old Wang had told his cousin, whose son had told another, whose tale had been carried by another and another, until the elderly Chinese cook, buying food at the early marketplace for the Japanese compound, had heard that the house of refuge had been seized but all the women had escaped. Even Mrs. Shipman, whom the Chinese city called the Old Foreign Mother, had escaped.

But more than that, the American had somehow escaped. That, Ling had already known, for this morning Daniel James was not in his room, and the guards were in terror, awaiting punishment.

"To the hotel," Shigo said sharply.

It was for this escape, indeed, that Ling had removed a screw from the vitals of the car. Obviously it was too difficult for the American to escape from this overguarded compound. Then he must have as many opportunities as possible to get outside. The American had made good use of his chance, Ling thought, grinning to himself. But Americans were clever, once they knew their danger.

He enjoyed the misery of the guards as they contemplated their prisoner's empty room, and their agitation as they waited for arrest.

But thus far Shigo Kuyoshi had paid them no heed. All the neighborhood knew that he had brought back with him last night a pretty foreign girl with wild eyes. An hour ago this girl had been thrust outside the gate, and a neighbor had taken her in because she belonged to the Old Foreign Mother and must be returned to her.

The elderly Chinese bringing his tale to Ling had told him all he knew and with what Ling knew, it made a whole. Therefore Ling quickly replaced the screw which yesterday he had removed. Now that his purpose was accomplished, he was curious to know where his Japanese master wished to go so early in the morning.

Inside the car Shigo sat with his eyes fixed unblinkingly on nothing. He was strengthening himself in arrogance. The dispatches which he had read as he ate his breakfast were all good. In the South Seas, Japanese forces were steadily winning against the Americans. It could not be doubted that before long the Philippines would belong to Japan. Thailand had submitted, and Burma was an overripe fruit.

He lifted his head suddenly and his face assumed the arrogant lines of a proud priest. Yes, the Japanese—were they not destined to rule over the world? And he was a Japanese. As he thus made himself large, he saw Jenny smaller and smaller. A helpless American girl—why should he be afraid of her? Why even did he want her, except for a moment? An hour or two—a day at most—it would be enough. He would throw her out as he had the girl this morning. It would be his pride to be as careless of her life.

"Wait here," he told Ling haughtily at the hotel door. "I shall be only a short while. When I come out, there will be a woman with me. You are to help me put her in the car. Then drive back quickly."

Ling did not answer and he turned away to hide his curling lip.

In a frenzy of arrogance Shigo went upstairs and to her door. She opened it, ready, he saw, to go out for her walk.

He did not smile, "You are to come with me," he said.

"Where?" she asked. His eyes were strange and glazed, and she was suddenly terrified.

"You are going with me to my house," he said. "I have so decided."

He came near as he spoke, and with a great gesture he unsheathed his narrow sword. She stepped back. But as she retreated he came forward, inexorably following her.

They did not speak a word in that insane pursuit. Step by step he pressed her back. Suddenly without warning she turned and before he could imagine it she had run to the window.

He shouted aloud but it was too late. She had flung the window wide and at the sound of his voice she leaped. He ran to save her if he could. He could do nothing. The hotel was only three stories high, but he saw her flying body strike a sharp cornice heavily. He saw her crumple on the pavement below.

He was downstairs himself in less than a moment, pushing back the crowds with his cane, striking at them, and cursing them.

"Lift her into the car," he commanded Ling. He took her wrist. "No, she is not dead."

He stepped into the car with a strange sense of triumph. He had her absolutely in his power. . . .

In his own corner of the servants' quarters Ling was seemingly only smoking after his dinner. Actually he was sorting out a tangle of threads in his mind. The American girl was now upstairs in a bedroom. She was still unconscious—that, he knew from the talk that came down out of the kitchen. Food had been taken up to her but she had not been able to eat. She knew nothing. The Japanese doctor had been called and he was still there.

Meanwhile soldiers were searching the city for the escaped American man. He had not been found, neither he nor the old American woman. Ling squatted comfortably on his heels, and closed his eyes in pleasure. Would the Jap want the car again today or not? Obviously he would not, because he would not leave the American girl. Everybody knew he was infatuated with her.

Ling had felt great pity for her this morning as she lay in the car, her long fair hair streaming down over the seat. Certainly he would like to help her against his enemy. But how could he? If he could find the escaped American, that one could perhaps do something. Americans always thought of ways to do what they wanted.

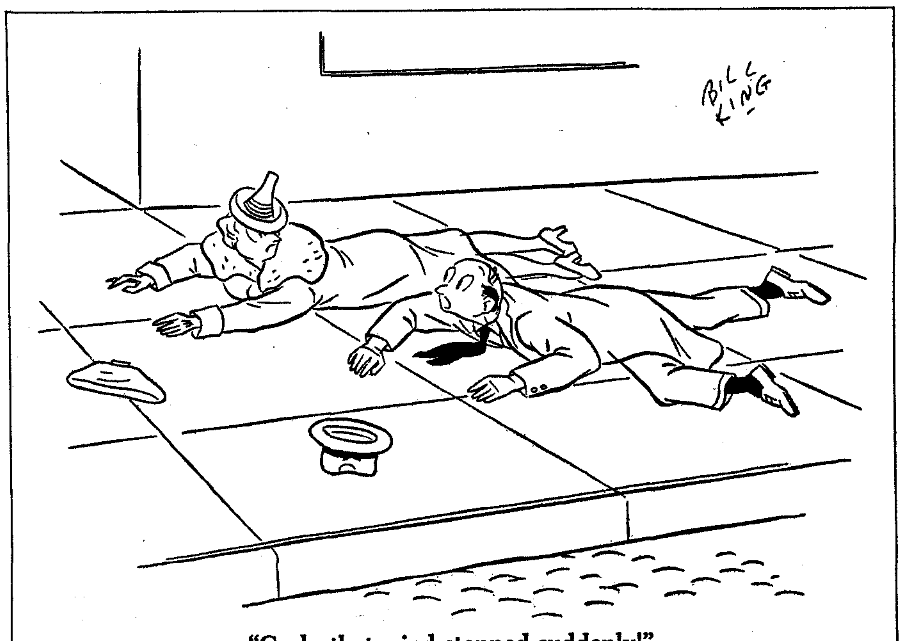
"I had better find the American," he thought.

HE ROSE and knocked the ash out of his pipe and stuck it in his belt and dusted himself off. He left the servants' quarters and went with his leisurely loose step in the direction of the Gate of Hope.

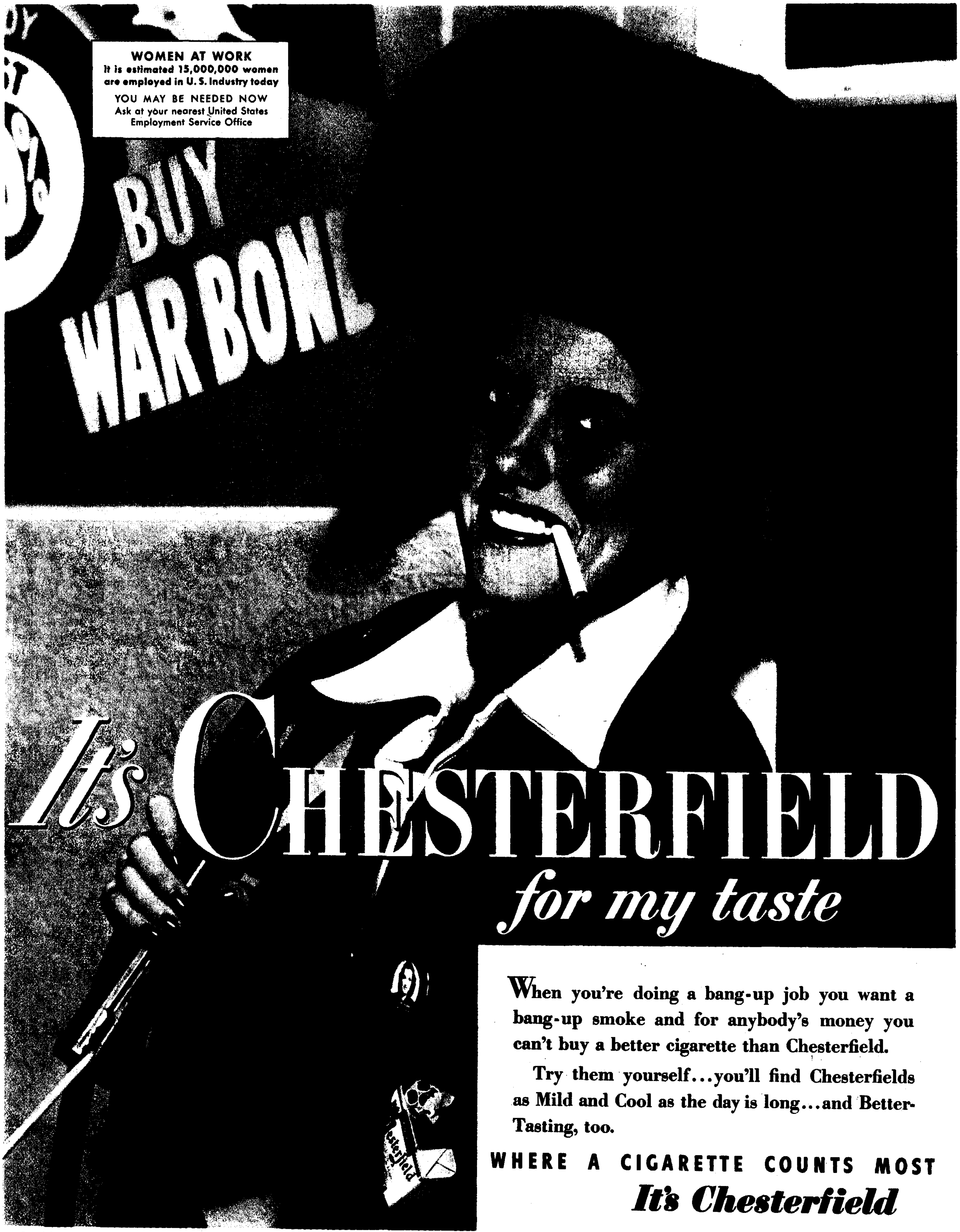
There at first he found no one. The house had been looted and was in great disorder. He knew, looking at it, exactly what had happened here because it happened anywhere. The soldiers had first taken all they wanted and then had left the doors open for the poor on the streets, who take whatever they can. On the floors there were scattered the pictures of many girls. He picked up one or two idly and stared at them. The American woman was a good old woman, working her way to heaven by saving these who were not worth saving.

"Some people go on pilgrimages," he mused, "and some do such good works."

There was much to be said in praise of the white foreigners, he thought, instead of these Japs, who neither went on pilgrimages nor did good works. His soul rose in loathing of the enemy and suddenly he determined that he would



COLLIER'S "Gosh, that wind stopped suddenly!" BILL KING



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do all that he could to help the Americans.

Now suddenly, having made up his mind, he smelled the odors of cooking food and guided by his nose he came to a kitchen. There in the midst of all the wreckage of the looted house he found an old manservant cooking rice and cabbage on the earthen cooking stove. He knew him because he had seen him sometimes following the Old Foreign Mother, but they had never spoken.

He greeted him: "You are eating?"

"I am about to eat," old Wang replied.

"It is very sensible of you," Ling said courteously. "To continue life in the midst of death shows a wise man."

"What is done is done," old Wang replied. He dipped up a bowl of the fragrant rice and cabbage stew, and offered it to Ling.

Ling was too polite to accept it. "I have eaten—I have eaten," he said.

"A man can always eat again unless he is ill," old Wang said with equal courtesy. So the end of it was that they sat down together on their heels and supped up the good food, and then by skillful questions Ling followed his thread.

"Alas that this should have happened," he remarked, looking about at the waste everywhere. "And your mistress such a good old white woman in spite of her foreigners! All respected her. May I ask—was she killed?"

"No, she was not," Wang replied.

"I am glad of that," Ling said.

He noticed now a dawning look of recognition in the old man's eyes and he met it firmly. "I hire myself to the Japanese head-devil," he said. "I drive his car. What would you have? I must eat. But he is my enemy."

"If you understand that, there is no reason why you should not eat his food," Wang replied.

Ling leaned nearer to him. "There is a young American who has been imprisoned this last month in the same house where I sleep. He has escaped."

"I know that," Wang said calmly.

"Can you tell me if he is safe?"

THE two of them looked at each other, and Ling smiling made the sign of secret brotherhood. Now this sign, wherever it was made, was the token of those who served the guerrillas, and Wang knew it, too, for he also was of the brotherhood. They grasped each other's hands and laughed.

"Why did you not tell me at once?" Wang exclaimed. "I know where the Americans are—yours and mine." He leaned over and whispered into Ling's ear. "They are hidden in the House of P'an."

Ling gave himself a blow on the side of his head with his right palm. "How stupid I am," he remarked. "Why did I not think of that? It was the Old Foreign Mother who made the match between the P'an granddaughter and the Englishman, and I have driven the head-devil's car there more than once to drink tea, and I knew the whole matter and never tied the ends of threads together."

"There they are," old Wang said gravely. "But the question is: What shall be done with them? Their fat cook tells me that old Mr. P'an cannot eat because he is so anxious lest they be found and the whole house put to death."

"Ah," said Ling, "there is that danger." He reflected a moment and then he rose. "I will walk past the house and talk to that cook," he said. "It may be I can think of a way or two."

"If you can, I will help you," old Wang said. "After all, the Old Foreign Mother is my rice bowl. And, besides, I promised her husband to see that she died in peace and was buried in a real coffin. She has no one but me."

"I will call upon you," Ling promised.

Thus following his thread, he came in the late afternoon to the house of the P'an family. He knew it as all knew it, for it was a rich house.

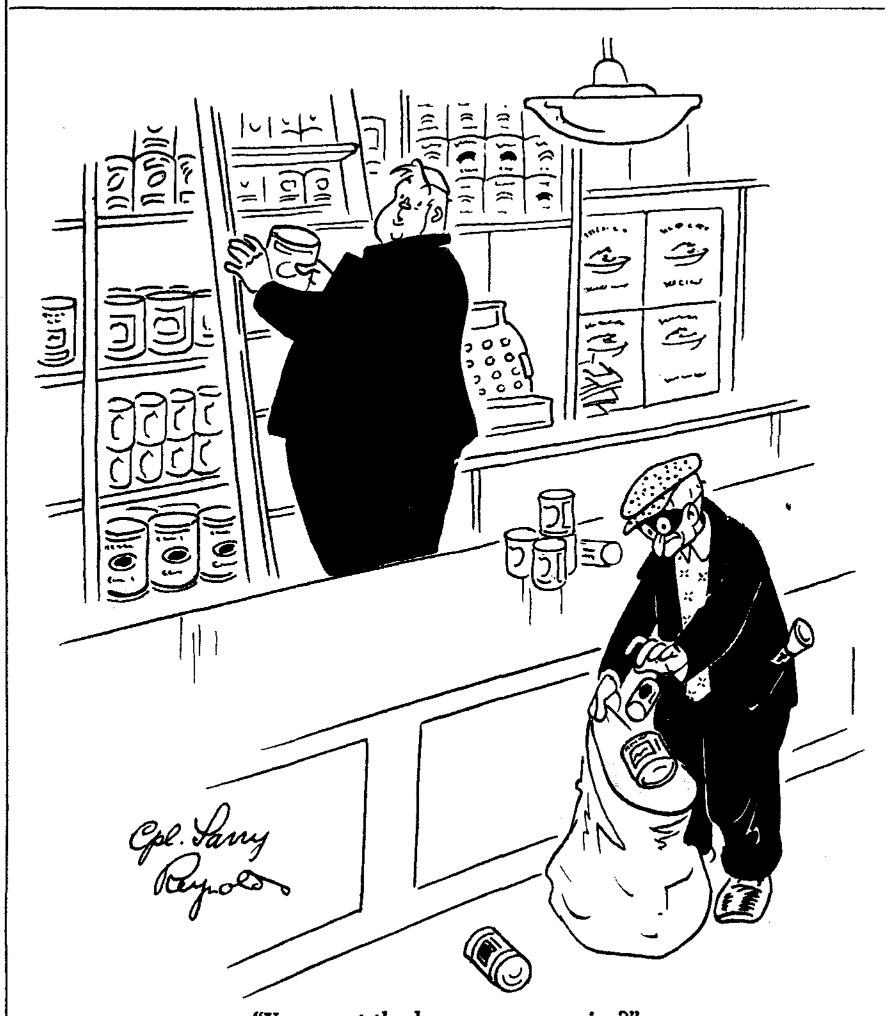
When he got to the great gate, however, it was not so easy to enter. It was locked and when he pounded on it with both hands, only a wicket opened and the gateman put his head out.

"Who are you, you son of a turtle, to pound on our gate as if it were your own?" he shouted.

"I come with a message," Ling replied.

"Who sent you?" the gateman inquired. By now everyone in the house knew that two foreigners were being hidden in an inner court and all were terrified at any strange face.

BUTCH **by CPL. LARRY REYNOLDS**



"You want the large economy size?"

At this Ling stepped boldly forward and whispered in the gateman's ear. "It is for the male foreigner."

The man's face went green and he shut the wicket quickly and rushed to the back of the house to find Mr. P'an. He burst into the court where his master was walking back and forth. It was impossible for Mr. P'an now to continue the quiet study of old books, since at any moment he expected to have enemy soldiers raid the house.

"Master!" the gateman cried without courtesy of any kind, "there is a man at the gate who wants the white man."

MR. P'AN'S pale face turned the color of soapstone. "Now this is what comes of mixing up with foreigners," he groaned. "Foreigners have brought me nothing but sorrow and I shall die because of them. Call my granddaughter."

The man ran on until he came upon Leone's old nurse and she took the message to Leone, who sat alone in her own room. Ever since Daniel had spoken Jenny's name, she had only wanted to be alone. She had fulfilled every courtesy, it is true. Mrs. Shipman she had put into her mother's room, and Daniel had been given a room used for guests. She had seen to their welfare, and she had called the servants together and told them that the visit was only for a little while and yet so long as it lasted they must all be silent for their lives.

"We must remember," she told the group of simple, anxious faces, "that these are Americans, and that Americans are fighting our enemies, too. In the South Seas this very day there are Americans losing their lives to fight these enemies of ours, and in our way we help them when we take care of these Americans in our house until they can escape."

This they understood very well, and when she went on to tell them that Daniel was a soldier who belonged to a ship of war, they swore that they would help her and say nothing.

But none of this eased for a moment her own heart. It was not she whom he loved or could love, she told herself sadly. That she loved him, he must never know.

Upon this sorrowful reverie her old nurse now intruded. She came near, her dim eyes anxious. "There is one at the gate who wants the white man," she whispered to Leone.

Leone rose at once. "Who is he?"

The old woman shook her head. "That I was not told," she said. But she ran to fetch the gateman, and the gateman had to confess that in his fright he had not asked the man who he was, and so in impatience and fear, Leone herself went to the gate and opened the wicket.

"Why have you come?" Leone asked, seeing the man was but a servant.

"I have a message for the white man," Ling said in a low voice.

"What white man?" Leone asked.

"The tall one with the dark eyes and dark hair, who pulled the ricksha for the head-devil, and escaped last night," Ling said rapidly.

"What makes you think he is here?" Leone asked next.

At this Ling grinned. "I know he is here," he whispered, "and so is the Old Foreign Mother. What I have to tell is about the American girl. I know where she is, too. That is what I must tell the white man."

Then Leone opened the gate. If indeed this man knew what he said he knew, she must let him in and bring him before Daniel. So without a word more she barred the gate behind him, while the gateman stared, his jaw ajar, and she led him toward Mrs. Shipman's room.

She found Mrs. Shipman asleep in her chair and woke her, and Ling stood before the two women and told the story of how Jenny had leaped from the window and had struck the cornice and had fallen to the street.

"Oh, my soul and body!" Mrs. Shipman whispered. She was in her stocking feet and now she began quickly to put on her stout leather shoes. "Of course Dan'l has got to know, but what will he do? What can any of us do?"

She hurried ahead of them to Daniel's room. "You let me go in first," she told Leone. They waited outside the door of the small court of his room. Then in a moment she came out beckoning and they went into the court.

DANIEL had been watching a column of ants. That is, he had been sitting absorbed for half an hour, watching them struggle against a bit of brick that had fallen over their hole, but actually he had been restlessly wondering what he could do next, planning how he might get to the hotel somehow and find Jenny.

"Dan'l!" Mrs. Shipman said abruptly. He looked up and there she was. Something in her face made him get to his feet.

"What's wrong?" he demanded.

"News from Jenny," she said. "The chauffeur's here. At least he says he's the chauffeur."

"Ling?" Dan asked.

"How did you know?" Mrs. Shipman asked in turn.

He felt into his bosom and brought out the bit of paper he had never dared to take out. "The fellow wrote this," he said.

She looked at it. "I reckon he's a friend," she said. "But Dan'l, there's bad news."

"She's not—"

"Not dead, no," Mrs. Shipman said. "But she's hurt and in that Jap's house. Yes, that's where she is, Dan, and now what are we goin' to do?" Leaving him with the question she had gone to the door and motioned to Leone and Ling and they came in.

"You translate, dearie," Mrs. Shipman said to Leone, and Ling stood before them and told his story and Leone translated.

Daniel looked at Leone. "He says she is now upstairs?"

"On the second floor," Leone translated, "in a room which opens to the north. The old Japanese woman is taking care of her."

"Can the woman be bribed?" Dan asked.

She met his eyes, full of trouble, and knowing that they did not see her. "Ling has never tried to bribe her but he fears not," she translated.

"Just how badly hurt is Jenny?" Dan asked.

Again there was the murmured Chinese.

"She is very badly hurt," Leone translated. "Her head was bleeding and he

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thinks her arm was broken. But it is certain that she is unconscious."

Dan leaped to his feet. "Of course I shall simply go there myself," he said. "I must get hold of a pistol somehow. I can't go with only my fists. But with a pistol I'd be a match for a dozen or so of the Japs. If Ling could have the car ready—why not? I believe I could do it."

She translated again in her rapid soft voice. But Ling shook his head.

"He says it would be folly," she said. "He says that he feels it would not be fair to his old parents to take so sure a chance of his death."

"Then I'll go alone," Dan said grimly.

All this time Mrs. Shipman had said not a word. Now she spoke. "No, you won't," she said. "I'll go. I've been plenty of times to see that wicked man."

"You can't go!" Daniel cried.

"I can and will," Mrs. Shipman said firmly. "I'll go and ask the wretch what he did with my poor crazy Meri, and I'll just go quietly by myself tonight, when nobody is expecting me, and Ling can open the gate and let me in."

"But what good will it do?" Dan demanded. "You can't get her out, Mrs. Shipman—you can't carry her."

"Dan'l, he'll keep me there, too—I'll maneuver it so," she retorted. "I been thinkin' it all out while you talked. I'll fix it. And one step at a time, my dears, I'll think of something and Ling will be our go-between. I can get word to him and he can get word to you."

LEONE poured out the liquid rush of Chinese and Ling nodded and nodded again.

"He says this is possible," Leone translated. "He says he will help."

Ling's calm voice began again and Leone turned to him.

"Tell the old Foreign Mother that I will help when she needs me," he said. "Tell her that there must be a signal—let it be this, that she is to put a light in the window at midnight and if she opens and closes the curtains three times I shall be under her window ready for anything—a message she drops down, or whatever she sends down."

This Leone translated for Daniel while Mrs. Shipman listened, and nodded.

"I'd rather do it my way," Daniel broke in stubbornly.

But Leone smiled her melancholy smile. "He says he'll open the gate to Mrs. Shipman tonight when the moon touches the tip of the Silver Pagoda," she said.

At midnight Mrs. Shipman pulled out her old fedora from under the mattress where she kept it and put it on her head. Dan watched her with troubled dark eyes.

"It's all wrong for you to be doing this instead of me," he said. "If it were not that you know this town better than I do, I wouldn't let you. I'm swallowing my pride—thinking of Jenny."

"We're all thinkin' of Jenny, I guess," Mrs. Shipman said. She went over to Leone and took the girl in her arms with meaningful warmth. "Now don't you worry," she said loudly. "Everything is goin' to be all right and I mean all right for *you*, dearie, or I won't count it's all right."

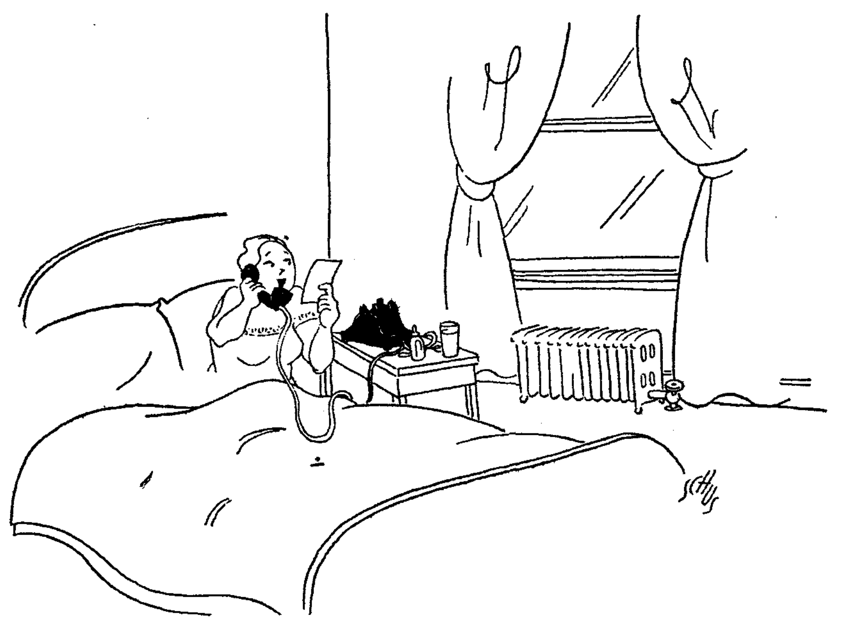
She kissed Leone soundly on both cheeks, buttoned about her the old garment which had once been Paul's overcoat, smiled at them, and trudged away.

IN THE room she had just left, Leone and Daniel looked at each other. It was the first time they had been alone since they had parted on the houseboat. Now she divined in him a deep and shy embarrassment and with angelic patience she set herself to dispel it. They had been very near love, she knew, on that day when they had parted. She had known it but he had not. He did not know it now as the cause of his embarrassment before her. But she comprehended very well that it was she who had first stirred his imagination and his heart, and irony of ironies, had made him ready to love Jenny twice as easily as he might have loved her, if he had not met Leone first.

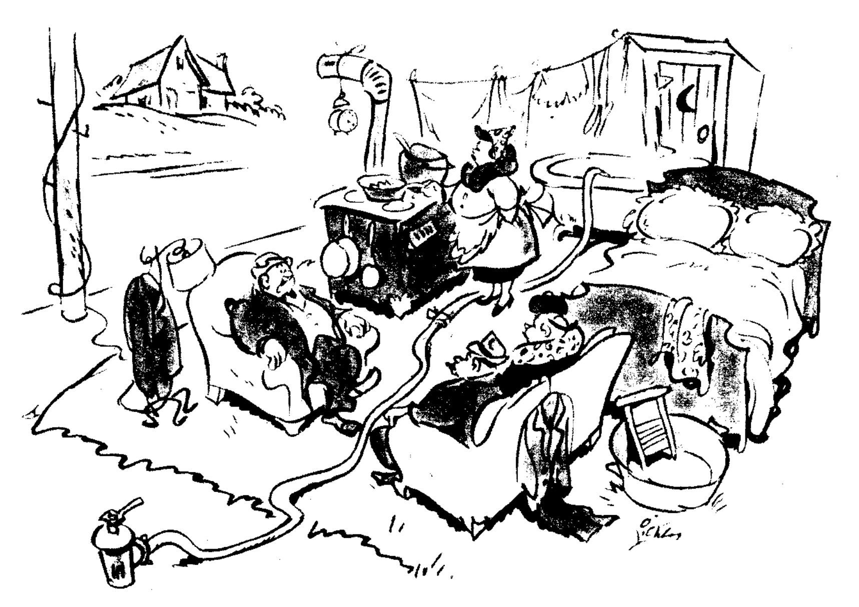
For he had resisted Leone, who was his host's wife, and he had resisted in himself the very idea of loving her, even while he felt so clearly her beauty and her charm. Had they been together a little longer he might have yielded against his will. But they were parted, and he had left her stirred and yet unyielding. When upon that softness of his heart there fell the image of Jenny Barchet, a woman so different and so free, all the impeded possibility of love poured out.

She put out her hand and took his. "You must believe I am very happy that you are in love," she said gently. "I am glad that you have found her, though in such strange circumstances, in such a sorrowful time."

Her pretty, formal English sounded like a foreign language to him, and he was grateful, for it removed her from him still further.



COLLIER'S "And, Doctor, on your way here, would you pick up these groceries for me?" ADOLPH SCHUS



COLLIER'S "We decided not to build just at this time" GEORGE LICHTY

"I appreciate that, Leone—and a lot," he said simply.

His embarrassment left him, as she meant it should, and he sat down at a little distance from her.

She looked at him with grave eyes, standing there in the middle of the room. "I have left Arnold," she said.

"No!" he cried. "I am sorry for that. He's a decent fellow."

"Very decent," she said gently. "So very decent." Her accent, half-French, half-Chinese, made her infinitely foreign. "But I cannot love him. So his house is not my home. No—never! It was better for me to come back here. He will think me dead and then he will marry again an English lady."

He shrank from this intimate talk and yet he was so grateful to her that he did not want her to know he did. But with the delicate antennae of her instincts she felt his withdrawal and nothing so proved to her the hopelessness of her love for him as this. For with her beauty and her loneliness would he not have shown her some affection and some sympathy, had he not met Jenny? But now he was so deeply in love with Jenny that he was insulated against all other women. She smiled a slight and wistful smile.

"You are only thinking of your Jenny," she said softly. "Is it not so?"

"I am afraid it is," he said honestly. "I can't forget her for a moment—lying there in that house."

"Ah," she sighed. "No, of course you cannot. Well, if I promise you shall have her?"

"Can you promise?" he countered.

"I promise," she said. "I promise at every cost."

"Do you know the cost?" he asked.

She shook her lovely head. "I do not care what it is," she said, "if it will make you happy."

And then having revealed her heart she turned and fled. . . .

LING was at the gate. The two night guards leaned against the wall half asleep. They stirred when he came near and made automatic motions to lift their guns. Then seeing that it was only he, they leaned their heads against the wall again. He made a great noise of opening the gate to look out and then barring it for the night. When the guards heard that, they would relax themselves and sleep! Actually he let the strong iron bar slide outside its hasp, so that the gate was open, and when the Old Foreign Mother pushed the gate she would find it so. He made more great noise of going to his room across the compound, and then having banged his own door, he crept through the high shrubs around the wall until he was near the gate again. If the Old Foreign Mother waked the guards by chance, he would be there to help her.

But she did not wake them. She had trudged silently through the night-black streets and no one had challenged her. In these times people did not loiter in the dark streets. There was always the chance of drunken Japanese soldiers roistering homeward and making a joke of anyone they found alone on their way. But she passed no one and after the half-hour's walk, she came near to the gate she knew so well. It was very dark —even the lamp above it had been put out. She softened her footsteps and felt for the gate and pushed it gently. It moved beneath her touch, and she knew that Ling had prepared it.

"Good fellow," she thought, "and thank Thee, God, for having sent him to me."

SHE slipped through the gate and a dim inner light fell on the guards. She hesitated a moment when she saw them, but they did not move. One was squatting on his heels, the other sitting with his back against the wall, their guns in their listless hands. She crept by them as softly as an old cat and walked on the dead grass of the lawn around toward the front of the house. Upstairs a bright light burned in the northwest corner, and downstairs there was another. She walked up the steps and tried the door. It, too, was unlocked and she went in. The light was in the hall. The stairs lay ahead.

She looked to right and left and saw no one. She stepped forward as lightly as she could, keeping on the heavy Chinese rugs, and so reached the stairs. They were carpeted as well and still her feet made no noise. So step by step, too easily, dangerously easily, she thought, "except that God has prepared my way," she went upstairs, opened the door of the room in the northwest corner, and found herself face to face with Shigo. . . .

He had been restless and troubled all day. Instead of working he had wandered from room to room, impatient for Jenny's waking. Still she had not waked. He had sent for the doctor twice, each time sure that some change for the worse had come over the beautiful pale girl lying on the big bed. Each time the young Japanese surgeon, whose work it was to care for the wounded in battle, examined the girl with cautious care and

BUT IT'S MY HEART THAT'S BROKEN!
H-M-M-M! DIDN'T LOOK THAT WAY TO ME, SIS! WHAT HAPPENED ANYWAY? SOMEBODY TRIP YOU UP?
IT WAS HAVING JIM WHIZZ PAST ME WITH THAT BLONDE THAT DID IT!
MY HEART'S IN SLIVERS AFTER THAT—AND I'M NOT FOOLING!
WELL, I'M NO HEART SPECIALIST, SIS, BUT I'VE GOT A HUNCH IT'S BREATH-TROUBLE THAT PUT THE SKIDS UNDER YOUR ROMANCE WITH JIM! WHY DON'T YOU ASK OUR DENTIST?
HERE'S WHAT THE DENTIST SAID!
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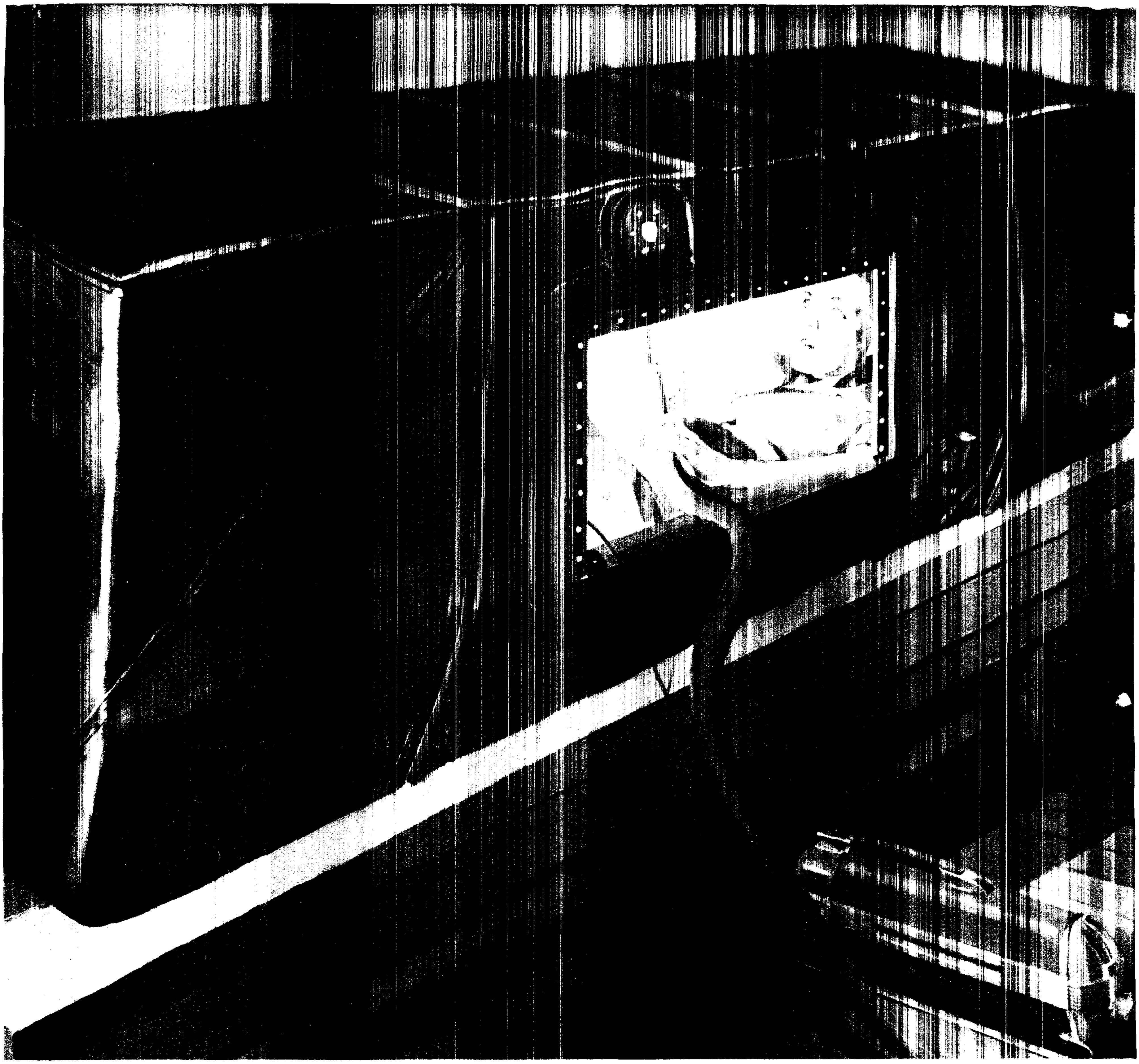
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO THE HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
EASY ON THE TRICKY STUFF OR YOU'LL HAVE SIS FALLING AGAIN, JIM!
AS LONG AS SHE FALLS FOR ME—OKAY!
COLGATE'S MAKES TEETH ACTUALLY SPARKLE—GIVES TRUE BRILLIANCE TO YOUR SMILE!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH
Take an empty tube with you when you buy



Seiberling war worker carefully vacuuming interior of bullet-sealing rubber gas tank for a giant bomber. These tanks must be absolutely free from dirt and blemish—lives depend on it.

Coffin for Hitler

Sinister, coffin-like bullet-sealing rubber gas tanks for warplanes will hasten the death of Hitlerism—and perhaps of Hitler himself. Able to "absorb" bullets without leaking gasoline, they will save many an American flyer from crashing in flames.

Seiberling is building thousands of these ingenious tanks—with the same manufacturing skill that has made the Seiberling name on rubber products like Sterling on silver.

Seiberling today is building war supplies of many kinds—by new and improved methods. One Seiberling development cuts the "curing" time for rubber boats and pontons from two days to 35 minutes. It has been made available to the entire rubber industry so that our fighting forces may get *more* of this vital equipment *quickly.*

Thousands of tons of rubber are needed for planes, tanks, guns and ships. *You* can help provide it by patriotically conserving *your* tires. Seiberling Dealers, highly expert in tire care, can help you do this.

Victory is our first job. When that job is completed, we will apply our war production experience to the building of better-than-ever Seiberling peacetime products.

SEIBERLING *Experts in Rubber*

Wartime manufacturers of Bullet-Sealed Tubes and Military Tires for our armed forces—Bullet-Sealing Gasoline Tanks—Rubber Floats, Boats and Pontons—Rubber Parts for Gas Masks, Airplanes and Tanks. Also makers of Tires and Tubes for passenger cars and trucks—Sealed Air Tubes—Rubber Heels, Soles and Mechanical Goods.

in utter silence. He did not ask who she was, for he knew. He knew, but even had he not known, he would not have asked Shigo a word concerning her.

There was a look of complacence upon his smooth young face. His superior, Shigo Kuyoshi, had been so unwise as to become infatuated with a prisoner of war. He had kept her interned, it was true, as all Americans were interned, but he had visited her daily. Now he had brought her here. Why had she not been taken to a hospital? If his superior behaved with further unwisdom, it would be easy to make certain demands upon him, as for instance, a share in profits on local taxes or in the illicit sale of weapons to the Chinese guerrillas. Surgeons had little chance for such profits. Drugs, after all, were not so lucrative, for the Chinese were too ignorant to know how to use them, and they always feared they were poison. Then, too, he suspected Shigo of a large share in the opium profits of the city. These must be enormous. Why should he not share in them? Such future possibilities made him now very courteous to Shigo, though silent.

"I do not think she is likely to die," he told Shigo. "There is no definite concussion. I see no sign of internal bleeding. The arm is only sprained."

"Then why does she lie there like dead?" Shigo demanded.

THE doctor turned up the palms of his hands. "The nervous system of American females is very ill-balanced," he said. "They have been severely spoiled. A Japanese woman could be forced to consciousness. Indeed, she would force herself, for she would feel it necessary to struggle back to her duty to her family and so on. But this girl is simply not trying to live."

"Is she really unconscious?" Shigo asked. Several times during the day he had suspected Jenny of pretending.

"She is unconscious," the doctor replied, "but it may be partly voluntary. That is, she may not wish to wake."

Shigo had thanked the doctor and allowed him to go away. But the curious idea that Jenny might be in a trance from which she did not wish to waken made him determined to test her for himself.

Therefore when he had eaten his dinner and had drunk his usual fill of wine, had sat a while in his study pretending to work and actually in an inner quiver of excitement, he went upstairs to the room where Jenny lay. The old Japanese woman was there, sitting on the floor beside the bed. He dismissed her with a few curt words:

"You may go. I wish to watch this patient for a while myself, to discern the state of her illness."

The old woman obeyed him as always, without hesitation or question.

So it was that he had sat down beside the bed and allowed himself to look at her lovely sleeping face. He did not move to touch her. He only gazed at her face for a long time, hypnotizing himself with its stillness. He did not want to touch her. She was too beautiful to be touched.

"You are a goddess," he murmured fervently, "carved out of ivory, carved out of marble. I have carved you—perhaps only I can bring you to life again." He remembered some old story he had read in Western mythology of the beautiful statue which a sculptor had loved and brought to life. The strange mystic side of him exulted in making a mystery now of this woman whom in so absolute a fashion he possessed. "I do possess you," he murmured. "I have the power over you. No one can take you from me."

For hours he sat, motionless and unknowing, his eyes never moving from her face. Now and again a bell from a temple near by rolled its solemn note into the night and died away. He heard the sound and it became part of the mystery. Slowly he felt something gathering in himself, a force like the tide, against which he would not struggle. When it rose to its height, he would let his love seize hold of this woman, and then she would wake—she would wake!

It was when the temple bell had rolled out for the seventh time that he heard a noise at the door. He tore his eyes away from that face and saw Mrs. Shipman.

She stood there, her hands deep in the huge pockets of Paul's old coat, her white hair straggling from under his old hat.

"You're drunk," she said calmly.

He brought himself back with an effort from his own trance. "I am not," he said thickly.

"You look drunk," she said. She took off her hat and put it on a chair and began unbuttoning the coat. The room was hot and perfumed with some sort of sickly smell.

He sprang to his feet and stared at her wildly, "What are you doing here?" he cried. "Do not think you will be allowed to stay."

"God sent me here," she said in her loud flat voice. "And as long as I'm here I'll open the window. The air is terrible." She padded heavily across the floor. She was very tired but she put weariness away from her. It was no time for her to be tired now when she had this fellow to cope with. She threw open the window and a rush of cold air came in and she felt better. When she turned he was standing there as though he did not know what to do with her.

"What I really come for," she remarked, "was to know what you did with my poor Meri, you bad man."

"She is not here," he said. He watched her warily. If he dared leave for a moment he would go and call the guards. But he did not want to leave her with Jenny. How did she know Jenny was here? She was a clever old woman and she was not here without a purpose.

"I could have got away," Mrs. Shipman said without paying the slightest apparent attention to him, "except that I kept thinking of that poor Meri of mine. I told you she was crazy, you wicked soul. A man that'll take away a poor demented girl—"

"Do not speak of her!" Shigo suddenly screamed.

"You tell me where she is, then," Mrs. Shipman retorted.

"She is out on the streets," Shigo said sullenly, "where she belongs!"

"You're lying, probably," Mrs. Shipman said. She ambled over to the bed and stood looking down on Jenny. "What have you done to this poor child?" she inquired severely. "I don't put anything beyond you. Have you drugged her?"

"She had an accident when she was being transferred to another place of internment," Shigo replied with dignity. "I had her brought here until she recovers."

MRS. SHIPMAN seemed not to hear him. She leaned over Jenny and touched her cheeks with a tender hand. "Wake up, my dearie," she said coaxingly. "It's only old Mother Shipman. I've come to take care of you, child. Mother Shipman is not going to leave you, neither. I'm going to stay right here and look after you, dearie, if it has to be until the end of this cruel war."

Shigo did not speak. Watching that sleeping face, he saw a quiver of the long lashes and he stepped forward noiselessly. At that moment Jenny opened her eyes full upon him. For one dazed second her eyes clung to him. Then they closed again.

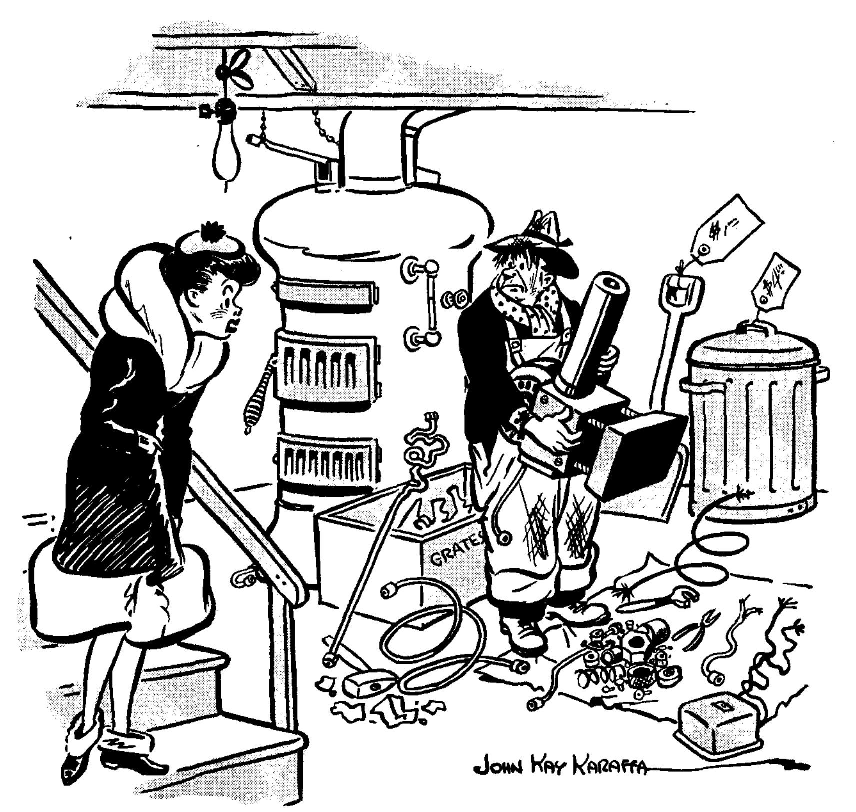
"Jenny, Jenny!" Mrs. Shipman cried. "Oh, Jenny child!" But Jenny had gone back into her trance. There was no waking her.

"There!" Mrs. Shipman said angrily to Shigo, "you see what you have done. She's afraid to come to, after what you've done to her, you scoundrel!"

"But I have done nothing," Shigo said. "I have done nothing at all but what has been good!"

Like a petulant child he turned and rushed from the room.

(To be continued next week)



"I just called the coal man and told him we converted to coal. He suggests converting to wood"

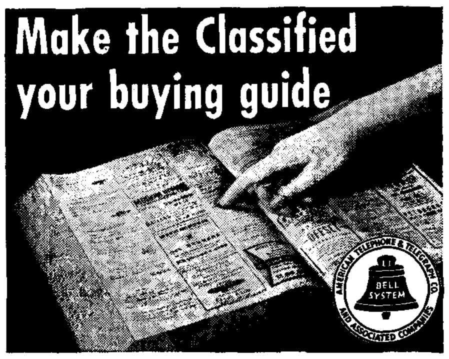
COLLIER'S JOHN KAY KARAFFA

PICK
CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY
AUTO REPAIR

MORAL: *Always let the Classified section of your Telephone Directory help you straighten things out!*

The Classified is a short cut in many ways. It tells what tradespeople in your town specialize in the services or products you want. It often gives detailed information that helps in choosing a dealer who can serve you especially well.

Refer to the Classified often and save time. It's a mighty good habit the year around.


Make the Classified your buying guide
BELL SYSTEM
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BIG FREEZE

BY BILL DAVIDSON

Consider the strange case of Arthur Wirtz, whose hobby became Big Business because he knew a frozen asset when he saw one

BACK in 1931, when Arthur Wirtz was a prosperous young businessman quietly making a tidy fortune out of Chicago real estate, his wife caught him one Friday morning staring at sleet-covered Lake Shore Drive, watching little children gaily wending their way to a near-by frozen pond with skates under their arms. Mr. Wirtz was tapping the window sill with his large forefinger and saying "H'mm."

Saturday morning he was gone. On the breakfast table was a historic note reading: "Flying to Detroit to buy a bankrupt hockey stadium to play around with. Will be back tonight. Please have roast beef for dinner."

Wirtz has never been the same since. Because he gave way to that one little impulse, he now finds himself indulging in a hobby in which he owns or controls the Detroit Olympia, the Detroit Red Wings hockey team, the Indianapolis Capitols hockey team, the Omaha Knights hockey team, the Chicago Stadium, the Indianapolis Coliseum, the Omaha Coliseum, the Broadway hit, Stars on Ice, Sonja Henie's Hollywood Ice Review of 1943 *and* Sonja Henie.

This is without a doubt one of the most prosperous collections of sports bric-a-brac in history. It brings in well over $4,000,000 a year. It puts the incredible Mr. Wirtz, a rank amateur, in the same promotorial bracket with Samuel Goldwyn and Mike Jacobs. It has opened up a spectacular new entertainment medium that has Broadway, Hollywood and the sports world all gnashing their teeth in helpless rage.

"It is," as Mike Jacobs put it, after reading that the Sonja Henie show had grossed $400,000 in thirteen rent-free days at Wirtz's own Chicago Stadium, with a sell-out Wirtz hockey game sandwiched in between, "blitzkrieg!"

Last year, Wirtz came within a game of making a clean sweep of hockey when his Indianapolis and Omaha teams won the championships of their respective leagues, and the first-place Detroit Red Wings won the first three games of the Stanley Cup play-offs.

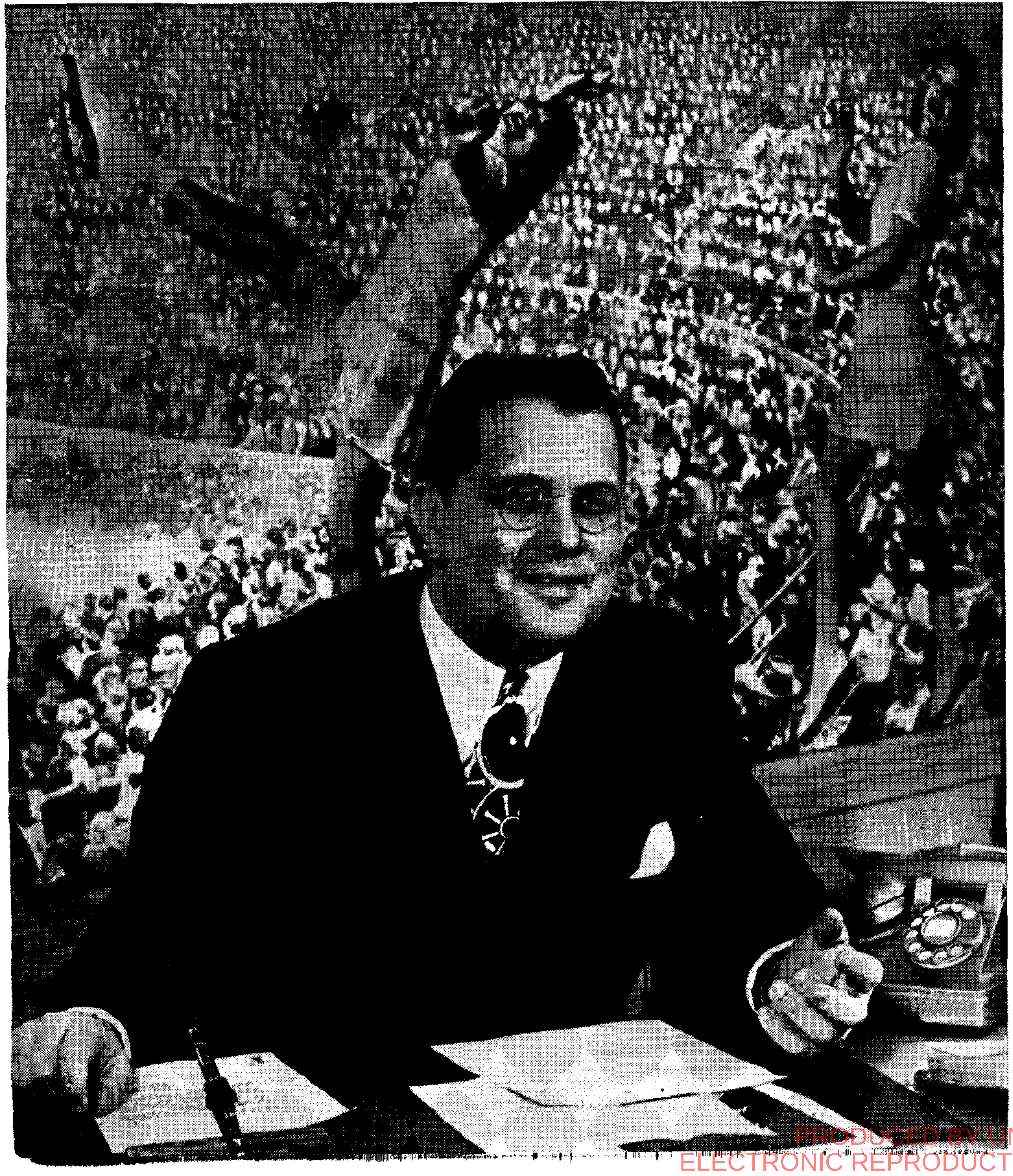
This year, a few more of his hockey holdings have come to light. When the Brooklyn Americans disbanded at the start of the season, it was discovered that several of the players were Wirtz property, lent to the faltering team to keep it from falling on its face last year. And when the Rangers went crazy at the beginning of the current campaign trying to find a goalie who could prevent the opposition from scoring less than ten goals per game, they finally came up with Jim Franks, a Wirtz chattel out of Omaha. This, too, was in the form of a magnanimous loan.

"We were afraid to dig further," said the late Frank Calder, president of the National Hockey League, "lest we find that the hydrogen and oxygen comprising the water which makes our ice were also obtained from Mr. Wirtz on a lend-lease basis."

Brother Wirtz has been so secretive about himself that he deliberately uses Sonja Henie's name in advertising all his ice productions. Even many of the performers have never even heard of him, and the huge, boyish, 6-foot-4-inch, 220-pound giant takes great delight in wandering around incognito backstage, watching the rehearsals with open-mouthed wonder and listening to the gripes of the chorus girls.

When Mr. Wirtz says hobby, he means hobby. He is president of the property management firm of Wirtz, Haynie & Ehrat, Inc., in Chicago; president of the Chicago Mortgage and Realty Co., the $10,000,000 Forman Realty Trust, and several lesser corporations. He is also a power in Illinois politics and a personal friend of several high-ranking members of both the Republican party and the current national administration.

WALTERS-PIX



Not too long ago all those spectator-filled seats in the mural behind Arthur Wirtz were empty. Due to his shrewd showmanship, three hockey teams and a $1,000,000 touring ice show, his four arenas are usually jammed to the hilt

Caught with the Loot

Wirtz was born in Chicago on June 23, 1901. His father, Frederick Wirtz, was also a real-estate operator. The family lived moderately in a small house on the North Side. Young Arthur had a normal childhood, interrupted only by occasional episodes in which he nearly drove his mother to distraction by coming home with live goats obtained in trading expeditions on the West Side. Mrs. Wirtz never quite understood where the unusual prizes came from until one day she caught 12-year-old Arthur heading westward in the van of a picked neighborhood baseball team. Under his arm was one of her best silver vegetable dishes.

"Where are you going with *that?*" asked Mrs. Wirtz.

"Well, you see, Mom, this is our share of the purse. The Thunderbolt Terrors are putting up a basket of eels, winner take all. But don't worry, Mom, we can't lose. I got Joe Thomas of Lake Forest Academy to pitch for us."

The game was canceled.

Young Arthur went to Evanston Academy and then to Northwestern University. At Evanston, he suddenly shot up to the startling height of 6 feet 3 inches and filled out to 170 pounds. He hit Northwestern in the war year 1918, and because of the suspension of eligibility rules, became one of the few freshmen to play varsity football at that institution. By this time he was 6 feet 4 and well over 200 pounds.

According to George Halas, coach of the Chicago Bears, who played against him that year, "The kid was potentially one of the toughest tackles I have ever seen."

Wirtz played in the historic 1918 game against the great Naval Training Station team from Great Lakes.

Great Lakes started that game by pushing the Wildcats all over the field. Something was wrong. Every time Northwestern tried a play, there would be three Great Lakes men to drop the ball carrier behind the line of scrimmage. Then, in the second quarter, Wirtz noticed something. He rushed back into the huddle.

"For crying out loud!" he said. "It's Bob Kohler and Paddy Driscoll. They both played with us before they enlisted in the Navy. They know our signals by heart."

With Wirtz doing some rapid mental calculation, the Wildcats changed their signals right then and there on the field. The game ended in a 0 to 0 tie.

That was the end of college athletics for Wirtz. He transferred to Michigan in his sophomore year, and before residence and eligibility rules allowed him to play again, he had graduated. He went into the real-estate business, got married, and began amassing the above-mentioned tidy fortune.

Then, in 1931, Wirtz met Old Jim Norris, the millionaire grain operator. The two began talking sports. Wirtz was a former football player, Norris had played hockey as a kid and was crazy about the game. Soon he had Wirtz going to hockey matches.

One day Norris said, "I understand the Detroit Olympia hockey stadium is bankrupt, and the receivers are selling it for a song. It's a good piece of real estate, and maybe we can have some fun with it."

"I'll go home and think it over," said Wirtz.

That was Thursday. On Saturday, the Olympia was theirs.

On Monday, Wirtz phoned Norris. "I have just discovered," he said, "that we are also the owners of a hockey team, the Detroit Cougars in the National League. This team was the property of the arena, and went along as part of the deal."

"I am busier than you are," said Norris "From now on, you are the active partner of this outfit. I will furnish capital and keep my mouth shut."

So Wirtz took command, with Old Jim Norris and Young Jim Norris (now a lieutenant in the Navy) hovering in the background. That's the way it's been ever since.

Putting White Elephants to Work

Wirtz did all right, too. First, he changed the name of the team from the Cougars to the Red Wings, for unexplained artistic reasons. Then he merged the team with the Chicago Shamrocks, a bit of Norris property in the old American League and went out and bought a few new players. Before anyone knew what had happened, Detroit climbed from last place in the National League in 1931 to first in 1932. Moreover, the Olympia was out of the red for the first time in its history.

No sooner was this news announced than the receivers of the bankrupt $5,500,000 Chicago Stadium came to Wirtz. "Please," they begged, "please take this white elephant off our hands."

Wirtz couldn't resist. But when the next hockey season was over, he found himself with not *one* but *two* of the largest indoor arenas in the country—standing idle and empty until the following winter. For months, Wirtz tried to figure out what to do, while the hockey profits slipped away.

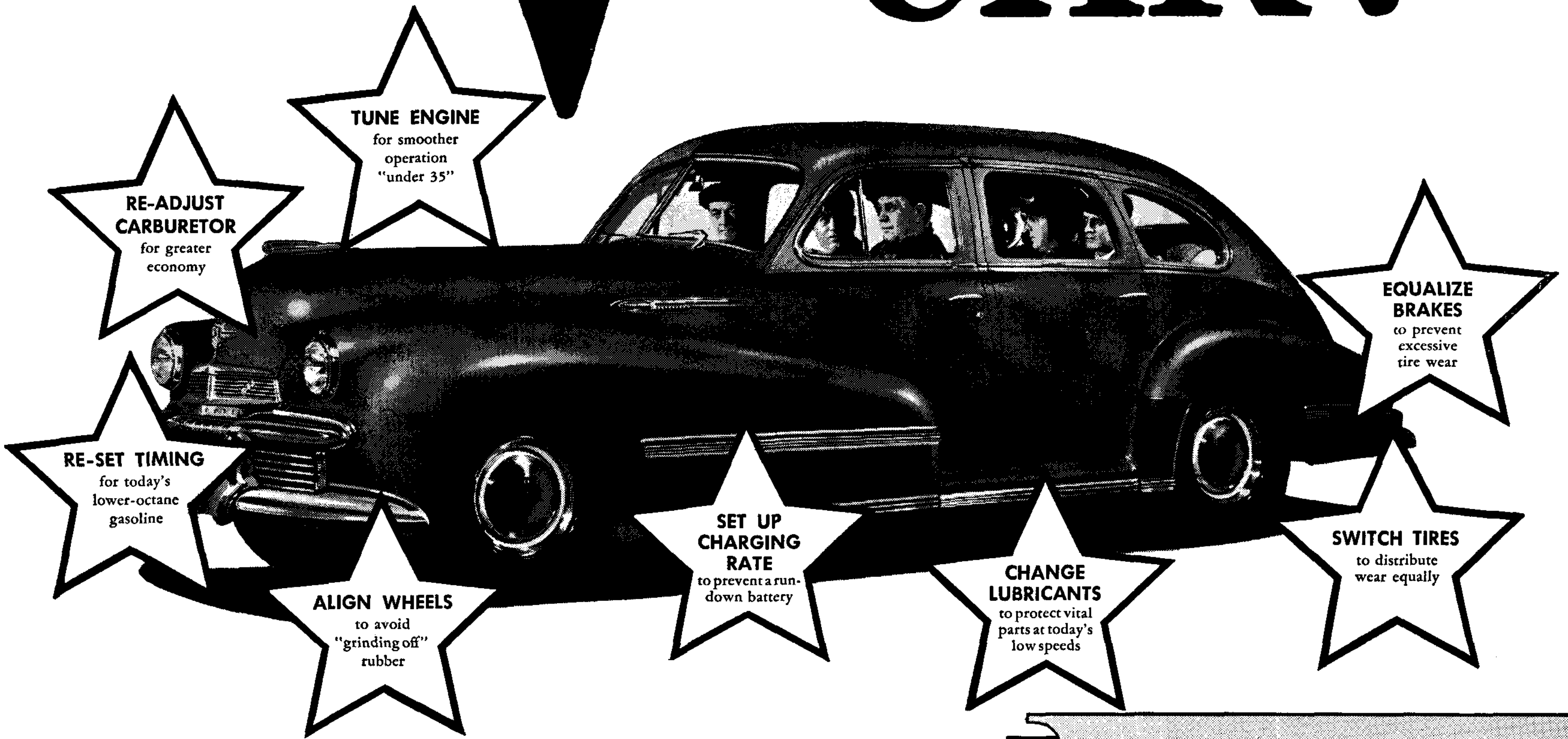
The situation in the meantime became even more acute. The Detroit team needed young players, so Wirtz had to buy a couple of farm teams, the Indianapolis Capitols and the Omaha Knights. But in order to purchase these two teams, he also had to lease the two arenas that went with them. So there he was with more empty stadiums to worry about.

His single original holding, the Olympia, had now multiplied to three hockey teams and four arenas.

One night while watching a small skating exhibition at the College Inn in

(Continued on page 68)

Convert your car into a – VICTORY CAR!


TUNE ENGINE for smoother operation "under 35"
RE-ADJUST CARBURETOR for greater economy
RE-SET TIMING for today's lower-octane gasoline
ALIGN WHEELS to avoid "grinding off" rubber
SET UP CHARGING RATE to prevent a run-down battery
CHANGE LUBRICANTS to protect vital parts at today's low speeds
SWITCH TIRES to distribute wear equally
EQUALIZE BRAKES to prevent excessive tire wear

ALL CARS WERE ENGINEERED FOR PRE-WAR DRIVING...THEY SHOULD BE RE-TUNED AND RE-ADJUSTED TO PROVIDE LONG-LASTING, THRIFTY WARTIME TRANSPORTATION

THE car you drive today has *two* jobs to do. First, it must meet your own essential driving needs. Second, it must help meet the vital transportation needs of America. It's doubly important, then, that your car be kept in perfect shape . . . conditioned to do those jobs right. You may not be eligible to buy a new car . . . but everybody is eligible to have his present car converted to a "Victory Model." It's just as easy as it ever was to go to your Oldsmobile dealer for a tune-up. He tunes your car for *today's new type of driving.* He adjusts it for maximum efficiency at "35 and under." He tunes it for maximum economy on today's lower-octane gasoline. And he helps you protect it against the ill effects of low speeds and limited driving—such as run-down battery, neglected tires, diluted lubricants, sticky valves. Drive in to your Oldsmobile dealer's today . . . whatever make of car you own . . . and drive out a "Victory Car."

Convert your dollars to Victory dollars—Buy War Bonds and Stamps

THIS IS WHAT WE MEAN BY A "VICTORY CAR"

IT'S ANY MAKE OF CAR—
WAR-CONDITIONED TO GIVE YOU—

MAXIMUM ECONOMY

LONGER TIRE LIFE

SMOOTHER PERFORMANCE
at wartime driving speeds

GREATER DEPENDABILITY
for essential driving needs

LONGER CAR LIFE
so that it will be serving you and your country for the duration!

OLDSMOBILE DEALERS OF AMERICA

☆ *IN SERVICE FOR THE NATION* ☆

"FIRSTS"
A ZENITH HABIT

A GOVERNMENT official was being shown a new idea in the Zenith laboratories. In passing, he commented upon the outstanding manner in which the radio industry was effecting the rapid and continuous changes necessitated by war requirements. A Zenith official replied—he said:

"... the answer is easy. Radio and Radionics represent a trigger-quick, fast moving business. Concerns that couldn't 'change overnight' are out. In this industry, we're used to fighting with new ideas—only—now we're 'fighting' Japs and Germans instead of each other."

In that statement is evidenced the condition that made possible Zenith's attainment of industry leadership. Ever increasing public acceptance of Zenith name and product resulted from a never ceasing stream of Zenith "firsts"—new features—new devices and new sets which enabled us to truthfully say to the public:

"ONLY ZENITH HAS THIS"

Today you find as commonplaces—essentials—of most radio sets —features first introduced to the public by Zenith—such as—

"FIRST"
Push Button Tuning

Years—yes, *years* ahead of the industry—(1928) a Zenith set embodied push button selection of the station desired. Our slogan in 1928 was "Push the button—there's your station."

"FIRST"
House Current Sets

"Way back when" (1926) all home radios were operated from storage batteries until Zenith offered the first set run by house current.

For over seven years, Zenith Radio Corporation has advertised on our short wave sets—"Europe, South America or the Orient Every Day or your money back." It has never been called upon for a refund.

BELOW—A FEW NEW ZENITH "FIRSTS"—"FROZEN" BY ZENITH CHANGEOVER TO WAR PRODUCTION

"FIRST"
Long Distance
Push Button Portable

1942 saw the national introduction of a revolutionary new portable—the Zenith Trans-Oceanic. Without increase in size or weight it gave *push button* operation for foreign and U. S. short wave stations —tuned in the same way as locals—and standard broadcasts too. It contained a disappearing fish pole antenna plus dual Wavemagnets—operated from battery or house current—was born of Zenith pioneering in LONG DISTANCE RADIO RECEPTION.

"FIRST"
Safety Auto Radio

The only auto radio you can operate WITHOUT TAKING YOUR EYES OFF THE ROAD—or—YOUR HANDS OFF THE WHEEL—the Zenith Safety Foot Control Auto Radio. This remarkable new radio was on the FORD, NASH, MERCURY, LINCOLN-ZEPHYR, HUDSON and WILLYS. Owners of these cars will gladly demonstrate their Zeniths—give you a "preview" of "tomorrow's radio today."

—AND THESE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE MANY ZENITH "FIRSTS"—

"MILITARY SECRET"

Today all Zenith production centers on war needs. What we are making is a military secret. But three things we *can* tell you. *First* ... we are dealing with the thing we know—Radio—and Radionics exclusively. *Second* ... we are learning every day—gaining new knowledge which will reflect itself in Zenith civilian products when the time arrives. *Third* ... we now know—by first hand experience—that our Army and Navy are more than "up-to-date"—they are alert and progressive in thought and action—almost unbelievably so. This fact is a great reassurance to us here *as citizens*—it commands our complete confidence as it would yours if you knew what we know.

ARMY E NAVY

RADIONICS
the New Miracle Industry

Four great industries are destined to lead this country back to normalcy after victory is won.

Planes and Radionics are two of the four. Radio—never a necessity on ship or train —is as essential as the engine itself to that great new form of individual and mass transportation—the airplane.

1917 WAR RUN BY TELEPHONE
1943 WAR RUN BY RADIO

—a Zenith Radio Dealer near you is giving reliable service on all radios—regardless of make.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION — CHICAGO

BETTER THAN CASH
U. S. War Savings Stamps & Bonds

ZENITH
•LONG DISTANCE• RADIO
RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

I'll See You Again

Continued from page 24

the tooth mug in your bedroom. Gerry recognized Joe Billings, one of her fellow correspondents.

"Where are you off to, Geraldine?" he asked.

"I'm on my way to the canteen to get a story."

"Come back with me and have a drink. I've got a couple of bottles of usquebaugh."

"No, thanks, Joe. I'm working."

Joe sighed. "Oh, Gerry! You're all story and no girl. Why don't you think about something besides work once in a while?"

"Yes. Why don't I?" replied Gerry, knowing the answer. She went off in the general direction of the harbor, trusting to luck to see her through the blackout and the unfamiliar streets.

THE canteen was blue with smoke. It was a democratic affair, patronized by officers and men alike. You could get soft drinks and beer, and there was a juke box that played the latest hits from Broadway and Piccadilly. Women were allowed, but only on sufferance. It was a man's place, where they came to pretend for a few hours that all was well with the world.

Gerry ordered a beer at a table by herself.

Somebody dropped a nickel in the juke box, and a polka rent the air. A few couples got up and danced, but it was hard work because people kept milling around. The room was very full.

"I say!" exclaimed a young voice in the accents of Oxford and Cambridge. "Aren't you Miss Geraldine Potter?"

Gerry was a little surprised at being recognized here, but she looked up at him composedly enough. He had darkish red hair and a lean face set with blue eyes. Her glance fell on the gold braid on his sleeve. There was lots of it.

"Why, yes," she answered quietly, "I'm Gerry Potter."

"I recognized you from your pictures," he said. "They're like you, but they don't do you justice, you know."

"Don't they?" said Gerry.

"You're being sent to England, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"To write some articles on English-women."

"That was the idea," she replied.

He sat down without asking permission, offered her a cigarette, and ordered two more beers. "I read your magazine whenever I can get it," he went on. "We have several copies in the wardroom of my ship, and they're thumbed to pieces. We all liked your stories about America and the war. Give us some more, will you?"

"I can't," she said. "I'm on assignment. I've got to write about England."

"I expect you'll do a gorgeous job," he went on.

Gerry was pleased by his compliment, but she knew she must get down to work. Here was something made to order, a nugget dropped right into her lap.

"Look here," she began, "never mind about me. I want to know about you—what goes on in your life."

"No," he said; "I'm a frightfully dull subject."

"Yes, please! I want you to tell me what it's like to be torpedoed."

"I can't," he said, "because I've never been torpedoed. When it comes to drama, the other boys have all the luck. I just lead a humdrum life—back and forth, back and forth across the Atlantic. I might as well be the skipper of a ferryboat. I'm bored as the devil."

"I don't believe you," she said. "I don't believe you at all."

Her voice implied that he knew a lot if he would only tell her. His expression changed slightly. He leaned his arms on the table and looked at her.

"I'd rather not talk shop—do you mind?" he said.

She knew that he had to be handled differently; questioning would not drag anything out of him.

"I get frightfully sick of it," he added. "I'd much rather talk about something else."

They had finished their beers.

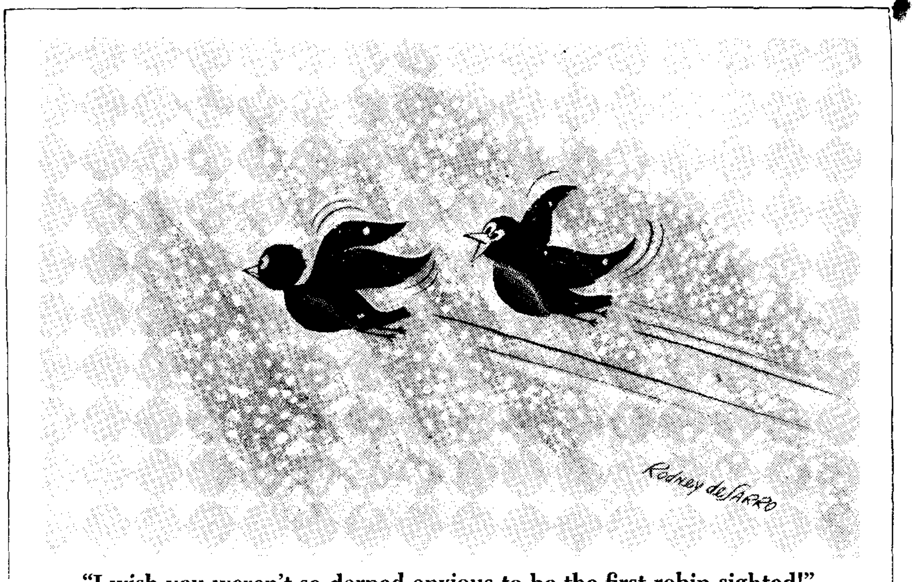
"Where shall we go now?" he asked.

Gerry was a little baffled because he was taking it for granted she was spending the evening with him. "No place," she said evenly. "I've got to stay here. I've got to get a story from somebody if I can't get one from you."

"We can go to the movies," he went on, "or we can go back to my diggings in the hotel. I left my second-in-command asleep there, but we can wake him up. He won't mind, if we bring along a bottle of whisky."

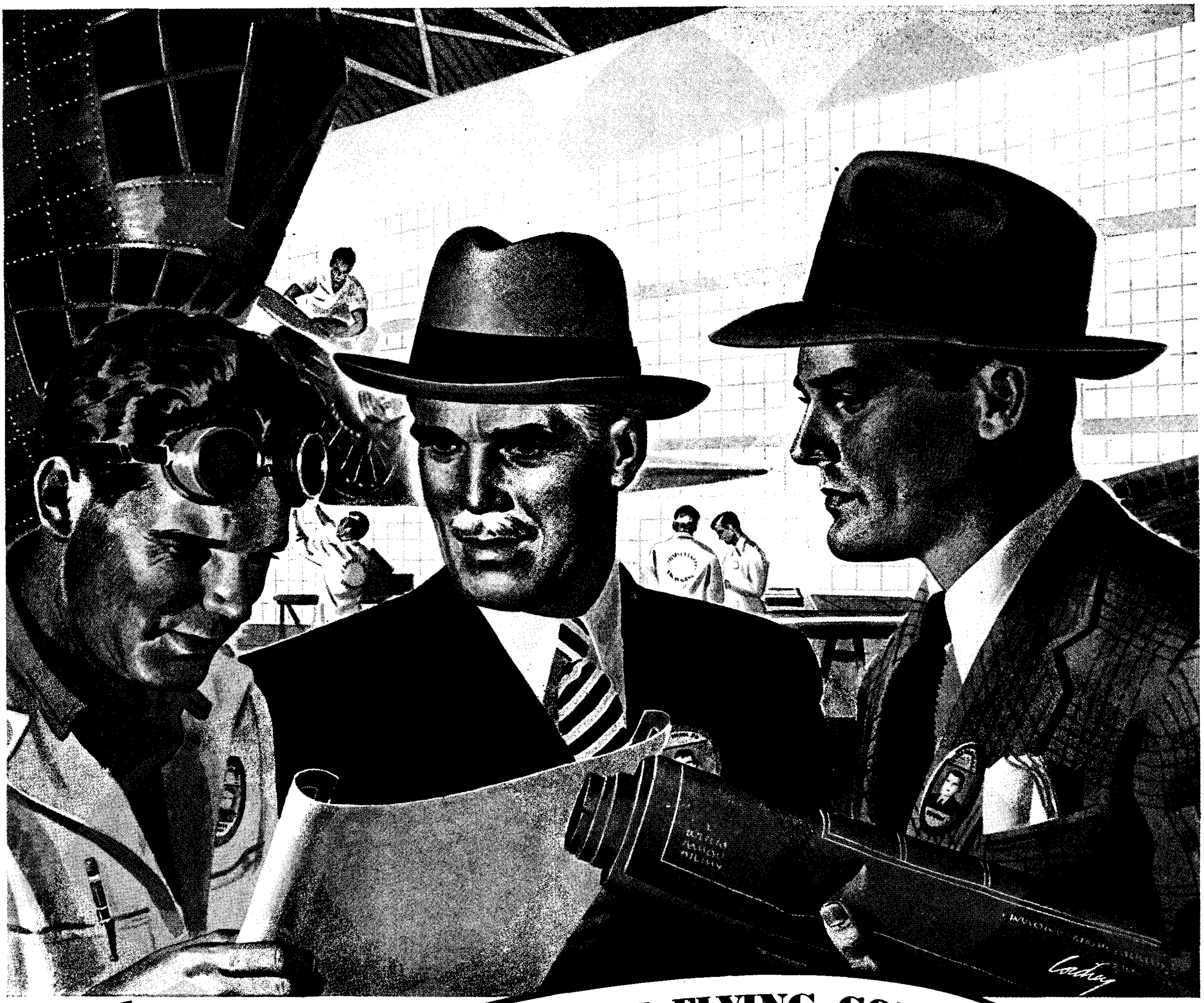
There was no pleading in his voice. He was merely telling her what she was going to do for the rest of the evening. Ordering her around, as from a bridge.

She opened her mouth to protest and then closed it again. Perhaps, after a



"I wish you weren't so darned anxious to be the first robin sighted!"

COLLIER'S RODNEY DE SARRO



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MEN WHO demand perfection itself are getting it—in Mallory! To them the Mallory label in a hat is as much an "O. K." as an Identification Badge in a war plant—and is equally necessary!

The "production secret" behind THE STERLING ($6.50, at right) is the *'Cravenette'* process—exclusively Mallory's in hatmaking. *'Cravenette'* means that THE STERLING is *style-protected:* dampness won't dim its original luxury. It fairly "sings through showers" and that means it holds longer-lasting smartness for you.

THE DEFENDER ($10, at left) is of *Pliafelt*—another Mallory exclusive improvement in hatmaking. Its resiliency laughs at outrageous treatment; preserves this hat's fresh style lines and makes it "grow to your head." Wear THE DEFENDER with brim snapped down in front, or "off the face." Worn either way it's an eye-catcher!

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Buy War Bonds and War Stamps to help keep this hat in its rightful place, on top!

MALLORY
hats

SCENE FROM THE WARNER BROS. MOTION PICTURE, "AIR FORCE"

There's a new glamour girl in Hollywood

She doesn't wear sweaters, or pose for glamour photographs. She's never seen at night clubs. And though her autograph is well-known in certain French and German cities, nobody has ever *asked* her for it.

Yet Mary Ann — star of Warner Brothers' new picture, "Air Force"— passed every screen test with flying colors. And that's no more than you'd expect from a Boeing Flying Fortress!*

"Air Force" is the story of a Boeing B-17, and the gallant hell-for-leather crew that flew her to glory . . . *via* Pearl Harbor, Wake Island, Manila, the Coral Sea and Australia. Made in collaboration with the Army Air Forces, it's a picture to make your heart skip a beat . . . then beat faster.

What the camera *doesn't* show is an invisible supporting cast: the Boeing designers and engineers, the technicians and researchers, the craftsmen and workmen who originated the Flying Fortress and now keep a steady stream of B-17's and other war planes flowing from Boeing plants — in Seattle, Wichita and Canada.

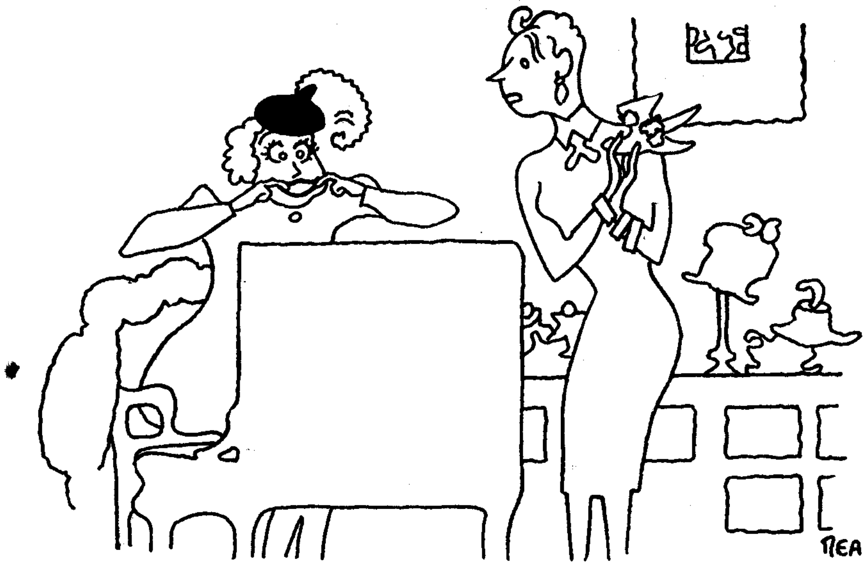
More than twenty-five different *kinds* of engineering know-how are represented by several thousand Boeing engineers. Daily they challenge the word "impossible," in a relentless, 'round-the-clock effort to do the job *better,* and do it in *less time.*

• • •

Some day this effort will be applied to making life richer and happier, in a peaceful world. For Boeing engineering talent and experience, while devoted primarily to the continued advancement of aeronautics, also encompass resources which are relevant to almost every phase of civilized life.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**

*THE TERMS "FLYING FORTRESS" AND "STRATOLINER" ARE REGISTERED BOEING TRADE-MARKS



"I don't suppose madam would care to return later, when madam is in a different mood?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

couple of drinks, he'd loosen up and talk.

"You haven't told me your name," she said.

"Haven't I? Awfully sorry! My name is Toby Fentress."

Gerry wondered what his rank was. She hadn't had time to learn the insignia on British naval uniforms. But she knew he was pretty high up. He had a disarming way with him. There was something boyish and appealing about Toby Fentress, in spite of the amount of gold braid on his sleeve. He looked at her and smiled, and she smiled back.

"Come on," he said, "I'm bored with this place. I want to get out of here."

HE PILOTED her away into the blackout. She did not ask where they were going. It was better to be pliant with a man like this, especially if you wanted something. They went to his hotel. The second-in-command turned out to be a pink-cheeked boy named Alwyn. He looked too young to be in command of anything. Toby introduced her briefly as Miss Geraldine Potter.

"You're kidding," said the boy.

"No, I'm not. Ask her! Look at her!"

Alwyn said shyly, "You wrote those articles about American shipyards. We all read them and thought they were splendid. We also liked another one, about bomber pilots. Jolly good!"

Gerry felt pleasantly warm inside. Praise from these boys meant something. Toby found two glasses and a tooth mug and poured the drinks. Then he came and sat down beside her on the bed.

"Isn't this much nicer," he asked, "than talking shop in that ghastly canteen?"

"Yes," said Gerry, remembering how she'd spurned another invitation that evening to drink whisky in a hotel bedroom. But the story she was after was on her mind. All she'd needed was one British naval officer, and now she had two of them.

"Look," she said to Alwyn, "tell me something about life on a destroyer—something I can use in an article I'm writing."

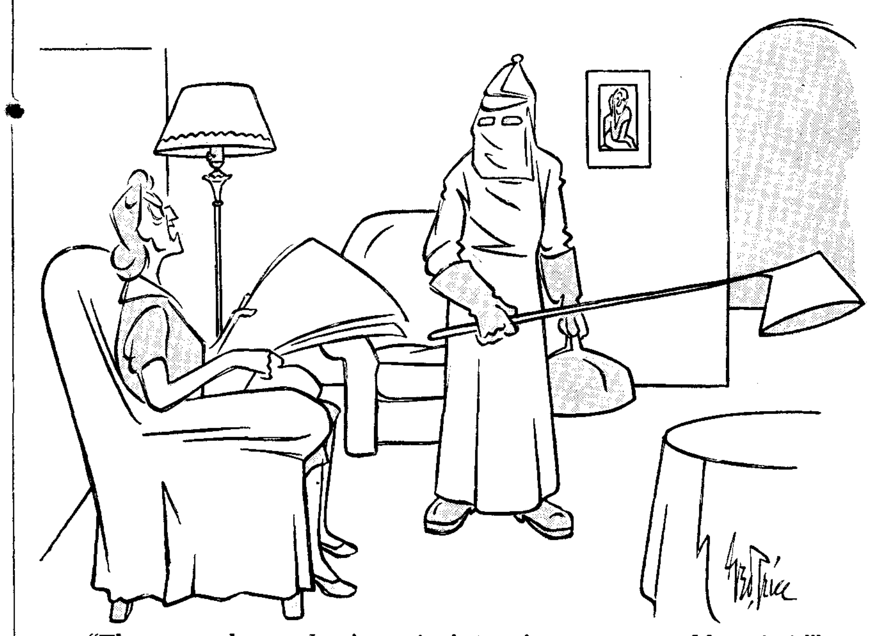
Alwyn grinned at Toby. "I don't think we'd better tell her about life on board the Ariadne, do you, Toby?"

"No, Alwyn, I don't," replied Toby, seriously.

Then they both broke into roars of laughter, as though the subject was unfit for feminine ears. They made it sound like a naughty picnic.

Gerry felt a little exasperated, but she laughed. She wondered fleetingly what the rest of the staff would think if they could see her now, frustrated by a couple of British officers.

Toby took her hand. "Listen, Geraldine!" he said. "We want to have a good time. It's so long since we saw a nice girl! I know it isn't frightfully exciting, talking to us in this ghastly bedroom, but it's about all we have to offer. You don't know what it means to talk to a woman."



"Then go to the wardens' meeting! Don't prance around here in it!"

COLLIER'S GEO. PRICE

From a long way off came a voice, saying, "I know you can get a story, because you have no respect for human feelings."

Gerry's chin went up with a little jerk. "Of course I know," she said to Toby, "and I'll be quiet from now on."

THE next morning while she was at work the door opened and Toby walked in.

"Well," he said, "are we all set?"

"All set for what? I told you last night I had to work this morning."

"You can do that when you're on board ship. Come on, get ready!"

"I am not," replied Gerry primly, "a bosun's mate, neither am I a second-class seaman. I do not choose to be ordered around by you or any part of the British navy."

"You may not be capable of piping me over the side, darling," he retorted, "but you're as necessary to me as a bosun. I need you, Gerry!"

"Is this a proposition?" she asked and then regretted it. His eyes looked hurt.

"No," he said quietly, "I don't want anything like that. I'm most awfully fond of you, Gerry."

Gerry was silent.

"Come on—I've got a taxi waiting outside."

She put the cover on her typewriter automatically and went. Why she was going with him, or why she was letting him order her around this way, she did not know.

They got into the taxi, and Toby drew her arm possessively through his. "I thought we'd go down to the harbor," he said, "and have a look at the Ariadne. I want you to see her."

The destroyer was lying out in the harbor like a long, gray seal. There was something lithe and darting about her that made Gerry shiver. She longed for a pencil to write down her first impression, but she was enough of a reporter to take in certain details without it. The number on the Ariadne's bows—H-48—the slight difference in build and tonnage which differentiated her from the other destroyers lying in the harbor—the little row of flags dripping from her mast. They spelled something, she didn't know what. She'd remember them, though.

"Nice ship, that," said Toby calmly, but he didn't fool her.

She knew what it meant to him—his own command—his little world. She was touched that he had wanted her to share it with him.

They had lunch and then went to the movies. Toby held her hand all through the picture, and she wondered what had happened to the old Gerry Potter, who never held hands with anybody, or wasted afternoons looking at B pictures.

WHEN the movie was over he said, "Now what shall we do?"

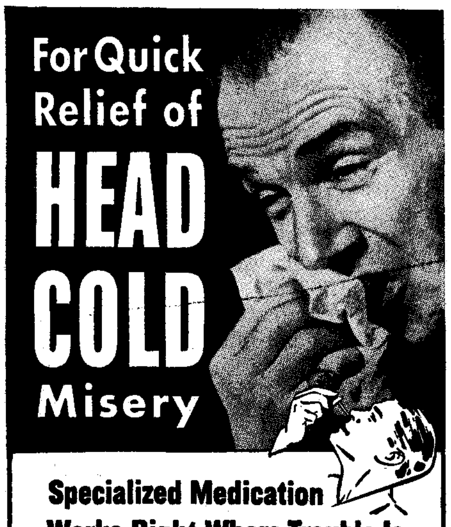
"I must go back to the hotel," she said firmly, thinking of the unfinished article, the article which had to be sent to New York right away.

"No, you're not going back to the hotel," he said. "You're spending the evening with me."

They found a small restaurant near the docks where the lobster stew was good and the ale strong and bitter. The ale made him slightly talkative.

But it wasn't the story she'd hoped for. It had nothing to do with the Ariadne. He told her about his mother and father, and his dog and his home in Devonshire. He talked about England. She couldn't possibly use any of it, but she found she was intensely interested in what he was saying.

Toby smiled across the table. "Now



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The *instant* you put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril, it gets right after the sneezy, sniffly discomfort of your head cold. You can *feel it go to work* as it spreads over the trouble area where most colds start. Shrinks swollen membranes—relieves the clogging congestion—and helps make breathing easier again. Just try it.

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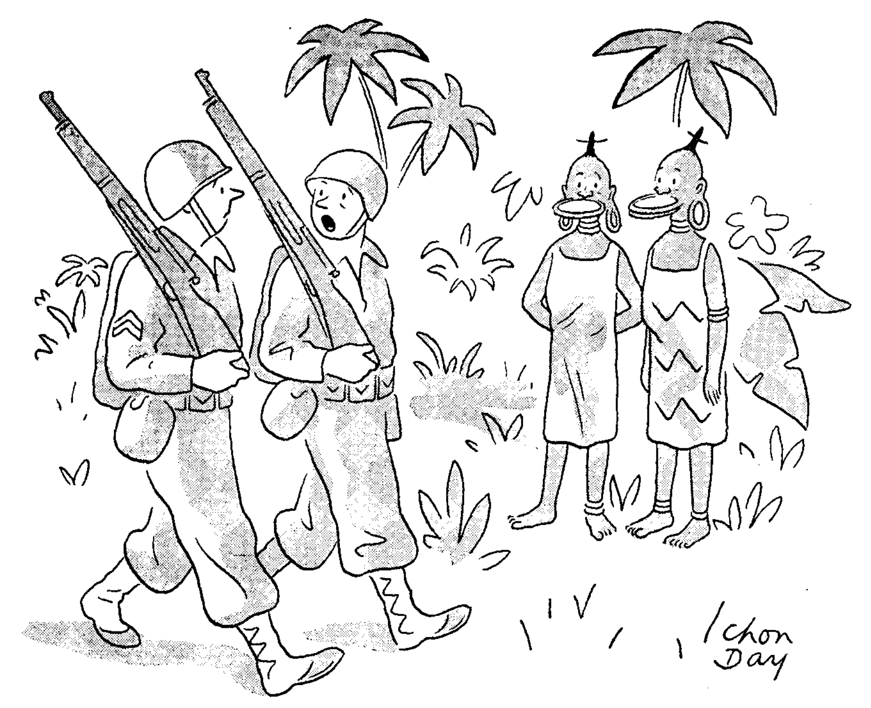


COLLIER'S "For pity's sake—women!" CHON DAY

tell me something about yourself, Gerry."

"There's not much to tell," she said. "I was born in New Jersey, and I went to Wellesley, and I got a job on a newspaper after I left college. I have a couple of parents, and a brother who's in the Marines."

Toby paused, and then asked her why she wasn't married. "What's the matter with the men?" he said. "An attractive girl like you ought to have been snapped up long ago!"

"It's a long story, Toby," she replied. "Not now—some other time." But she knew she'd never tell him.

He paid the check and they left the restaurant.

"Let's take a walk," he said. "There's a small park on the other side of town and it ought to be fairly empty at this hour."

They found a bench under a pine tree and sat down. Below them lay the huge harbor, masked in darkness. You couldn't see a thing, but you knew it was teeming with life. Gerry shivered and Toby put his arm around her. He drew her toward him and her heart turned over.

"Gerry!"

"Yes, Toby?"

"Love me a little?"

There was a long silence. Love was a dangerous word. You didn't fool around with it; not any more. It could make you lie awake night after night staring into the dark with your eyes burning with unshed tears. It could make you do foolish things and ruin your self-confidence. It could destroy you inside.

Her eyes were growing used to the blackout. She could see the expression on his face as he bent over her. There wasn't anything light about it; he was very serious.

"Gerry, darling! From the first moment I saw you sitting there in the canteen—"

"No, Toby, no!" There was panic in her voice.

"Yes," he said quietly.

His lips closed over hers. She knew how it felt to be drowning in a dark sea, unable to help herself. And as the almost forgotten sweetness swept over her, she thought: I can't bear this again. I can't bear it!

"Say you love me, Gerry!" he commanded gently.

"Yes," she answered. "Yes, I'll say it. I'm afraid to, but I think it's true."

THE next day was Alwyn's turn on shore. Toby had to stay on board the Ariadne until evening. Gerry was disappointed in one way, but relieved in another, because it meant temptation was out of reach. He was coming for her at six-thirty. It was now two-forty-five, and she had three hours in which to finish her article. She got out her typewriter again, digging sentences out of her mind with a pickax.

The door opened while she was trying to describe the harbor without giving information to the enemy, and Joe Billings walked in.

"Heavens, girl!" he greeted her. "Don't you ever stop work?"

"No," said Gerry.

"Well, you've got to stop now. I've brought you some news, sweetheart. We're sailing."

The typewriter ceased firing, and there was a dead silence.

"Well," said Gerry at last, her voice sounding queer in her own ears, "what time?"

"We have to be on board at four o'clock. That's all I know."

"Four o'clock!"

That meant she wouldn't see him again. Unless she could find Alwyn and get a message out to the ship, she'd be gone before Toby arrived on shore.

She had one hour and fifteen minutes in which to finish her article, do her packing, and find Alwyn. But she had them in the wrong order; she must find Alwyn first.

"Where are you going?" asked Joe.

"I have errands to do," she said.

TOBY jumped out of the Ariadne's gig and came toward her along the windy dock.

"Don't say anything now," he said briefly, walking her past the crowd of sailors and civilians on the dock. "Wait!"

They went to the hotel, and she felt a childish desire to cry with rage, although this was the moment she had looked forward to for weeks. They went up to her room, and she sat down on the bed and looked at Toby. He began to pack up her things. He got order out of the chaos on the floor, put the half-written pages with the finished stuff on the table, and shoved the whole manuscript into her dispatch case. Then he helped her pack her clothes and her toilet articles, and locked her typewriter.

"You haven't got much time, Gerry," he said.

She put her head down on his shoulder for a moment and was comforted. Then Toby handed her her purse and gloves, and she put on her hat. When she had paid for the room, they left the hotel together. There was a cold September wind blowing in from the harbor.

"I've got to leave you now," Toby said, as they reached the gangplank. "I can't go on board with you."

"Oh, Toby! Toby!" she said softly. "Why does it have to end so soon? Why couldn't they have waited, so we could have had just one more evening together?"

He didn't answer her. He put his arms around her and held her close without speaking. Then he kissed her the way he had the night before, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Don't, Gerry!" he said. "I'll see you again! I'll see you again, darling, very soon!"

He gave her another kiss, and she walked up the gangplank with a feeling of loss that was terrible. When she looked back, he was smiling at her. She wondered how he could smile.

THERE were only eight passengers on board the freighter: Joe Billings, herself, a man who was on the War Production Board, three WRNS who had been giving pointers to the WAVES, and an Englishwoman with tired eyes who was going home after leaving her children in Montreal. The cabins were small but comfortable, and the food was excellent. They dined with the officers and then went to bed.

Gerry could not sleep. She was awake at two in the morning when the engines began to throb. She could feel the ship slide through the water, turn on her heel, and make for the open sea. When morning finally came, Gerry put on her clothes and went up on deck.

The sea was covered with gray ships. It was a large convoy, well supplied with destroyers. She looked at them and thought of the Ariadne lying in harbor far astern. The freighters were plowing through the water at a snail's pace, for the faster ships had to reduce their speed to the common denominator of the slowest one. The destroyers, however, moved at will under their own rpm. They went speeding up and down the long line of freighters, making S-turns through the convoy and leaving a trail of foam in their wake. Planes occasionally flew over the ship like gulls, dipping and swinging their wings in the sunshine and then zooming away again.

Gerry hung over the rail. She was staring blankly at the blue-gray sea when another destroyer took shape out of the morning mist—a long, lean form crowned with spray. The destroyer came hurtling down the convoy, full steam ahead, and as she drew nearer, Gerry saw the number on her bows.

It was the Ariadne.

"Oh, Toby!" she said with a catch in her breath. "No wonder you said, 'I'll see you again!' Oh, darling, no wonder you could smile at me!"

SHE wanted to laugh and cry at the same time but she did neither. She took out her handkerchief and waved at the destroyer as it went by, and she thought she saw an answering flicker from the bridge. She watched the destroyer disappear into the mist. He hadn't told her, because he couldn't.

A few days later, Joe Billings wanted to know why she spent so much time at the rail, gazing into space.

Gerry's first impulse was to make some flippant reply, and then she thought she'd tell him the truth. She had to tell someone or she would go crazy, and Joe was an old friend.

"There's a man out there," she said, "on one of those destroyers."

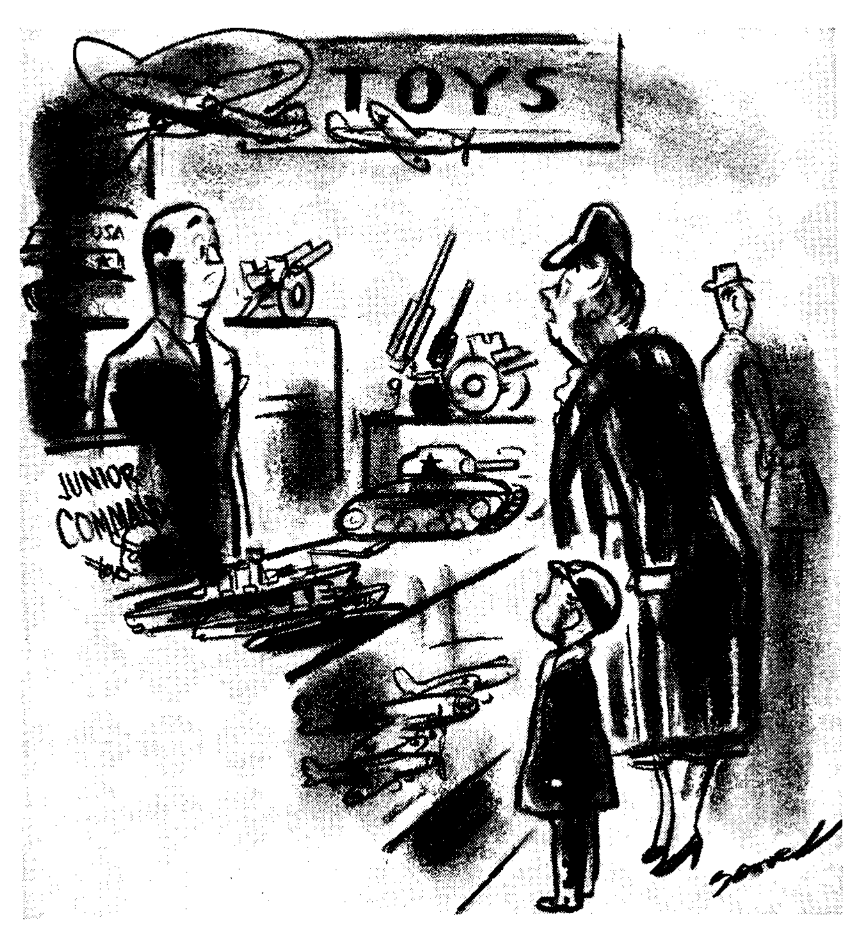
"Gosh!" said Joe. "What a story! And the trouble is, you can't write it."

"He's in command of the H-48."

"You mean that tin can that went by half an hour ago?"

"Yes. His name is Fentress—Toby Fentress."

Joe said she had certainly changed her

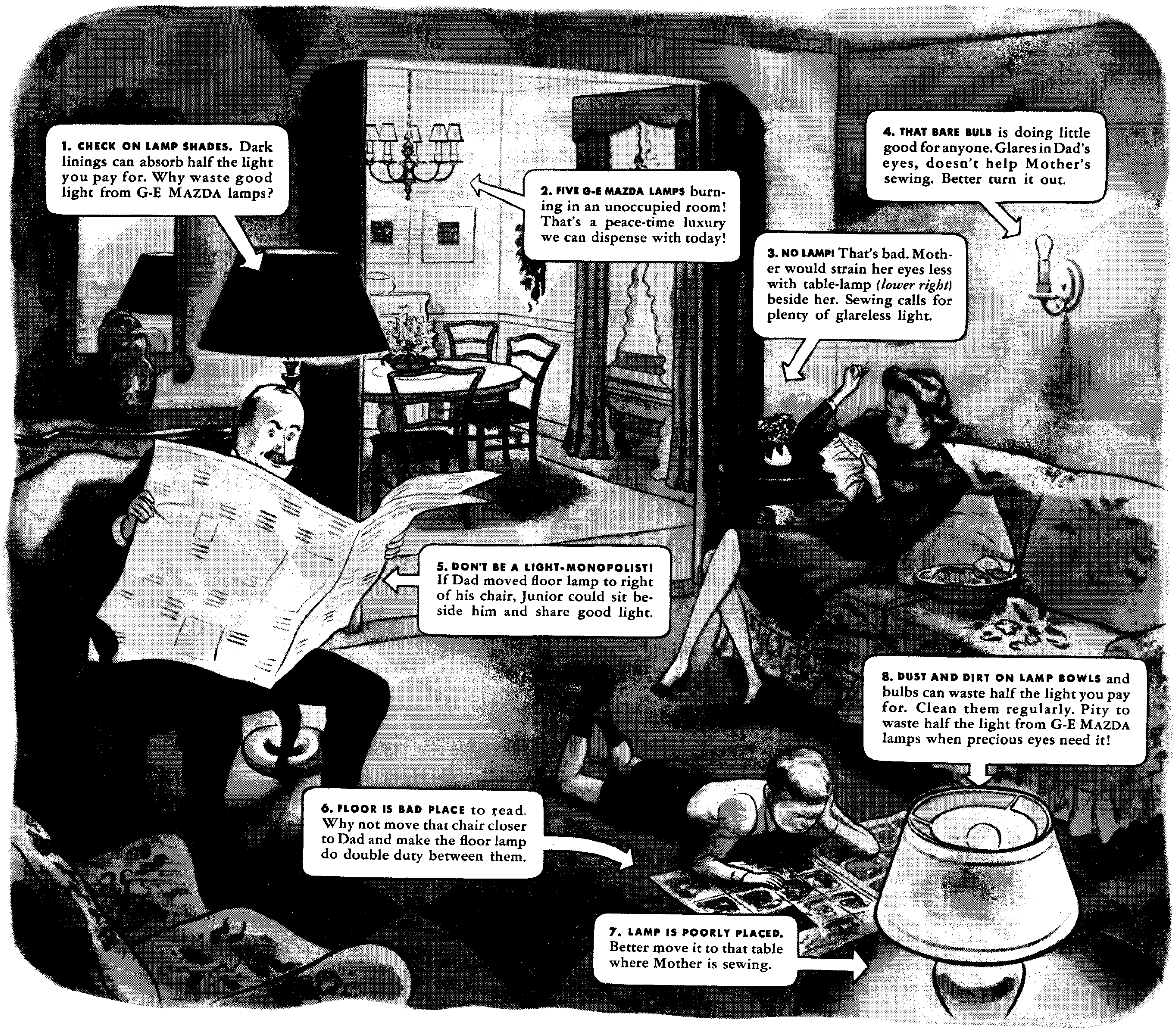


"First, will you explain to Gregory why we are fighting?"

COLLIER'S LEONARD DOVE

How many of these lighting mistakes are you making?

TO HELP you protect eyes at home, and to aid in the conservation of critical materials, General Electric asked its home lighting experts to list some of the common mistakes made in home lighting. If you follow these simple suggestions, you'll get more useful light from G-E MAZDA lamps—and you'll be helping to save both materials and electricity.



1. CHECK ON LAMP SHADES. Dark linings can absorb half the light you pay for. Why waste good light from G-E MAZDA lamps?

2. FIVE G-E MAZDA LAMPS burning in an unoccupied room! That's a peace-time luxury we can dispense with today!

3. NO LAMP! That's bad. Mother would strain her eyes less with table-lamp *(lower right)* beside her. Sewing calls for plenty of glareless light.

4. THAT BARE BULB is doing little good for anyone. Glares in Dad's eyes, doesn't help Mother's sewing. Better turn it out.

5. DON'T BE A LIGHT-MONOPOLIST! If Dad moved floor lamp to right of his chair, Junior could sit beside him and share good light.

6. FLOOR IS BAD PLACE to read. Why not move that chair closer to Dad and make the floor lamp do double duty between them.

7. LAMP IS POORLY PLACED. Better move it to that table where Mother is sewing.

8. DUST AND DIRT ON LAMP BOWLS and bulbs can waste half the light you pay for. Clean them regularly. Pity to waste half the light from G-E MAZDA lamps when precious eyes need it!

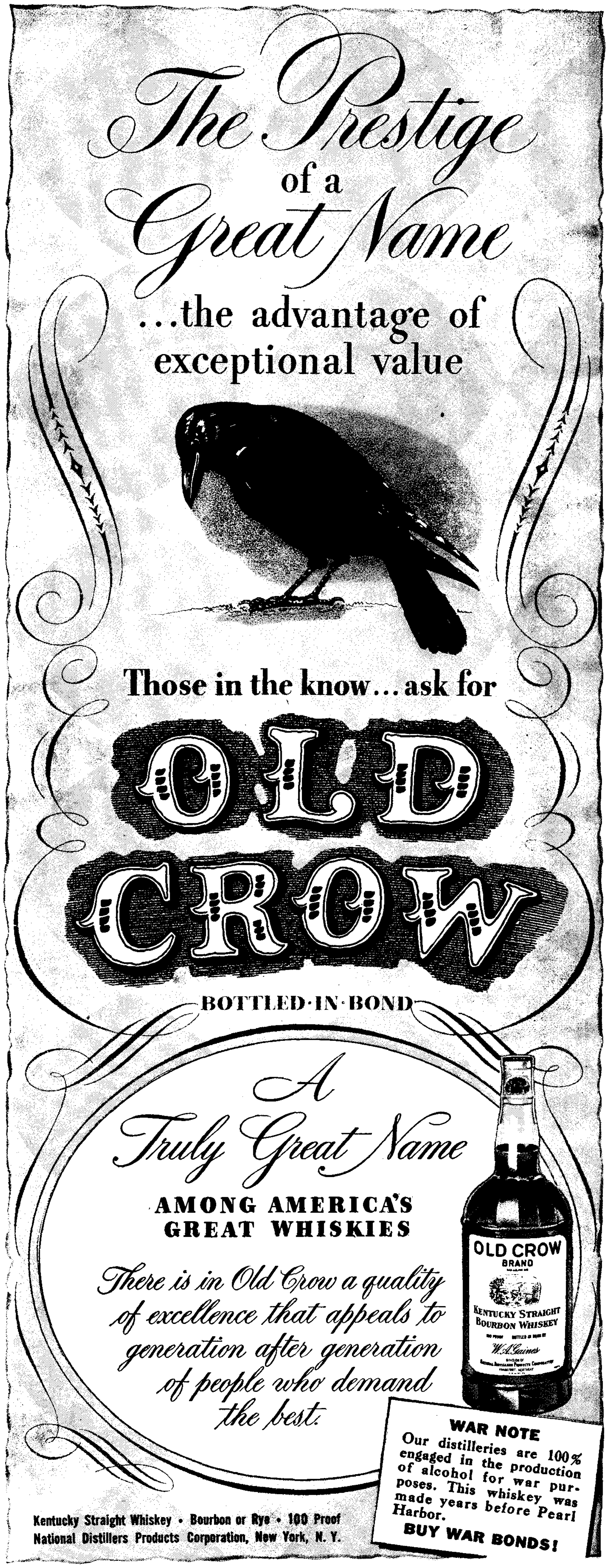
G-E MAZDA LAMPS

Tune in G-E All-Girl Orchestra every Sunday at 10 p.m. Eastern War Time, over N. B. C. Network.

G-E MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

9. GOOD EYESIGHT is one of our most valuable national resources. So don't strain your eyes. Have them examined regularly by a competent eyesight specialist. And remember, G-E research has worked for over half a century to give you the abundant light of modern G-E MAZDA lamps. Don't throw away the benefits of all those years of lighting research. *Don't waste light!*

GENERAL ELECTRIC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National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y.

type if she could fall in love while on assignment.

"It's all right," said Gerry. "I'm still functioning."

The days passed in slow succession until they were off the Grand Banks. The sky and the sea and the ships were blended into the same dull gray, and occasional flakes of snow flickered through the air. The sea had an evil look, as though God-knows-what was lurking under the surface. Everybody slept fully clothed, and the captain never came off the bridge. Gerry would have been more frightened if she hadn't had implicit faith in Toby's ability to keep the Germans away. She was sleeping peacefully the night the ship's whistle went off.

The sharp blasts that meant "We are in danger!" tore the air like the wail of a banshee, and Gerry was out of her berth almost before she was awake. The whole ship was awake and quivering. She could hear running feet everywhere, but the sound was orderly; there was no sign of panic.

Gerry's cabinmate was calmly putting on her life belt. "Well," she said briefly, "I guess we're for it."

"Yes," said Gerry, "I guess we are."

A trickle of fear ran down her spine; it was over as quickly as it had come. Toby was out there; he'd take care of her somehow.

The deck was crowded with dark forms. Just as she reached her boat station, there was an explosion on the starboard bow, and a column of flame rose into the sky.

"They got her that time," said somebody. "She's hit amidships."

There was another roar as the magazines went up; and then the ship broke in two and disappeared.

A bulky form struggled through the crowd around Gerry's lifeboat. It was Joe; his face looked ashen white in the darkness. He took Gerry by the arm and led her behind a ventilator, away from her fellow passengers.

"Listen, kid," he said.

"Yes, Joe?" she answered, wondering why his voice was so thick and uneven.

"That ship out there," he said, "that tin can that just went down—"

"Was it a tin can?" she said. "I heard somebody say it was a corvette."

"No, Gerry, it was a destroyer. It was the H-48."

She swayed toward him, and he caught her.

"Steady, old girl!" he murmured. "I'm sorry, kid! I'm sorry."

She pulled herself out of his arms and went to the rail. The place where the destroyer had vanished was off the stern now, for the convoy couldn't stop to help the survivors. The freighters had to keep moving. She could see dark forms struggling in the water, and hear faint cries for help. She put her head down on the rail and everything went black; when she came to again, it was dawn, and she was sitting under the lee of the ventilator with her head pillowed on Joe's broad shoulder.

JOE'S office in London was on the Haymarket. It should have been in Fleet Street, but a bomb had removed all traces of the original office long ago. Joe was sitting in his shirt sleeves, pounding out a story, when Gerry walked in. It was the morning after their arrival. She looked at him enviously because he wasn't having any trouble with his story at all. Words were flowing out of him like a river in flood. He glanced up and saw her and stopped work.

Gerry laid a manuscript down upon his desk. "There's the stuff I wrote on board ship," she said. "Read it, Joe, because I'm not sure it's any good. I've got to cable it to New York, if you think it gets by."

"What makes you think it isn't any good?"

"Because it was so hard to write. I can't write any more, Joe! I can't write a word."

"Sit down, kid," said Joe. "I'm sure it's swell, but I'll look it over."

Gerry smoked a cigarette and then powdered her wan face. Joe read fast; it wasn't long before he was through.

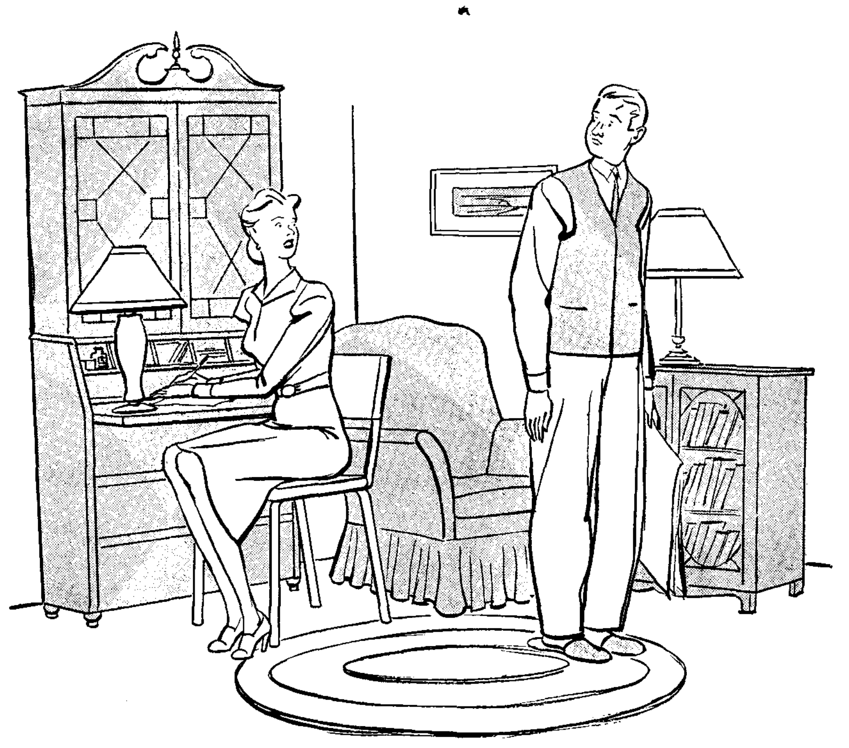
"That's all right, Gerry," he said. "But I notice you haven't said a word about the sinking. The boss may kill it."

"I know. But I couldn't write it—I couldn't put it into words."

"I don't blame you."

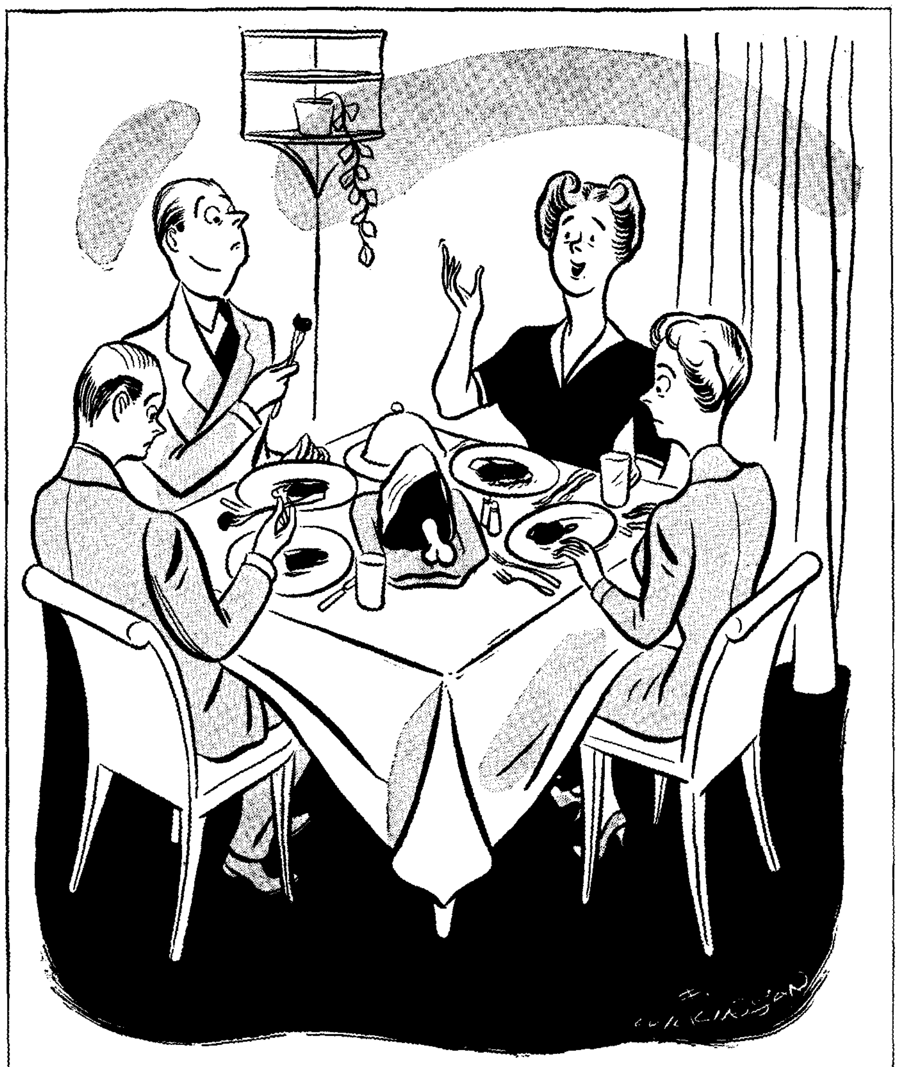
"A correspondent worth his salt," she added, "would have turned in a good story about it, no matter how he felt."

"No, I don't think so," said Joe. "I don't think so at all." He put the manuscript back in its manila envelope. "You've got to take this stuff over to the



"I worked out this month's budget so we'll be able to look everyone in the eye except Dr. Willowby"

COLLIER'S BEN ROTH



"When I said, 'We wouldn't be eating if it wasn't for a horse,' I meant I went shopping in a buggy!"

COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON

admiralty and have it censored before you cable it," he reminded her. "They'll run a blue pencil through most of it, but don't get sore."

"The admiralty!" said Gerry. "Isn't that where you go to find out about people?"

"Yes, it is. You go to the admiralty annex on the Haymarket."

Her face was a study in hope. Joe looked at her, and he felt a little sick.

"If you need me," he said, "I'll be right here."

She was back within the hour. She sat down quietly and asked for a cigarette.

"Well, Gerry?" he said.

"Missing," she answered.

It was better than knowing the fellow was dead, Joe reflected. There was at least a grain of hope for her to live on. He told her so, and she nodded.

"I feel sure he's alive," she said. "I may be crazy, but I know he's not dead. The next thing is: How am I going to find him?"

Joe frowned.

"The admiralty wasn't much help, either," she added. "They just said they were doing all they could."

"You'll find him some day," said Joe. "Keep your chin up."

GERRY went out into the Haymarket again and spoke to the first sailor she met. He was a little surprised, but eager to help when she explained.

"What would you do if you were trying to find someone who'd been torpedoed?"

"I'd go to the admiralty—"

"I know—I've done that."

"Try the canteen, miss. The sailors who go there sometimes know more than the admiralty."

Gerry pulled wires and became a canteen hostess, working there on Saturday nights, serving coffee and sandwiches, and dancing to the strains of a juke box. She was disappointed when she found she was not allowed to question the sailors about their ships, but then the admiralty released the story of the sinking of the Ariadne, and she was allowed more latitude. You could talk discreetly about a dead ship.

Every sailor she met was asked the same question, but the answer was always the same, too: "No, miss, I never 'eard of the Ariadne."

"It's very strange," she said bitterly one night when she was unusually tired and discouraged, "that no one has! She was on the regular convoy route. She used to go back and forth, back and forth, just like a ferryboat."

Toby's words, but she had used them unconsciously! They came back to her now with a shock.

"Don't give up, miss," advised the sailor whom she had just questioned, as though he had read her thoughts. "You'll find a lad who's been on the Ariadne. Everybody comes in 'ere sooner or later."

"No, I won't give up," she replied, ashamed of her outburst. "Not ever."

Joe called for her one night at the canteen. This was odd, because he was usually in the office at that hour. He took her by the arm and walked her across Berkeley Square to the Ritz, and they sat down in the bar. He ordered two double Scotches, and she thought he looked a little queer.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"I'm tired," he replied. "I had to go down to the naval hospital at Greenwich this morning. Royalty was inspecting, and the office wanted me to do a story because some of our boys are down there."

"Well, go on!" said Gerry, as he paused.

Joe did not look at her. "I found a

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sailor down there with a severe case of burns. His face was swathed in bandages, but he could talk. He was on the Ariadne, Gerry."

Her heart stopped beating altogether. "What did he say?"

"I think you'd better go and talk to him. Tomorrow. I've made all the arrangements for you to go down there."

"No, I don't want to talk to him," said Gerry, "because I know. I can tell from your expression, Joe, just what he said to you."

Joe was silent. From Piccadilly came the wail of a siren, but neither of them paid any attention to it.

Gerry looked at him with a white face. "Tell me, Joe! Tell me all the details!"

"Nobody on the bridge was saved. All the officers were killed when the magazines blew up. He explained why, but by that time I was so sick—for you, Gerry—that I wasn't listening."

"It's all right, Joe," she said. "Really, it's all right."

Joe thought the way she took it was extraordinary and said so.

THE next morning she went back to work and wrote a story that was one of her best and when they dined together a few nights later, he told her she was all wool and a yard wide.

"Well, what else can I do?" she asked. "I have a job to do. I can't lie down on it now. Besides, writing keeps me from remembering all the time."

The only concession she made was to give up the canteen. She told the senior hostess that she was too busy to work there any longer, but she told Joe the real reason:

"The canteen reminds me too much of the night I met Toby. I just can't take it."

"That's all right, Gerry," he said, "don't worry about it. You're doing enough as it is. You ought to rest nights, anyway. You look as though you'd lost ten pounds."

"Make it fifteen," said Gerry, "and you'll be nearer the truth. Here's a small remembrance for the boy in Greenwich Hospital," she added, handing him a sizable check. "You needn't tell him where it comes from. He doesn't know the skipper had a girl."

The days passed into weeks, and the weeks became a month. One night as she was walking home, she passed the canteen. It was a Saturday, and she could hear the strains of dance music. She walked on a few paces and then turned back. She stood there on the sidewalk, listening. The juke box was playing a polka.

She could hear laughter and the shuffle of dancing feet. And suddenly she wanted to go inside. She wanted to ask questions again, ask the boys in there if they knew anything about Toby. It was a feeling that came from nowhere, but it was irresistible.

She opened the door of the canteen. It was all just the same. The air was blue with smoke and naval uniforms, and the floor was crowded with dancing couples.

"I'm crazy!" she thought as she put on her apron. "That boy in the Greenwich Hospital—he *knew!* He was there—he saw it all. Toby's dead—he died when the magazines blew up."

She would have gone if somebody hadn't dropped another sixpence in the juke box. She recognized the melody vaguely, but she couldn't remember the words until somebody began to sing:

"I'll see you again, whenever spring breaks through again . . ."

You could hear the words and music plainly above the laughter in the room. Who had said those words to her? Toby! He had said them to her instead of goodby. He was sure he was going to live, that he would see her again. The tune was an omen. She knew she had come in here tonight because hope had never really died, and now she must have faith, too.

She walked out on the floor, and a sailor asked her to dance.

"Look," she said, "did you ever hear of a ship called the Ariadne?"

"Yes," he answered.

"Were you on board her, by any chance?"

"No. But there's a man in here who was. Want to meet him?"

"Yes, if you don't mind," she said, her lips dry.

A moment later she was face to face with the gunner's mate of the Ariadne.

"What—what happened to the skipper?" she asked.

"I don't know, miss," he replied. "The last time I saw 'im, he was swimmin' for a raft."

"Do you mean," she said slowly, "that you saw him *after* the magazines blew up?"

"Yes, miss. When the bridge went up, he was thrown clear. I saw him swimmin' near me."

"But do you know whether he was saved?"

"He must 'ave been. There was a trawler about, pickin' up survivors. I'm sure he's alive, miss."

"And what about the exec?" added Gerry, wondering what had happened to Alwyn.

The sailor confirmed her fears: "Lieutenant Thomas was killed. That I *do* know, miss."

SHE finished out the evening and left. Outside in Berkeley Square, the stars were very bright. She walked swiftly up Hay Hill and turned down Piccadilly. The darkness seemed strangely peaceful, strangely beautiful. She entered the hotel and went up in the lift. She was going to call Joe. She could hardly wait to speak to him.

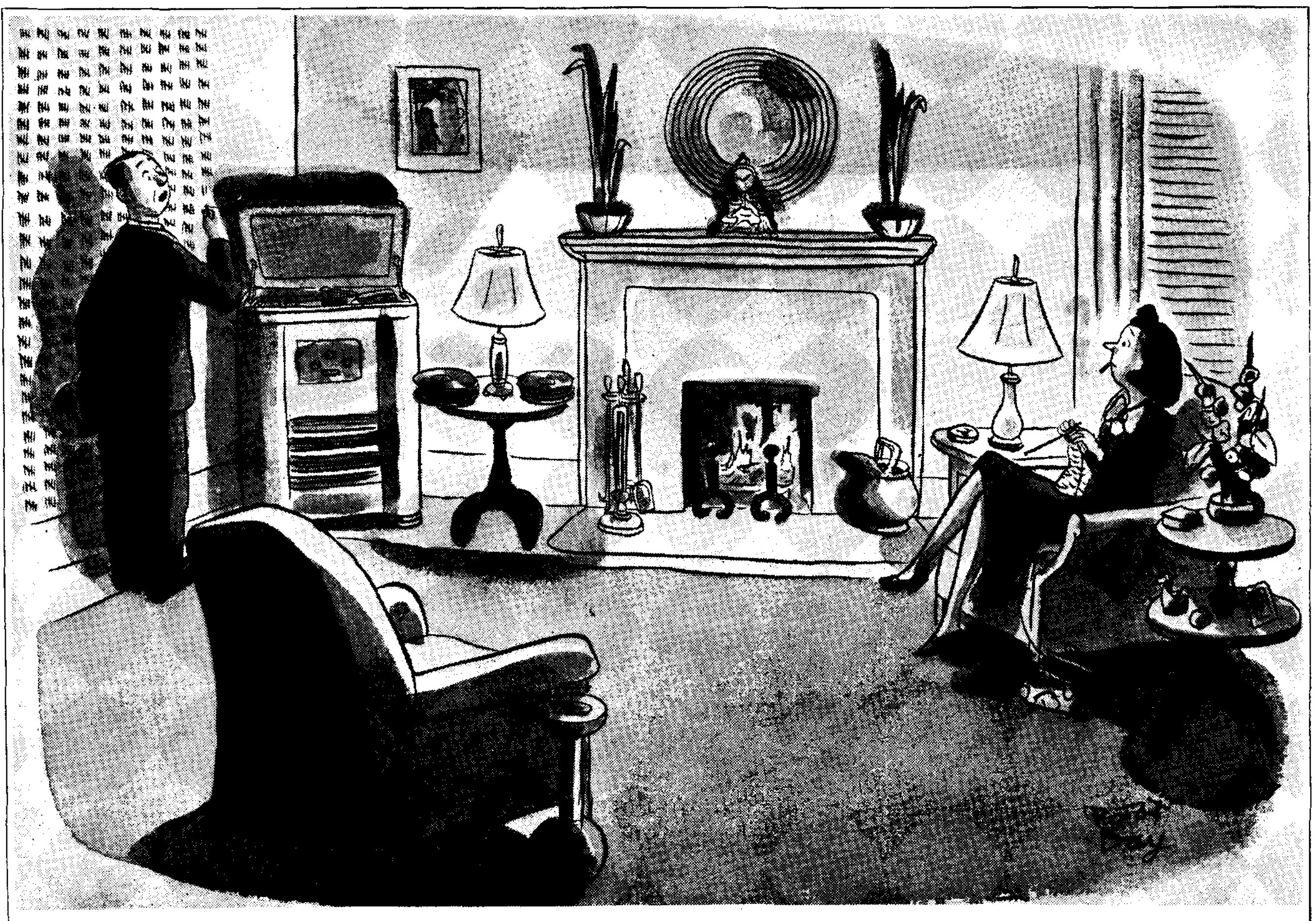
She opened the door of her room and switched on the light.

There was a form lying on the bed—the form of a man in a navy-blue uniform with gold braid on his sleeve. His dark red hair was in need of a haircut, and his breathing was deep and regular, as though it came from utter exhaustion. She crossed the room and knelt down beside the bed.

"Toby!" she said, but he didn't wake up. He was too far gone from weariness to know she was there.

She laid her hand on his cheek for a moment and then put her head down beside him. When he waked, her face would be the first thing he'd see.

THE END



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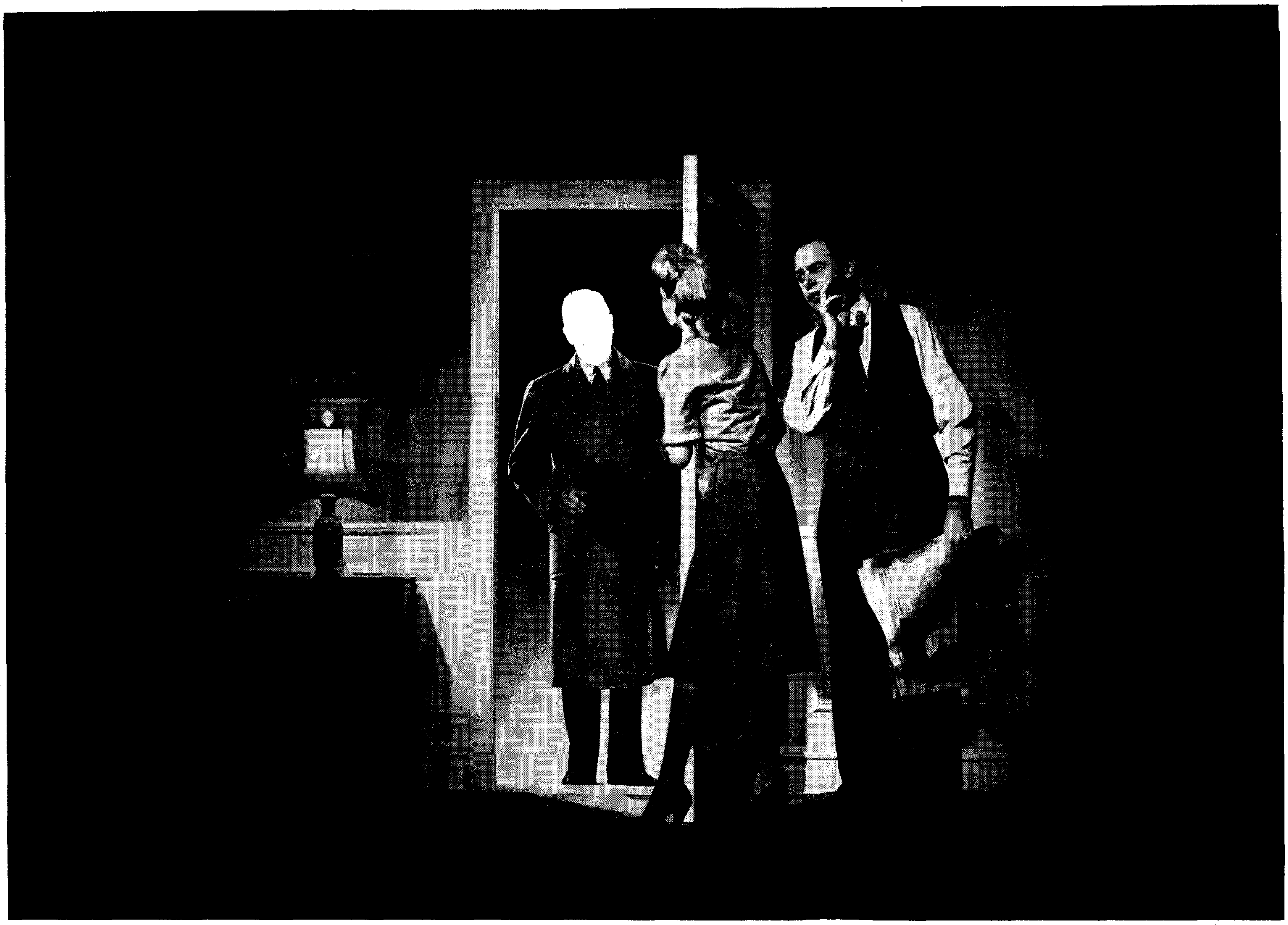

Who is this man the Crawfords didn't want to see?

• The Crawfords weren't friendly when he called. They had already made up their minds on the matter.

"I'm not driving my car much," Dick Crawford said. "Just to and from the plant. Besides, we can't drive over 35 any more. So why should I need insurance?"

Then the man the Crawfords didn't want to see did some explaining. He called attention to authoritative figures which show that *most* auto accidents actually happen at speeds *under* 35 miles an hour!

Finally it was Mrs. Crawford who decided. She saw that no family could risk the expense of an accident, especially now. So she insisted that Dick insure their car. Now he realizes it was the smartest thing they ever did.

Dick Crawford *did* have an accident—on his way to work. And the other driver was badly hurt.

There was a heavy judgment—far more than Dick could have paid. And if the man the Crawfords didn't want to see hadn't called—if he hadn't convinced them they needed insurance—it would have been disastrous.

Who was this man? He was a representative of the State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company.

There are 7,000 men like him—ready to advise you about auto insurance in wartime . . .

They are the 7,000 State Farm representatives in the United States and Canada. Their responsibility is to help save *you* from accident loss.

They are backed by the largest automobile casualty insurance company in the world, one which has saved its policyholders over $50,000,000 in the cost of their insurance. They offer insurance protection so reasonable in cost no driver need be without it.

They offer insurance, too, that's geared to wartime conditions. State Farm insurance rates, for example, are adjusted to the type of gas ration card you have. Another example is State Farm's special coverage for pool car drivers. And at all times it is important to know that State Farm auto insurance is non-assessable.

They offer a new type of collision insurance that does a lot to help offset rising repair costs. It is State Farm's unique 80% *Collision Plan* which pays 80% of the cost of repairing collision damage to your car, whether it's just a dented fender or a costly accident. This plan pays 80% of *every* collision repair bill on your car up to $250, and 100% of any bill over $250!

Also important in wartime are State Farm's other automobile insurance coverages. State Farm's Medical Payment Plan pays medical expenses of members of your family and passengers injured in your car, at the lowest cost in history—less than 1c a day. Comprehensive Insurance protects you against loss from fire, theft, and most of the other hazards that threaten your car. Emergency Road Service and Bail Bond Insurance pays 80% of the expenses incurred on a public highway for mechanical first aid, towing, and a number of other services, and reimburses you for 80% of any premium or fee paid for a bail bond. A State Farm representative will be glad to tell you about the advantages of State Farm's life and fire insurance, too. (For obvious reasons, the names in this advertisement are fictitious.)

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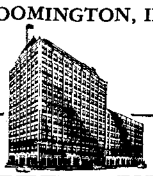

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Please send me your new booklet presenting basic facts about automobile insurance. I understand this request will not obligate me in any way.

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"See·ability" tells the tale...

THIS LITTLE LADY is having fun now, but at the same time, she is proving how priceless *See-ability* is for little folks. Their ability to see clearly for years to come, may easily depend upon the light they have today—light for study and for play.

This is the wrong way to use light. The correct reading position is to sit up straight, with lamp placed to avoid shadows. In the second illustration, full use is made of the lamp. It is close to the table, lighting it without shadows, without glare, and without waste.

It provides the See-ability needed to keep young eyes bright. Further suggestions are included in a new booklet: "How to Get More Light for Your Money." Write to the Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., Lamp Division, Dept. R-2, Bloomfield, New Jersey.

In these days when prices of most goods are higher, Westinghouse Mazda Lamps cost less than ever before. And they are made to the same high quality standards that have distinguished Westinghouse lamps for over 50 years.

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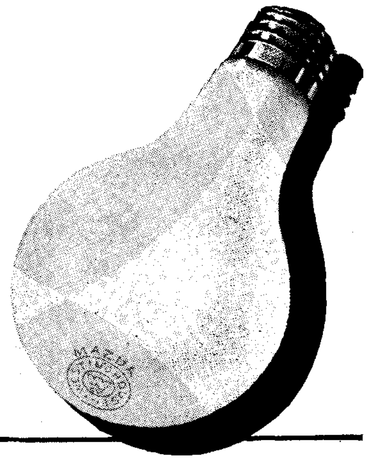


Johnny-Quick-on-the-Downbeat

Continued from page 18

We look back now—our smiles are rueful—
By contrast, those old days were booful.
Oh, yesterday's tears are tomorrow's laughter.
Each time—

"Stop!" Sally cried.

He stopped. He glanced at her inquiringly. "Too many anapaests?"

"I don't want to hear any more of it," said Sally.

Johnny's face was growing red. "Will you kindly give with reasons?" he asked softly.

"It's a quickie and I don't like quickies."

JOHNNY got up from the bench. His face had a wooden look. "Sally, I've just found out who has been picked to write the music for your picture. If I may speak frankly and dispassionately, those two tin-pan-alley cats haven't come up with anything worthy of the juke-box trade since Heigh, Ho, I Wanna Go Back to Tasco. I am here strictly from altruism. You need something like Tomorrow's Laughter to give your picture class. What's the matter with it?"

Sally shrugged. "Oh, it's not bad. Thirty-two-bar chorus. AABA pattern. Built to the title idea. Faintly reminiscent, of—what was that thing Crosby used to sing a couple of years ago? Not too reminiscent, of course."

"Oh, no," Johnny quickly agreed, "it would never do to have it too reminiscent."

"Just enough so that it will be easy to learn and remember," Sally elaborated. "Then the triplets on the release—just to be a little different. All the tricks, Johnny. You know so many tricks. It's too easy for you. But there isn't a real, a fresh melodic phrase in it."

"Really?" said Johnny, as if he were grateful for every word of it.

"And you," Sally said bitterly, "are the Johnny Hale who wrote Breakfast in Heaven and Clouds Against the Moon! You can write heartbreakingly lovely tunes—and you ask me how I like a fast hack job like this!"

"You really," said Johnny in admiring tones, "sound as if you know what you're talking about. I hate to argue with anyone as beautiful and clever as you are, but, Sally, you do not know songs. You can sing them, you can put them over on the screen, over a mike, or across the footlights, but, baby, you cannot pick them."

"I am going to shower and dress now," Sally said with the serenity that was such an attractive part of her. "I'm expecting some people. Yesterday's laughter is today's tears for both of us, so let's accept it. Goodby, Johnny, and good luck!"

"I have a skin thicker than an armadillo's," said Johnny, "but my nerve ends seem to detect the presence of whisk-broom bristles. Before I go, will you tell me why? You know you're still in love with me."

"That doesn't make any diff—" Sally began. "I am not!" she indignantly corrected herself. She was blushing. "That's all in the past. You are nothing but another tall, tanned man with snowy teeth when you smile."

"In New York," said Johnny in a slightly shaken voice, as he crossed the index and middle fingers of his right hand, "we are like this. You love me. You say so. I love you. I say so. We are nuts about each other, simply nuts. So what happens? With your knowledge and consent, I come to Hollywood to do something about the low blood count of my finances."

"Johnny—"

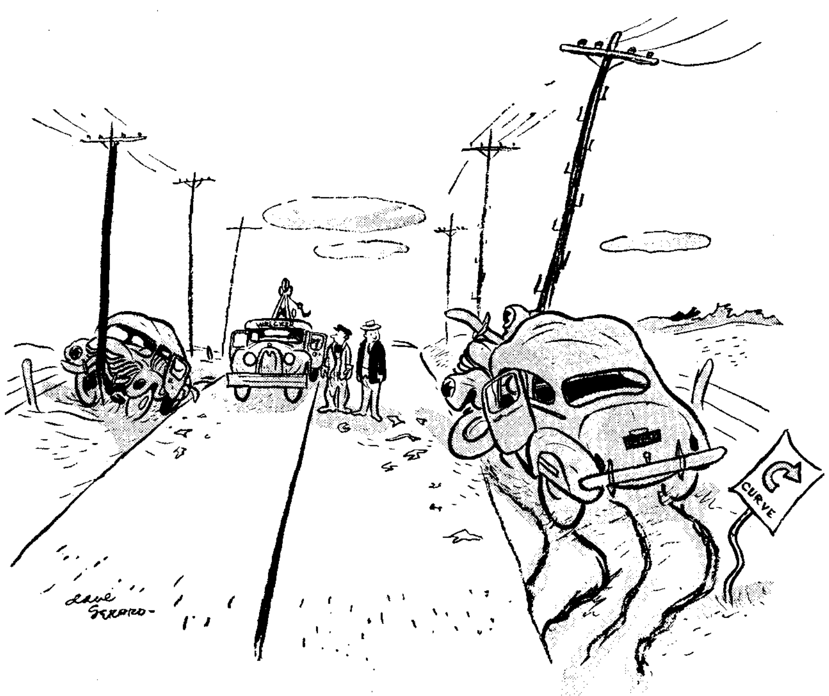
"You do so nicely on Broadway," he went on, "that you are invited to Hollywood to make a picture. We knew that that was in the cards. We agreed harmoniously that if or when that happened I would write your songs."

"Johnny, please!"

"Because I've always written your songs, because I know your moods and what you can sing and what you can't."

"Johnny, it's no good."

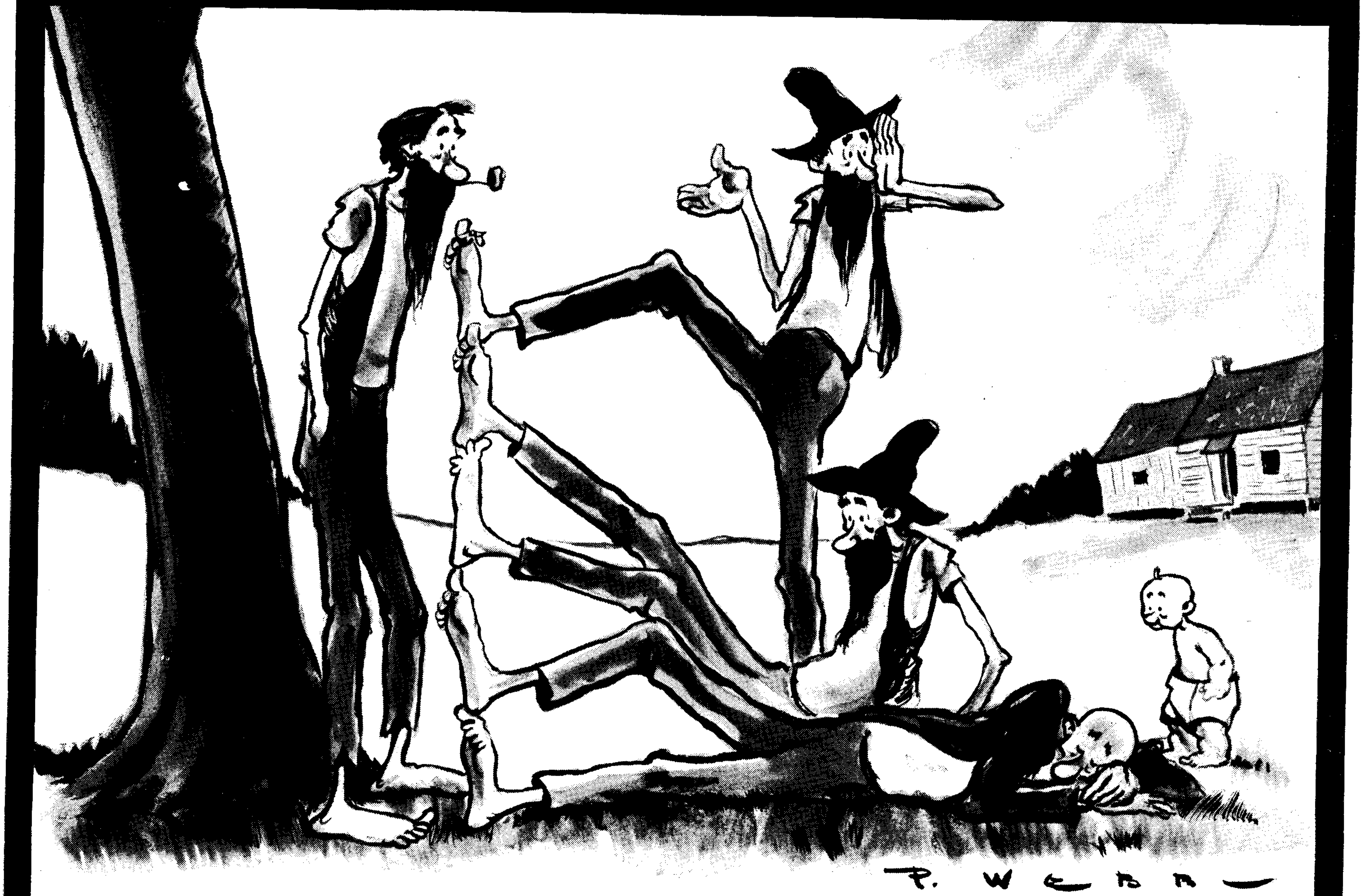
"Isn't it? Even murderers are given a trial before you hang them. So what happens when you come to Hollywood? You refuse to see me. Your agent refuses to let me see you or him. You hang up when I telephone. You throw



"Seein' another car on the road must have got them both excited"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS



“Gran'maw—c'mere—the Army wants ter know if Willy is six feet tall!”

THIS YEAR ALL AMERICA MUST MEASURE UP

Few of us on the Home Front can measure up to the job being done by our men in the Armed Forces. But we can try. Things like building increasingly better, the armaments those men need. Even little things like keeping our cars up to snuff—so they stretch every gallon of gasoline miles farther.

That's the job Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealers can help you do with their "Plug-Chek" Inspection Service. Actual tests by the American Automobile Association show this new spark plug service can help increase gas mileage as much as 12%.

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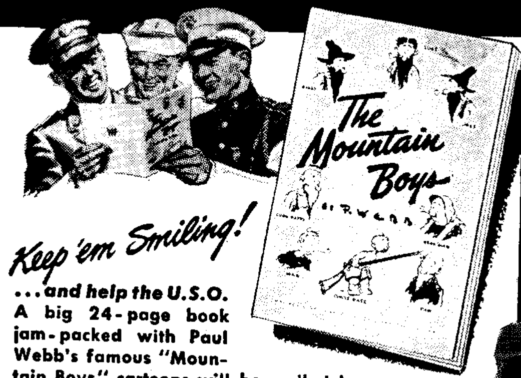

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A big 24-page book jam-packed with Paul Webb's famous "Mountain Boys" cartoons will be mailed by us to any man in the service. Just send name and address with dime or War Savings Stamp which the U.S.O. will get in full. Auto-Lite pays all costs of books, envelope, mailing and postage.

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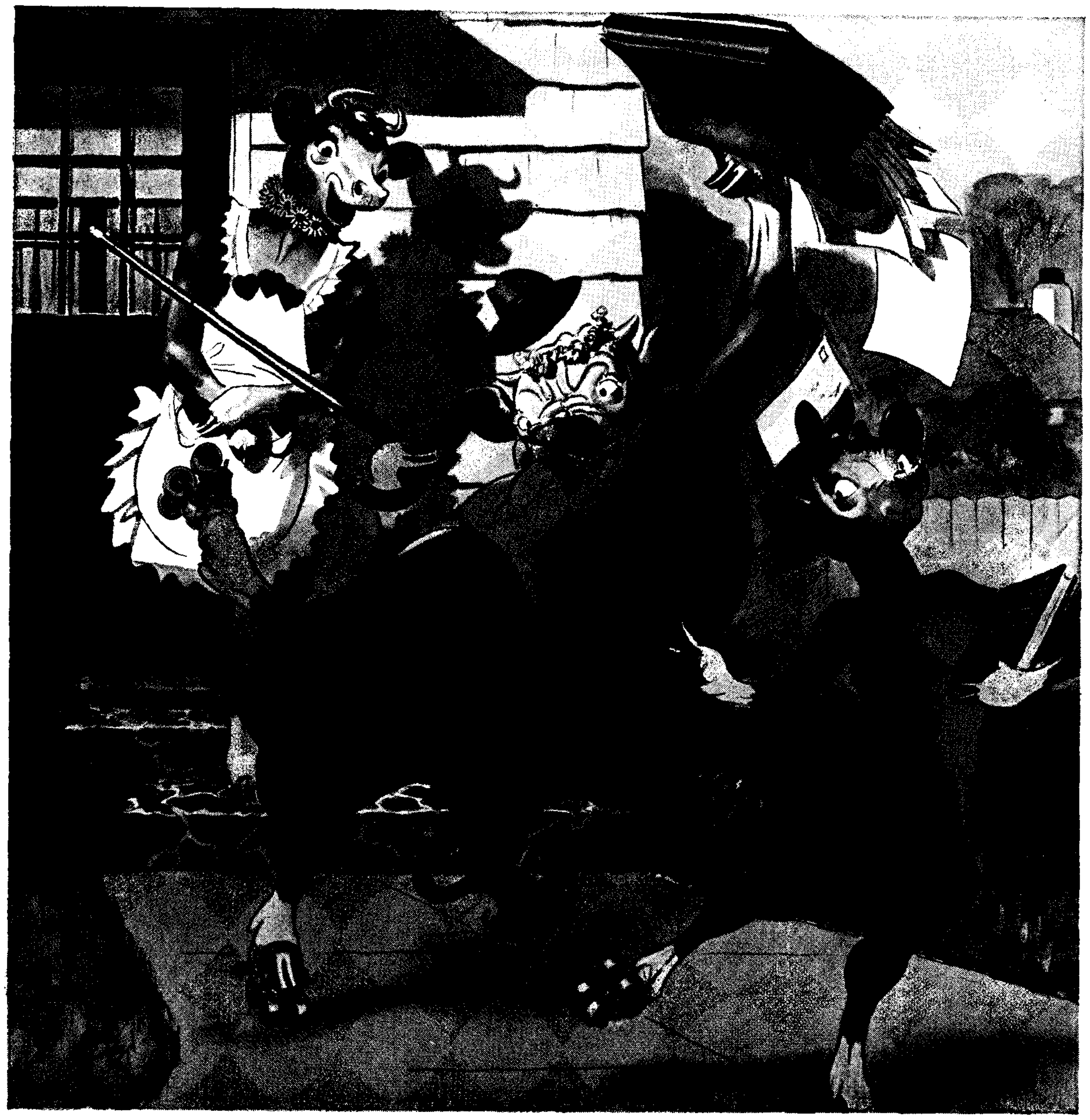


"But think of the rubber you're saving," urged Elsie

"DRAT THE RUBBER I'M SAVING!" bellowed Elmer, the bull. "I've been sabotaged. These infernal skates deliberately tripped me!"

"Nonsense," said Elsie, the Borden Cow. "It was just your own clumsiness. Now stop complaining. In times like these, we must all sacrifice till it hurts."

"It isn't the sacrifice that hurts," moaned Elmer, "it's the sitting down."

"What's wrong with sitting down?" asked Elsie. "People just love to sit down to a glass of my rich, creamy *Borden's Milk.* They show good judgment, too. Milk and milk products rank so high on Uncle Sam's National Nutrition Program that just going around telling people about them makes me feel like Paul Revere."

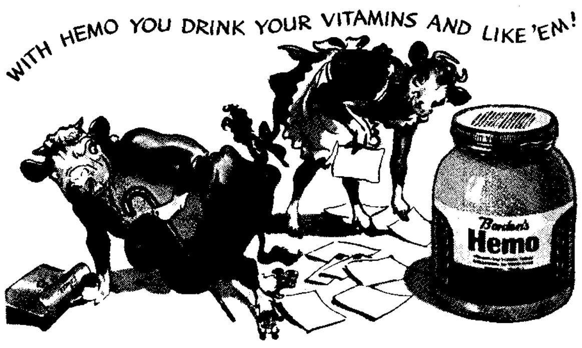
"I wish *I* felt like Paul Revere," grumbled Elmer, feeling his bruises gingerly. "He was lucky . . . he had a horse."

A-A-H—GOLDEN-CRUSTED LIEDERKRANZ CHEESE!
LIEDERKRANZ
SOFT RIPENING CHEESE

"Speaking of horses," beamed Elsie, "cheese lovers everywhere tell me that wild horses couldn't drag them away from Borden's Liederkranz. And I don't wonder. This tawny-crusted, creamy-centered treat is the *one* American-made dessert cheese that's famous the world over. Of course, it's only one of more than 20 *Borden's Fine Cheeses,* but . . ."

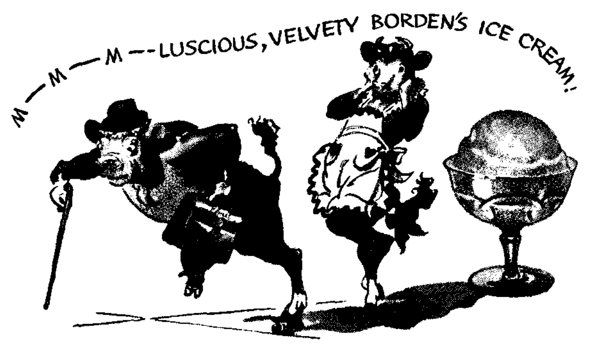
"Woman," snarled Elmer, "if you *ever* stop talking, take a few minutes off and help me pick up these papers!"

"If it's picking up, you want," smiled Elsie, bending over to help Elmer, "most folks say there's no pick-up like a glass of *Borden's Hemo.* It's the new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em, you know. And it tastes like the grandest malted milk, only more so."


WITH HEMO YOU DRINK YOUR VITAMINS AND LIKE 'EM!
Borden's
Hemo

"Very interesting," mumbled Elmer, dusting himself hastily, "but I must be off to the office . . . oof!"

"Oh dear, down you go again," sighed Elsie. "If I fell down on my job as often as you do just getting to yours, my velvety smooth *Borden's Ice Cream* wouldn't be half as luscious to taste, nor nearly as nourishing."


M—M—M—LUSCIOUS, VELVETY BORDEN'S ICE CREAM!

"And that, I suppose," sneered Elmer, "would throw the entire country into a panic, including the Army and Navy."

"Nothing could panic those boys," said Elsie firmly. "But both our fighting forces and our allies do count on me for plenty of *Borden's Evaporated Milk.* It's not only irradiated with Vitamin D, but it makes simply scrumptious creamed soups and mashed potatoes."

BORDEN'S EVAPORATED DOES WONDERS FOR MILK DISHES!
Borden's
IRRADIATED
EVAPORATED MILK

"Don't say *mashed* so casually, ple-a-se," groaned Elmer. "Unfortunately, it reminds me of the way I feel."

"One way to make a man feel just grand," giggled Elsie, "is to serve him a hearty slice of mince pie made with *Borden's None-Such Mince Meat,* the eatingest, spiciest mince meat ever. Won't you agree?"

BORDEN'S NONE SUCH MAKES MINCE PIES MINCIER!
Borden's
NONE SUCH
MINCE MEAT

"Just help me get these blasted skates off my hooves and into the Scrap Drive," yelled Elmer, "and I'll agree to anything."

"Yes," snickered Elsie, "big folks and little folks all agree that . . . *if it's Borden's, it's got to be good!"*

-if it's Borden's it's got to be good

Elsie says: *"To stretch the rubber on your car, stretch your legs . . . don't drive if you can walk."*

© The Borden Company

my letters in the wastebasket unopened. My name is suddenly hay fever. Why?"

Sally walked to the end of the room. She looked out at the ocean, then turned and came back. She sat down on the folded towel on the piano bench and looked up at the tall, sun-browned young man with the aggrieved blue eyes.

"The night I met you," she said, "was at a cocktail party at the Countess di Maille's. Remember?"

"Yes. I saw you across the room and I gave you my assembly-line smile."

"You took me home in a taxi. You were the first man I'd met in New York who didn't, the minute I got into a cab with him, try to give me an osteopathic treatment. It was an amazing experience. You were kind and thoughtful and considerate. I'd been working hard and I was very tired that night. I had never felt so grateful. I liked you immediately."

"Better men than I am," Johnny murmured, "have had both hands paralyzed by love at first sight."

"The more I knew you," Sally went on, "the more I liked and admired you. You weren't Johnny-Quick-on-the-Downbeat then. You were thoughtful and studious and quite serious. It's the way I was brought up, Johnny. That's the type I like. I can't take the quickie type seriously."

"Wait a minute," Johnny broke in.

"You weren't doing so well in New York. You—"

"I went into a horrible slump."

"Yes," she agreed. "We're pretty young. It was probably your first serious slump. All creative people have slumps. Those with real character fight through them and come out on top. They've not only licked the slump but themselves."

JOHNNY was gazing vaguely at her nose. "If—"

"Soon after you came out here," Sally purposefully went on, "these incredible reports began coming east. You had completely changed. You weren't going with your kind of people."

"If you mean Judy Carver—" Johnny began doggedly.

"I don't," Sally lied. She was determined not to let him know how much it had hurt when those rumors linking him and that blond, beautiful, husky-voiced glamor girl had reached her. It wouldn't have hurt quite so much if Judy Carver had been a really nice person, but she wasn't a really nice person. She was tawdry.

"I can explain Judy Carver," Johnny said. "I can explain everything."

"It isn't important. She's only a part of the picture."

Sally hadn't meant to sound bitter. She wasn't jealous of Judy Carver's meteoric rise from a Brooklyn grocery store, or her beautiful friendship with Johnny. She did not consume without salt the witches' brew of the gossip columnists, yet she believed that the existence of smoke usually indicates the presence of fire. Judy Carver was, Sally argued in her realistic way, merely a straw in the ill wind that would soon blow down Johnny's castle of cards.

"What *is* important?" Johnny plaintively asked.

"The way you went quickie!" Sally cried. "The boy who plucks songs out of thin air for anybody at a moment's notice! Writing Love Isn't That Way in a rowdy night club with Judy Carver's lipstick on Buzz Barkley's dress-shirt bosom!"

"It's a good song," Johnny said dully.

"Next you wrote Bright China Skies, likewise on the spur of the moment, for Dorothy Lee Wang on a pari-mutuel ticket at a race track."

"What's wrong with Bright China Skies?" Johnny asked. "The proceeds are buying rice for China, aren't they? It's a hit, isn't it?"

"Then," Sally proceeded, "in Jimmy Quigley's column about a month ago—Here. I saved it." She found the clipping in her desk. She read: "'Johnny Hale has come up with another tuneful flash song. It happened in a Beverly Hills poker game. The stakes were astronomical. Johnny needed $2,500 to call a bet, but he didn't have $2,500. Producer Amos Jacoby offered him $2,500 for an on-the-spot song for his new picture Dancing in the Dawn, and Johnny went into one of his famous fifteen-second trances and came up with I've Got the Symptoms, But Is It Love?'"

"It's a neat little number," Johnny defended himself.

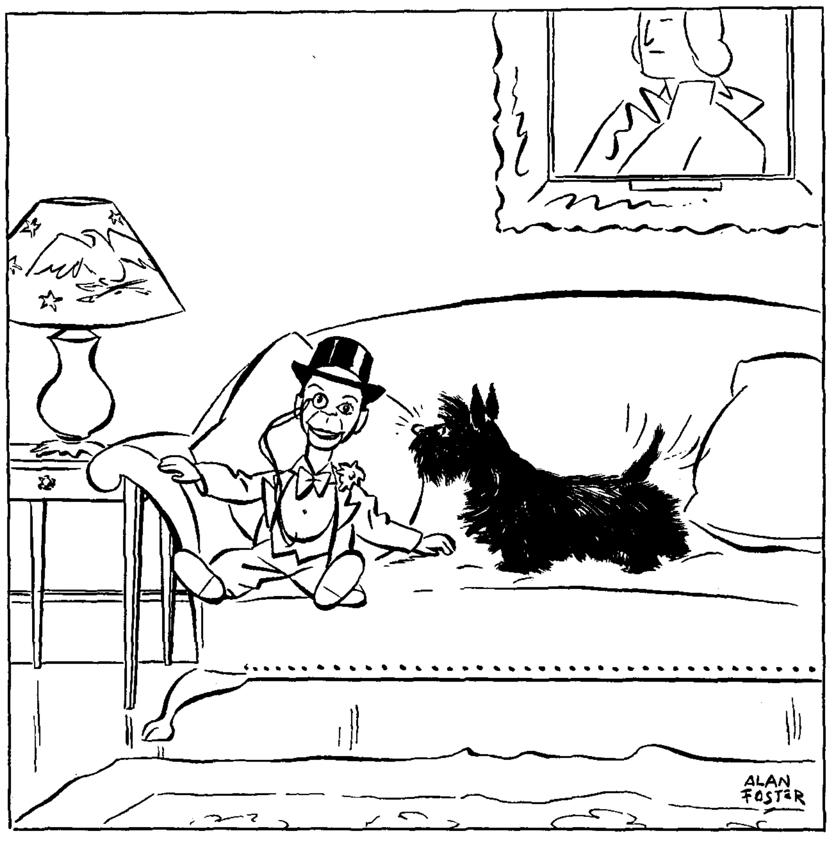
"It's a *quickie,*" Sally said. "And—"

"If a song is good," Johnny broke in, "what difference does it make whether it was ground out in six months or whipped out in six seconds."

Looking at Johnny, so tall and brown and nice-looking, Sally felt herself weakening. Often in the recent past, when he had tried so ingeniously and so relentlessly to see her, she had almost weakened. She would not weaken!

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER



"He's a reticent little fellow when you get him alone"

COLLIER'S

"The six-second song," she answered, "can't help being flashy and cheap."

"There is a word," said Johnny, "called 'faith.' You might look it up in the dictionary."

"There is also," retorted Sally, "a word called 'character.' You'll find it plainly printed on the faces of people who have courage and integrity."

"Oh, nuts," said Johnny, knowing full well that when a man says, "Oh, nuts," in an argument with a woman, reason leaves the room.

"I wish I could make you understand—" Sally began in a whimper.

"I do understand," Johnny said savagely. "Thank you, glamor puss, for both barrels." He strode to the front door. He turned. His white teeth flashed in his most attractive smile. "If you will open all the doors and windows, all memory of me will be quickly removed."

The door closed solidly behind him.

Sally, contending with an impulse to burst into tears, realized she had ruined her last chance to patch things up with Johnny. She wasn't really sorry, she told herself as she walked into a chair that she thought was her bedroom doorway.

IT WASN'T that she had stopped loving him. She would always love him, but she knew what happens to romance when respect flies out the window.

And it wasn't that she wasn't grateful for his generosity in offering to do the songs for her picture. But the picture must be a success and she dared not jeopardize it with those flashy, spur-of-the-moment songs of his.

And it wasn't jealousy. It was simply that his choice of a girl like Judy Carver proved what kind of man he really was.

In a night club a few evenings later she heard Dinah Waverly sing the song she had spurned. A week later you couldn't turn your radio dial through its range without hearing Tomorrow's Laughter a dozen times. It made the hit parade in a month.

"All right, I was wrong," Sally admitted to her most private self. "It's clever and it's awfully catchy." It must have been. Everybody on the street was whistling it. "Johnny was right. I can sing them but I can't pick them. But in the long run, I'll be right."

A few days later at a Santa Monica Beach club she saw him for the first time since their quarrel. She and her producer were having a luncheon conference on the tiled terrace close to the ocean, and she suddenly saw Johnny's handsome curly head and his shoulders, burned by the sun a rich butternut, among the many bathers. She singled him out with the ease of a mother identifying the cry of her child among dozens.

He was frolicking in the water with a girl in a green swim suit. Her slimly sumptuous figure and her incredible daffodil-yellow hair made her easy to recognize.

They were playing with a large blue rubber duck with a red bill. They were laughing uproariously. Watching them play, Sally felt a sharp stab of unhappiness.

Suddenly, Johnny seized the rubber duck and carried it to shore. He borrowed a pencil from a man. When he dropped to the sand, he was less than a dozen feet from Sally.

Judy Carver followed him out of the surf and dropped down beside him. "Well," she said breathlessly, "have you got it?"

"Why," Johnny answered, "does a baby duck walk softly?"

"I don't know," the husky voice of Judy Carver said. "Why?"

"Because it can't walk, hardly." Johnny looked up at the cloudless California sky and began to hum a tune. Some men with cameras were strolling in that direction. "I think," Johnny said, "this may be that gay little swimming-pool number, Judy."

Sally realized that she was witnessing the painless birth of another of Johnny's spur-of-the-moment songs.

As he hummed, he began to write rapidly on the stomach of the rubber duck.

When Sally saw the photographs of Johnny, Judy and the inspirational duck—they appeared next day in all the morning and afternoon papers—she told herself that the entire episode was degrading. She experienced not only a feeling of revulsion but a feeling of desperation. She resolutely denied that it was jealousy.

When Sally heard the song, she did not change her opinion. It was gay and it was facile. It was catchy, as all of Johnny Hale's songs were; but it was, as was the duck episode itself, cheap and tawdry—a shining example of the expediency that would soon ruin Johnny Hale.

IN THE next few weeks Sally was too busy with troubles of her own to give much thought to the tragedy that loomed ahead for Johnny Hale. The studio was having casting trouble, story trouble, director trouble and music trouble with her picture. There were even times when the songs they were giving Sally to sing did not seem right to her; but she was not sure. When the thought occurred to her, she stoutly denied that she wished Johnny Hale were around to pass judgment on these songs, and she frequently assured herself that she did not miss him and was lucky to have got rid of him.

Sally let herself into her apartment one evening, so tired, so battered in spirit, that she could think of nothing but a long warm bubble bath and bed. She was so tired that the very thought of a cocktail was distasteful and the thought of food, abhorrent.

With the door half-opened, she stopped and listened. Someone in her living room was playing a familiar gay little melody on her piano. It was Why Do Baby Ducks Walk Softly? She closed the door and placed her back against it.

The unseen pianist began playing Tomorrow's Laughter. He played one chorus of that, then drifted into Bright China Skies and from that to I've Got the Symptoms.

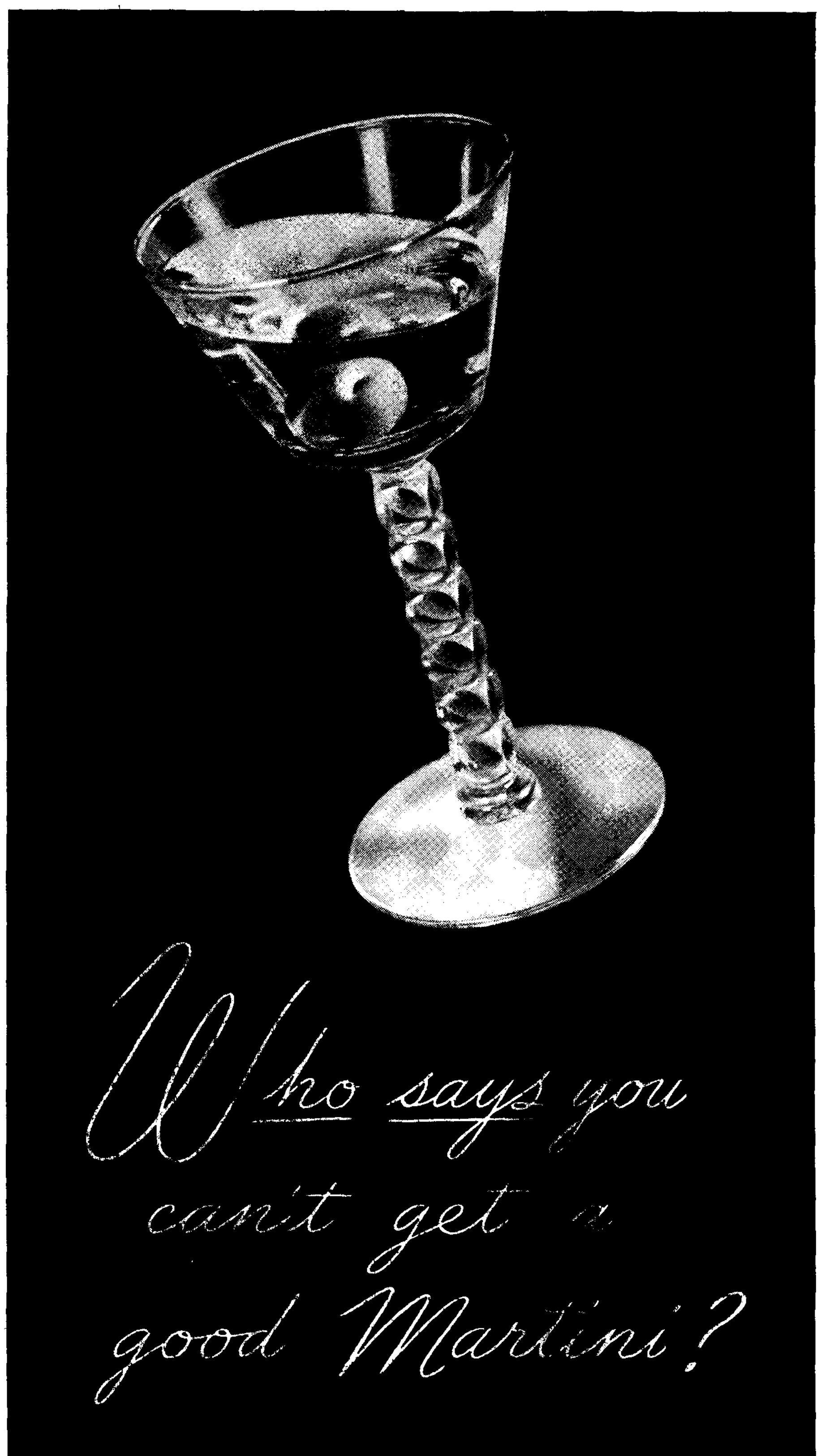
Sally walked into her living room. Johnny Hale, looking very cool and self-possessed and handsome, was seated at her piano.

He saw her and stopped playing. He lifted one hand high over his head and held its palm toward her.

"How!" he said in a deep American Indian voice.

"How," Sally responded in a small, tremulous shriek, "did you get in here?"

"What a silly question," Johnny answered amiably. "I could have bribed



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your maid. I could have climbed the fire escape. I could have picked a lock. The thing is, I'm here."

"The next thing is, you're going!" Sally panted. She was trying to compose herself. She was on the verge of tears, anyway. She had done only a sketchy job of removing her make-up and she looked a wreck. Not that the impression she made on Johnny mattered. It was simply that a woman always likes to look her best when she confronts the man she has jilted.

She was trembling with anger. She wanted desperately to be alone.

"Some people are dropping in in a few minutes," she said coolly. "I have to bathe and dress and—and—"

The affectionate gleam in Johnny's blue eyes made her falter.

"I am awfully busy," she said firmly. "This was a cute stunt, Johnny, but I must ask you to go."

He was watching her attempts at calming herself with sympathetic interest.

"I know what you mean," said Johnny. "'Sighted song writer; sank same.' But I've just heard the music for your picture. To be perfectly frank and dispassionate, it stinks."

SALLY seated herself on the edge of the nearest chair. "So you broke into my apartment like a common burglar—"

"—To come to your rescue."

She clapped her hands. "And write a little number for me on the back of a rubber duck!" she caroled. "What a pity! I gave my entire fleet of rubber ducks to the rubber drive."

"The last song I swam to your rescue with—" he began.

"Ah, yes! You told me I couldn't pick them. Remember? And now it's Number Three on the Hit Parade. Proving that if I don't follow your advice, I'm a Hollywood has-been before I even begin."

Johnny pursed his lips judicially, but he raised only one eyebrow. "Perhaps we shouldn't put it quite so strongly."

Sally jumped up. "Get out of here!" she cried. "I don't want your quickies!"

"That," said Johnny calmly, "comes under the category of sticks and stones. The Navy is allowing me about two weeks to clean up all my unfinished business. Let's finish this now. Let's be honest, Sal. Let's face the facts."

Sally slowly sank down on the edge of the chair. "What facts?"

"That you're going to be the face on the film vault shelf if you don't get one good romantic song to hang that picture on."

"Goody!" Sally cried. "You're going to take it out of a silk hat before my unblinking eyes!"

He gravely shook his head. "I don't seem to be in the mood, Sally. But I'll try."

He swung around to the keyboard. He played some experimental phrases. The notes were like rippling liquid. He tried some chords. He played a few of his favorite whimsical arpeggios.

"This may be it," he said dreamily. "I think—I think the title of it will be Deep In This Lonely Heart."

With her eyes closed, Sally listened. His fingers were finding a melody that was wistful and might readily become haunting. He began to sing:

Deep in this lonely heart a song lies dreaming,
Waiting for the magic of a word—
A word as gentle as the murmur of awakening spring.
It dreams and awaits the little whisper. I have heard
Upon the night mocking laughter. I cannot sing
This love song, my song of life, until your lips,
So cruelly silent, waken it from its dreaming.
Beloved, return soon to my side and whisper the word
That will give to both of us our meaning.

Sally jumped up. "No!" she wailed.

Johnny swung about. He looked shocked. "What's the matter?"

"The same thing!" she said hysterically. "It's just too quick! It's just another song on a rubber duck!"

He got up. "Sally," he said in a shaken voice, "do you really feel that?"

"I don't trust it! You say I can't pick them. Maybe I can't. All I know is that one of these times one of these quickies of yours will be a dud. This may be the one."

"No," said Johnny, "this isn't it. This song has a heart. This is your love song."

Sally was shaking her head. "No! No! It isn't it!" She gulped. "I asked you to stop bothering me. I meant it."

Johnny stared at her as if he were amazed, then he walked rapidly to the doorway. He turned and gave her a long look from blue eyes that had turned black and bleak.

"Good luck, glamor puss," he said.

She heard the door close. She sat down and put her face in her hands. Her face was hot. She was shaking.

She jumped up. She ran to the door and let herself out. She rang for the elevator, then ran to the stairs.

Johnny Hale was climbing into his roadster when she ran into the street.

"Johnny! Wait!" she cried. She ran to the car, opened the door and climbed in beside him.

She panted, "I'm sorry I was so rude. I can't let you go thinking I'm ungrateful and hateful. The whole thing is, I can't help feeling the way I do any more than you can help the way you've changed."

"Is that the whole thing?" Johnny asked quietly.

"But I am grateful!" she said breathlessly. "You were so sweet to go to all this trouble. I realize you're only trying to help me. I—I think it's the nicest song you've ever made up on the spur of the moment."

"Can I drop you off some place?" Johnny asked calmly.

SHE felt weak and sick and thoroughly miserable. She suddenly felt terribly alone and lost.

"Johnny—" she whimpered, and stopped.

Along the quiet, dimly lighted street someone still invisible was walking toward them, whistling. It was a sweet, wistful, eerie melody.

"I've really got to be going," Johnny said. He started the engine.

"Just a moment," Sally said. She was suddenly alert and mystified and very calm. "Turn off that engine."

When he did not obey her, she turned it off herself.

She heard again the wistful melody. It was closer.

"Johnny!" she whispered. "Do you hear that? It's the song you just composed! It is!"

"I've got to be getting along," Johnny said.

Sally could now see the whistler as he came down the sidewalk under the pepper trees. She softly picked up the words.

"'Beloved, return soon to my side and whisper—' Hey!" she called.

He was a tall, thin mulatto boy in an apartment-house uniform.

He hesitated, peered, came over. He

looked in and said, "Oof! Evenin', Mr. Hale."

"Hullo, Harry," Johnny said dully.

"That," said Sally, "was a lovely song you were whistling, Harry. What is it?"

Harry looked frightened. "I—I don't rightly know, ma'am."

"But where did you ever hear it?"

"Mebby you better ask Mr. Hale."

"No. I'm asking you," Sally said. "And Johnny—I'll do the talking."

With one hand, Johnny made a limp gesture equivalent of a shrug.

"Do you work for Mr. Hale?" Sally asked.

"No, ma'am. I just run the elevator in his building."

"And you heard him playing that song?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How long?"

"You mean, how long I been hearing him play it?"

"Yes."

HARRY'S face became thoughtful. "Two months. Yes, ma'am. Anyway two months." The whites of Harry's eyes became prominent. "But it wasn't always like the way I was whistlin' it, ma'am!"

"No?" said Sally.

"Oh, no, ma'am. It's just like the way he does all his songs. It starts off one way, then he changes it and changes it so's you hardly know it, and finally he gets it right."

"That," said Sally, "is terribly interesting, Harry. Give me five dollars," she said to Johnny. He gave her a five-dollar bill. She gave it to Harry. He clutched it and gazed at her dumbly.

"Thank you so much, Harry," Sally said. "It's awfully interesting, the way song writers work, isn't it?"

"Yes, ma'am," Harry agreed in a dazed voice. "It sure is." He resumed his walk under the pepper trees.

"Step up, folks," Sally said softly, "and watch the pretty gentleman go into a trance for fifteen seconds and come up with a lovely song."

"This is where I came in," Johnny muttered.

"How beautifully you did it!" Sally marvelled. "Especially the rubber duck—with all those publicity department photographers so handy!" She was half laughing, half crying. "Darling, you did it beautifully!"

"The pretty gentleman will now roll his hoop," Johnny muttered.

"I can guess all of it! You were deep in that slump and desperate when you came to Hollywood. Isn't it true that you fell into the hands of a smart press agent and did everything he told you to do?"

"Yeah," said Johnny.

"Wasn't his first suggestion that you go home and compose a piece and then create it spontaneously on Buzz Barkley's dress-shirt bosom—using Judy Carver's lipstick?"

"Yes," said Johnny.

"Is your press agent by any chance Judy Carver's press agent, too?"

Johnny hesitated. "Yes," he said.

Sally held her breath a moment. "He arranged that Hollywood romance because she's been slipping! There wasn't ever anything between you—was there?"

"Certainly not," said Johnny. "I kept reminding her that she was dangerous, so it wasn't necessary for her to demonstrate it."

"Why," Sally wailed, "didn't it occur to you to tell me your dreadful secret that day at Malibu when—"

"Occur to me!" Johnny said indignantly. "You wouldn't listen to me! You were too busy giving my character a total blackout!"

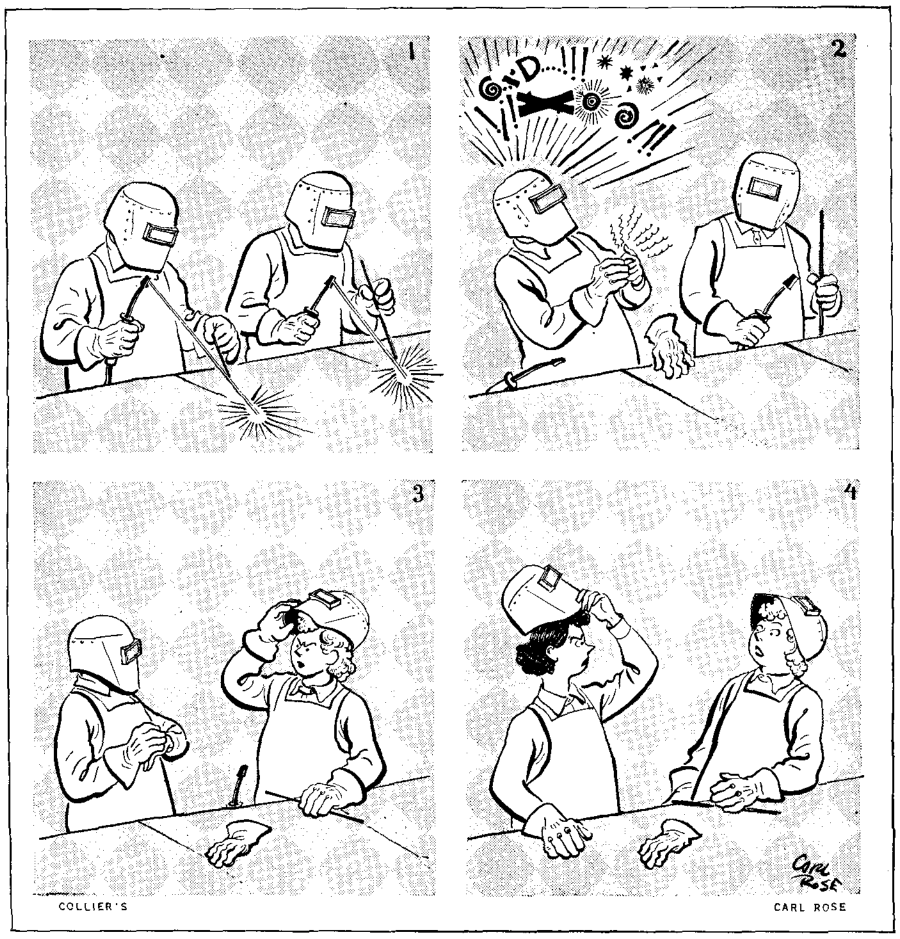
"Johnny!" Sally said. "My poor darling." She put her arms about his neck, pulled down his head and kissed him. "Johnny," she said tremulously, "I'll never doubt you again. Oh, darling, how I've missed you! Will you forgive me?"

"What is there to forgive?" Johnny asked. "I wouldn't have any respect for a girl who had any respect for what I've been these past few months."

Sally sighed with contentment. "I should have known," she said. "A really nice man never changes."

"Give me fifteen seconds," said Johnny, "and I'll have the music, two verses and a chorus to fit that."

THE END



Can your scalp pass the
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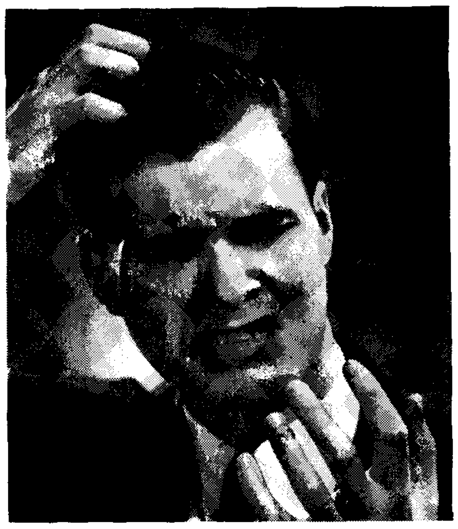

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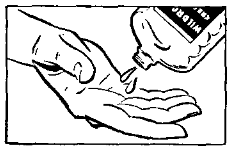

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Are Children Worse in Wartime?

By Ella Winter

Robert Williams, 16, of Chicago, held with 15-year-old Rita Mizgsak for shooting a taxi driver

ACME

Charles Ross Heath, 16, comes before Justice Siegel of Marquette, Mich., for kidnaping two-months-old Gloria Nault, whose body was found in a truck. His mother is standing behind him

ACME

Juvenile delinquency is on a rampage. It is convenient to blame the war but the cause goes much deeper than that. Parents and responsible government agencies please read—and blush

"DID you drink the beer?"

"Naw!"

The little Spanish boy did all the answering; he looked friendly, roguish, warm-eyed—and sharp-witted. You could see he was a city kid.

The two little boys of twelve stood before the judge in Children's Court; behind them were an angry truck driver, a policeman and two weeping mothers. They had been caught on a beer truck, each with a stolen bottle of ale.

"What did you take it for, Sonny?"

"You can turn 'em in for a nickel."

"What would you want a nickel for?" The judge speaks to them in a quiet, confidential voice. "T' buy candy."

The driver was sore. They were the eighteenth and nineteenth bottles he'd lost that day and the company held him responsible for every bottle. When a radio patrolman had come by, he had turned the kids in.

"Ever stolen before?"

The brown-eyed boy winced. His mother was sobbing loudly. It wasn't fair to call that stealing! But the judge is probing, to find out what kind of kids they are.

"Naw!" The judge believes the little, friendly, Spanish boy. He sends the two of them upstairs to wait. They will wait several hours, scared out of their wits. Then they will hear the judge's decision.

For stealing, hundreds of thousands of boys, the country over, are haled before children's courts, psychiatric clinics, juvenile aid bureaus, adult courts. They swipe stuff from hucksters' barrows, trucks, candy stores, warehouses, drugstores, from parked automobiles, shops, the five-and-ten: candy, a sweater, a shirt, chewing gum, penknives. In Hartford, Conn., a war-production center, they have been specializing in stealing nickels from parking meters.

You are sitting behind the kindly voiced judge and asking yourself guiltily: How many boys do you know who've taken things? Nice boys, of good family; perhaps even your own boys—candy, apples, chewing gum, change from your pocketbook. The shopkeeper will call you up (or the teacher will), and ask you to "take care of" it at home. And you do, at home. Never a policeman; never a court.

Five boys were caught stealing autos. I found them at the out-patient department of the mental-hygiene clinic. They had already been arrested and arraigned. They had admitted stealing cars for rides and saw nothing wrong in it. Hadn't the cars been standing at the curb with their keys in them? The fact that they were using another person's property, that they were using gas that wasn't theirs meant nothing to them. They wanted to drive, so they got into the first car they saw, and drove. What else was there for them to do at night anyway?

Again you think of your own boy, who loves driving. What might he not have done had you not given him his opportunity legitimately? But these boys were not as fortunate; they are arrested, fingerprinted, sent to jail. They start on their long downhill career.

Among girls the largest number of delinquencies are sex offenses. There are girls who become pregnant at twelve—girls who accompany a man who offers them candy and friendship. There are little girls who play out on the streets at night, and go along with a truck driver for a nickel or a dime. That is the sum.

Now, since the war, many girls go out with soldiers and sailors, partly for the fun and the proud display of their "feller" in uniform, partly because the servicemen are lonely in a big, strange town and the kids feel they are doing something patriotic. They want to give something, so they give themselves. They're called "Victory Girls." Many are between twelve and fifteen; most have no idea of the consequences. Venereal diseases have risen alarmingly. Some girls, of course, have no objection to the money in it. One child of sixteen came to Juvenile Court with thirty offenses in one night to her credit, at $1.00 each. I asked if they ever went after the man.

"We can't do much about them," the judge said. "The men all give the girls the same name—Tex—or Boston."

War Increases Juvenile Delinquency

Juvenile delinquency had been on the downgrade before the war. In New York City there had been 56% less court intake of allegedly delinquent white children between 7 and 15 per 1,000 population; 10% less Negro children. With the outbreak of war, it rose immediately. In the first six months of 1942 there was an increase of 14%, in New York City, in the number brought to court; the most spectacular rise was in youngsters between 10 and 13. In girls of 13-15, the rise was 33½%. In Detroit, girl delinquency is up 43%; in the Niagara Falls area, a new war-production center, it has jumped 58%. Hartford, Conn., another large and quickly expanded defense center, has doubled its number of truants and more than doubled its number of missing young people in 6 months. In Los Angeles, arrests of youngsters rose 35% in the first three months after Pearl Harbor.

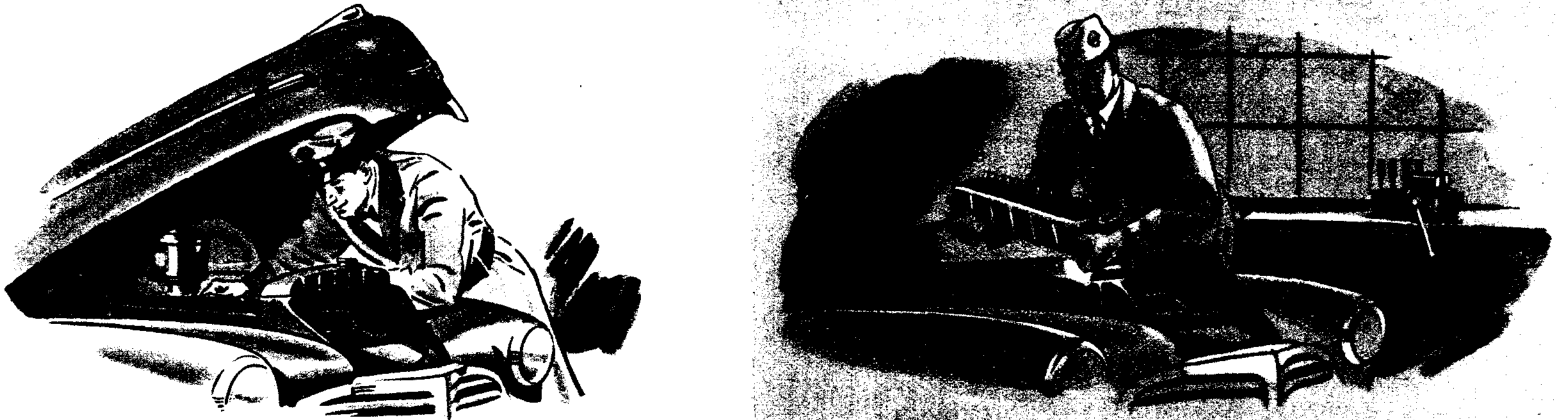
Actual commitments of delinquent children to institutions in New York City—and they are a small fraction of the cases brought into court—increased 20% in the first six months of 1942 compared to the same period in 1941; what is more striking, the rise in April, May and June, 1942, compared to January, February and March, of the same year, was 18.6%. The problem is thus intensifying rapidly. J. Edgar Hoover, head of the F.B.I., who must judge from the most flagrant cases only, says all juvenile delinquency has increased at least 20% the country over, that it is "mounting rapidly," and "unless something is done," we "can expect another era of lawlessness such as swept the country after the last war."

Does this mean our children have all suddenly grown worse?

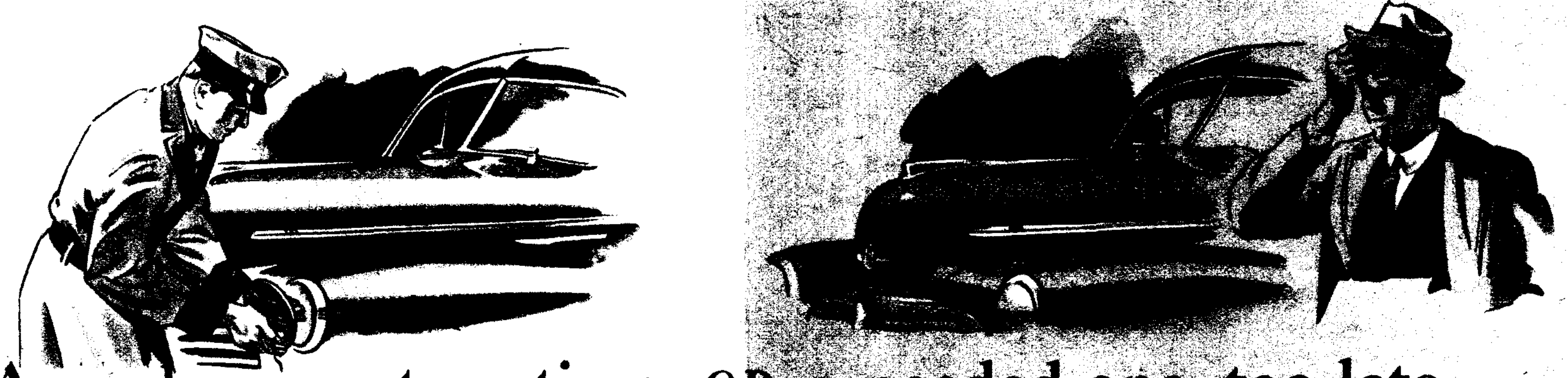
In Los Angeles, a Mexican boy was shot and killed. Police investigated and came upon a huge, organized gang of boys and girls involved in every kind of crime—holdups, robberies, shootings, murder, attempted kidnaping. None could join the gang who hadn't committed robbery or seduced a girl. All smoked marijuana. By August last, 400 boys were in custody, twenty-eight were indicted for murder, and their "girl friends" were held as accomplices.

In Detroit, a juvenile mob of over 100 boys and girls invaded night clubs, theater lobbies, movies, bars;

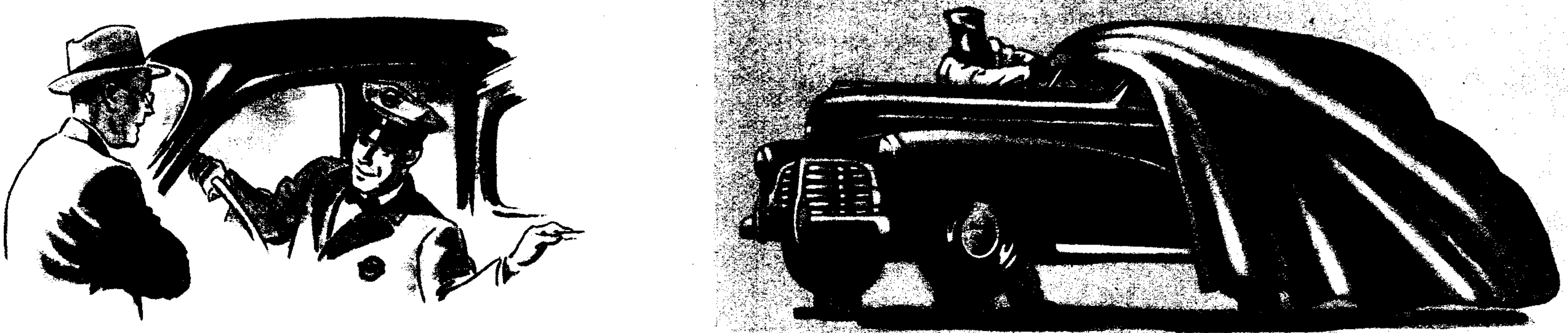
Choose



A minor adjustment now *OR* a major repair later



A replacement on time *OR* a needed one, too late



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smashed windows and furniture, tore down displays, threw stones and terrorized patrons and passers-by.

In New York City schools, the subject has become a grotesque nightmare. Two Brooklyn boys of 16 and 19 shot and killed their mathematics teacher. The papers were full of their brazenness, their zoot suits, their cold-blooded unconcern for any human values. The boys had objected to being reprimanded by the teacher. They are in Sing Sing for fifty years. A "reign of terror" has actually grown up in the city schools. Teachers are beaten by their students; students are beaten by their teachers. The teachers, through their guild, have appealed to the city police to protect them from bodily harm.

Some people blame Negro children; others blame foreign races. Most recent investigators say the picture includes all races, all religions, colors and creeds, and is worse only in the most overcrowded districts and in the underprivileged areas.

Broken Homes Break Lives

Overcrowding of understaffed schools is blamed, where attendance in classes has risen to sixty pupils. Trailer towns in the new production centers have no room or facilities for the children to entertain their friends. The kids meet in taverns, at rinks, in roadhouses and stay out till 3 and 4 A. M. Mothers tired from a day in the factory don't even want them around—in the one crowded room.

It may seem a new problem.

"Tension—due to the war," is the main diagnosis. Police say: "Wartime tends to create a lawless spirit." Social workers say: "Fear of bombings, blackouts and air-raid drills are too strong an emotional stimulus for children." Boys have grown more restless; it is hard to put in those two years between 16 and 18 when they will go in the Army, hard under such conditions to keep the mind on steady, settled work. Youngsters are earning relatively high wages due to defense work and shortage of adults in civilian occupations. They grow cocky. Fathers are in the Army, mothers in the factories; families are split up; the home is no longer a home. Discipline has weakened, supervision of children has dwindled. There are too few social workers, too few supervisors, too few probation officers, teachers or welfare workers.

But is it a new problem?

True, there are new conflicts and new anxieties. True, violence and aggressiveness, normally frowned on and discouraged in the young, have become heroic virtues. Flash Gordon and Superman are childhood idols. The Russian girl sniper who killed 309 Germans is a heroine. Standards are topsy-turvy.

Didn't a lot of it happen before? Hasn't what is taking place now to the accompaniment of such a chorus of amazement and outrage been occurring for a long time? Before the zoot-suited slayers, wasn't there the bobbed-haired bandit? Before the Mexican gang, wasn't there Al Capone and his racketeers? Before the SS, didn't the Black Legion terrorize Detroit? There are some new causes; pressures are heightened. But let us face it: the seed fell on fertile ground.

Juvenile delinquency, as a social and legal phenomenon, hasn't had a long history. American law and treatment based themselves on English experience. In England, children were subject to Poor Law tradition; and English Poor Law practice is something difficult to read about even in these days of mass savagery. The kids were treated as "miniature adults," segregated, humiliated, degraded, put to work at hard labor.

A hundred years later, in a new, rich country, young delinquents are still herded with adult criminals in state prisons; in reformatories, boys are thrown together, the normal and healthy with the sick, the feeble-minded, the defective, the psychopathic. It has become a truism that if a child is sent to a reformatory he is inevitably started on a life of crime.

At Whittier, one of California's two industrial schools, two boys committed suicide by hanging themselves with their leather belts. In the ensuing outcry it was discovered that the most brutal regime held sway, with guards beating and torturing the boys. There was no segregation between the abnormal and the normal, and California is not the only guilty state, either.

That's the picture—in outline. What to do? Not tomorrow, or when it gets worse, or after the war is over. Now. In all the honest investigations and all the same reports, the same causes for child delinquency are always found: poverty, neglect, lack of community facilities, lack of provision for children's energy and activity, no thought for outlets for their

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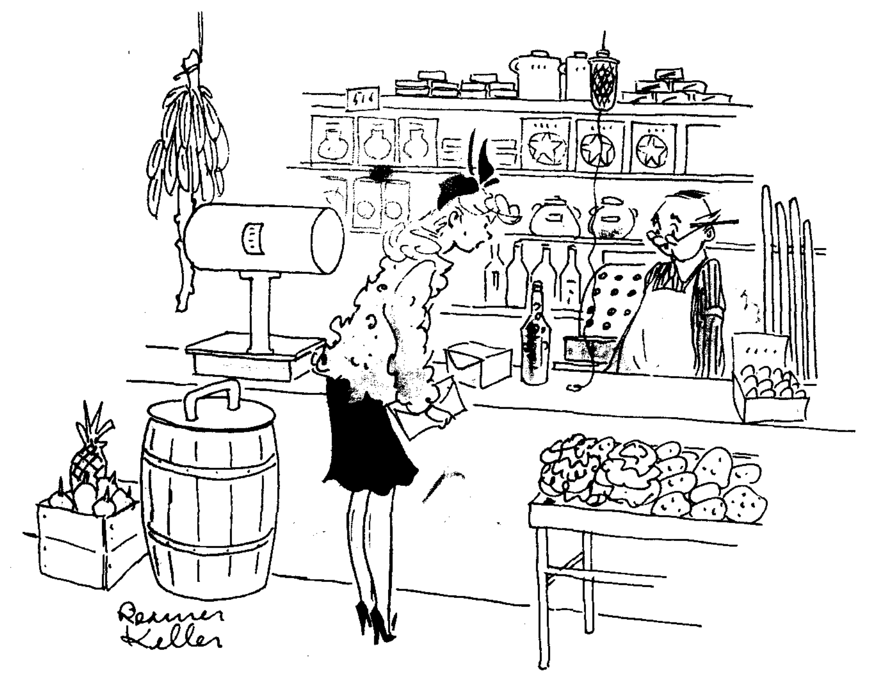
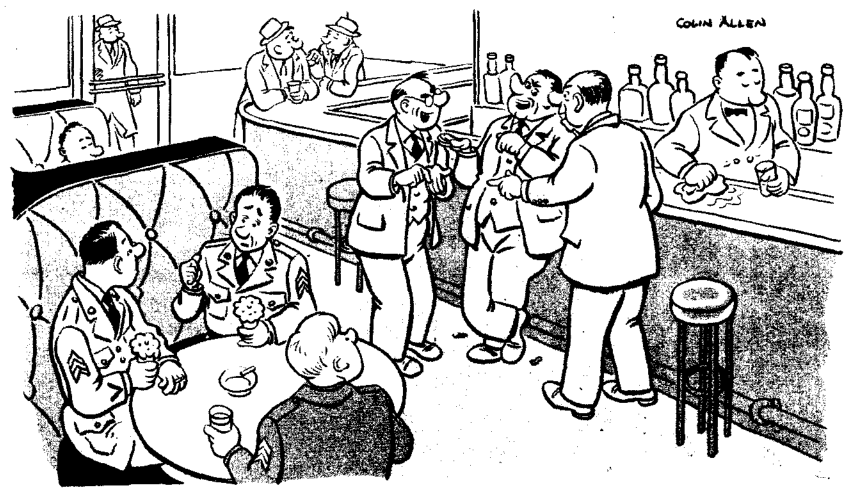


COLLIER'S "I'm mad at you, Mr. Schmidt—you still have plenty of everything I hoarded last summer!" REAMER KELLER



"What I can't understand is: how come we talk so little about what we're doing, and those guys talk so much about what they did"

COLLIER'S COLIN ALLEN

imagination, for their need of attention, understanding, friendship.

The individual and the community have both failed the child. Astonishing facts and figures greet the inquirer. There is full agreement on the housing shortage, on the difficulty of life in the new trailer or prefabricated towns. Yet in this situation the city administration of New York cut park appropriations nearly $2,000,000, closed schools, boys' clubs, health and recreation centers, swimming pools and summer playgrounds; sliced $900,000 from the education appropriation (and the state sliced another $2,000,000). Over a thousand jobs in the Welfare Department have been eliminated or left unfilled. The best agency dealing with delinquents, the Juvenile Aid Bureau, has been closed.

England learned a costly lesson from this war. In its first year, 1939, England sharply cut welfare services and social agencies, as well as schools. Almost immediately juvenile delinquency rose by a third, in the first four months of war; by 62% in the second as compared with 1938. Children and adults became infected with diseases to an alarming extent.

Action on the Home Front

But seeing all this, England corrected her mistakes. Closed schools were reopened, health and recreational services were not only put back but extended, skilled workers were called back to welfare work. Evacuated children were housed in children's shelters or in foster homes, their loneliness, anxiety and tension dealt with—a little. Hundreds of new nursery schools were opened. It was impressed on everyone that care for children in wartime was front-line service on the home front.

Or take another country. In Russia, when war and invasion broke up thousands of homes, all kinds of institutions, trade unions, state farms and factories set up new kindergartens and nurseries, homes and shelters and orphanages. The slogan raised was: "No orphans in the U.S.S.R." Foster parents offered their homes, their care and their love. And all this in a relatively poor country whose land is invaded and where fifty million people have been moved from their homes. The community in Russia does more, wherever feasible. In new factory towns, or old villages, in besieged cities, in guerrilla-administered districts, on the farms, there are theaters for children, circuses, puppet shows, museums, concerts, exhibitions, clubs, playgrounds, "parks of culture and rest." The children themselves, the country over, have organized in "gangs," but the gangs have as their objective the helping of Red Army families, salvaging scrap, gathering the harvest, dragging wood to where it is needed, in factory or home. They use up all the surplus energy of the children.

No child lives in a vacuum. Children will take out in concrete behavior against other human beings hurt that has been done to them. When they are "bad," the temptation for adults is to bear down on them, exercise authority, punish, repress. Almost half of America's twelve-year-olds still get whipped or spanked at home; three quarters get slapped; a third have said they are afraid of their parents. This is how they put it: "When I get whipped or slapped I get mad and want to do something else bad. It makes me do worse things than I did before." Mothers drag their own children to juvenile court and ask the judge to "put the fear of God into them." Fathers insist on their rights, in complete disregard of the child's welfare; parents can be cold, selfish, jealous, unseeing or simply uninterested. A child is quick to know when it is not wanted.

Dr. Miriam Van Waters, an experienced and far-seeing Children's Court judge from Los Angeles, has listed nineteen ways of being a bad parent. Her opinion is that juvenile delinquency could more properly be called parental delinquency. Modern psychiatry has added to our knowledge of the endless ways in which unhappy or harassed parents take their tensions and anxieties out on their children. The child may break the china, torture the cat, stay out all night, and the reason is to be sought in what is happening to the parents' lives.

But in addition to the conditions or treatment that leads the child in juvenile court to say, "I would rather die than go home," there is a vast new social problem we have hardly faced. The family is changing, the role of the modern state is being transformed. Philosophies, relationships, spiritual values, our fundamental ethics are shifting so rapidly that it is difficult for the most enlightened parents to know where they stand or where their children stand. The family is weakening, as former President Herbert Hoover's Report on Social Trends pointed out. The community has not caught up. Juvenile delinquency is one result of these changes.

The answer must not be more repression. No child is a born criminal. No child is an "icy-hearted killer." Every child needs someone to go to, in or out of trouble. We have got to be honest with ourselves before we can help a child.

Juvenile delinquency does not have to be the nation's growing Number One problem.

THE END

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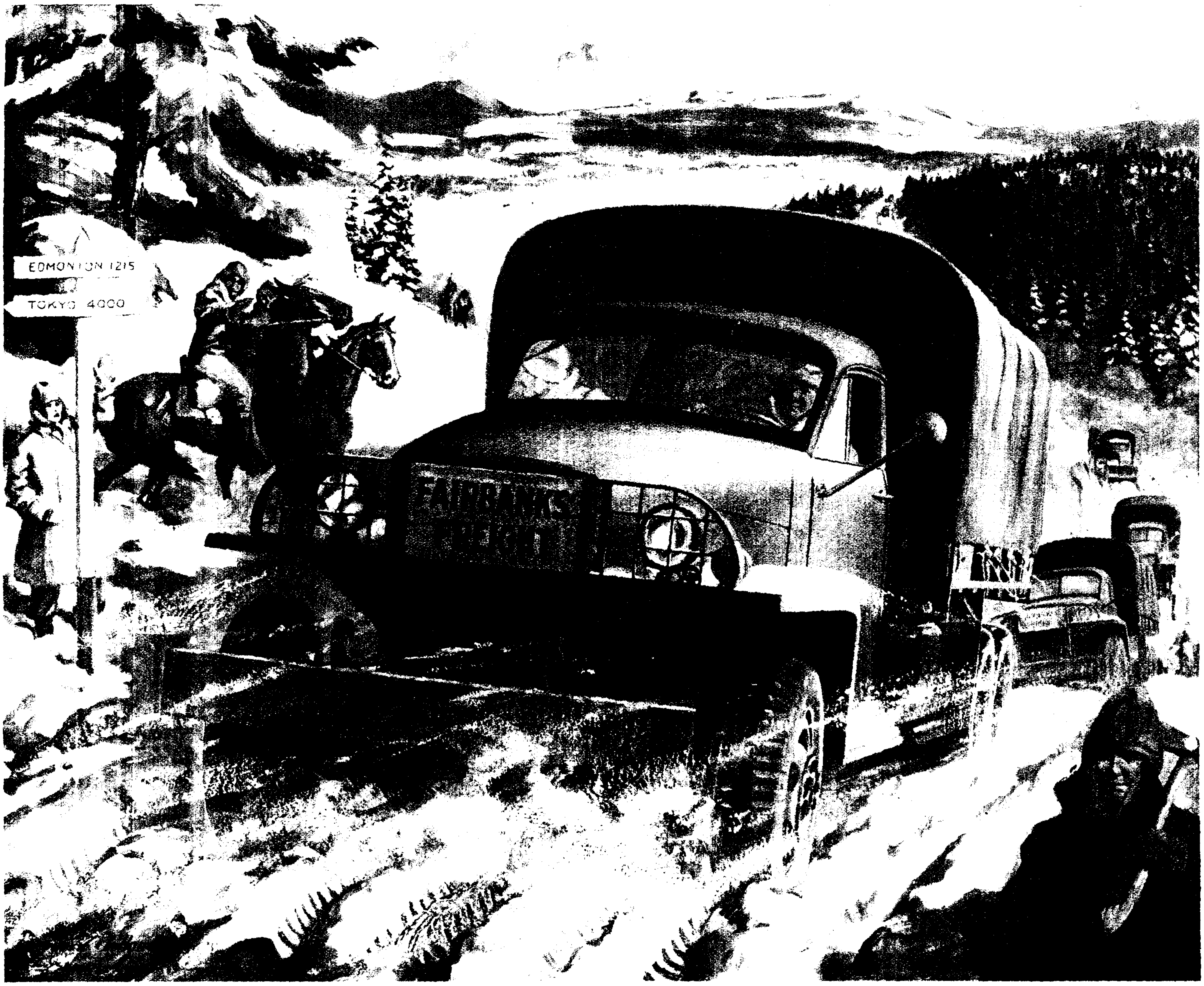

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BONDS

Journey to the Sea

By Harry Sylvester

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

Some things, when refused, can never be had again. A woman's heart is not necessarily one of these things

HE SAID goodby to Twining and Varsadi—no longer even annoyed with the former—when he left the Sick Officers' Quarters of the Base Hospital that last morning and went to the office where he signed papers he never read, and to the paymaster's, where they gave him money he never counted—a large, folding wad of it—and he was free. The orders said he was to travel out of uniform, but as he was leaving the reservation, the Marine at the gate recognized him in the civilian clothes and saluted; so that, nodding in return, with a diffidence that came on him as suddenly as passion might, Camoens felt better because of the salute.

He took a cab to the station and picked up his reservation. After checking his bags he went to a bar for the first drink in months. Standing there, the rye whisky and water in his hand, he seemed to have lost his taste for it, but he could feel it working in him, so that he drank it all, feeling it let loose the things he had not been going to think of now that he was going to sea again.

Most of all he thought of The Patriots. He had christened them that himself, although other men had other names for them, and they existed in the secret world of his mind forever as they had once existed in fact, each one young and terrible, coming unwillingly to the hospital and fiercely to the door of the S.O.Q., where the others stared at him curiously or indifferently.

Camoens supposed that he had once been a Patriot himself, and part of him was proud that now he was something harder and less self-deceiving, something without a name, perhaps, but of value for the time they lived in. He thought of Twining, short, hard and barrel-chested, coming that first time to the door of the S.O.Q., fierce as only short men can be fierce. Twining had never been to sea. They had taken him out of training school with some kind of rash and sent him to the base hospital, where, for the first forty-eight hours, he had told the others what the United Nations were fighting for.

No one had said or done anything, except to look at Twining tolerantly. They knew that the casual talk that came out nights after the lights were out in the ward would silence Twining as it had the others before him. Camoens remembered now the nurse coming in with the final medicines for the day, and Garber on his cot making his usual pass, trying to put his arm around the nurse, and the nurse finally saying what the others had begun to know, with pity and amusement, was true about Garber. She said, "You're not kidding anyone, Garber. You've been too sick to be really tough. It's become a convention with you."

And all of them laughing, even Garber, but not Twining. Twining saying, just before the lights went out, "You guys are certainly worried about the war," and no one making a direct reply, but in the darkness someone asking the Scotsman from the Royal Navy what it was like when the planes came down shooting at your ship. And the little man, getting over pneumonia brought on *by hours in the water, saying in a heavy* burr, "It's no so bad after the fir-rst time. The fir-rst time, you want to jump overboard, whut wi' the noise of the plane and it cooming doon. But then you notice the machine guns are missing you by plenty—oh, say ten or twelve feet. It's no so bad."

Camoens supposed now that if Twining hadn't been so young he would have known enough to shut up, but he had said, "Darned if we're afraid, Scotty."

And the silence, with someone finally saying, someone never identified, "When was your last sea duty, Twining?"

And again the silence, which they mercifully didn't let be too long, before someone said to Varsadi, "What was it like there, Joe, off the Russian coast in the small boats?"

"Oh," Varsadi said, "I guess it was the cold mostly. We figured to make it to the coast if it didn't get too cold. We did, and all most of us got out of it was the bad feet. I guess it was really worse when we were in Archangel. We were out of uniform and standing in line for food every day for weeks, and one day we heard of the British and American sailors fighting, and we went over to see what we could do, but we couldn't do much because we were out of uniform. And some Russian said, 'We fight the Germans—and the English and Americans fight each other.' "

So Twining had finally kept quiet and they knew he had learned, too; the thing they all learned, after the enthusiasm of ignorance and inexperience had left them: that it was a hard job, to be done coldly and with what he supposed the intellectuals would call objectivity.

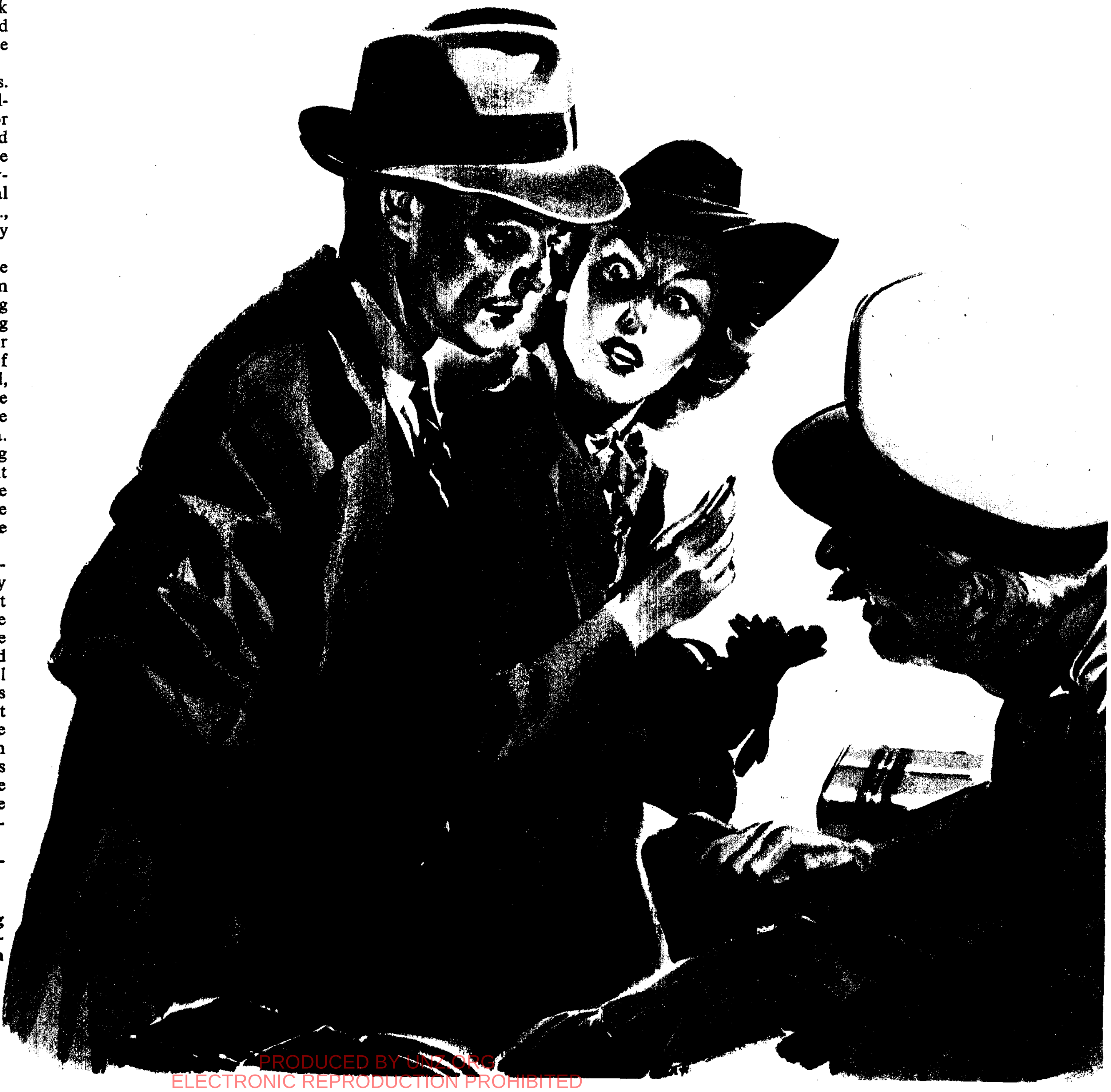
IT SEEMED to Camoens now that his own experience had not been bad: Circling a small coastwise convoy and dropping depth charges rhythmically and seeing the oil rise, but the exultation brief as the torpedo (that none of them saw and a few of them never felt) hit. What had been bad was getting through the surf off the North Carolina reefs; but the Coast Guard had come out into the surf and led them through.

He finished his drink and went outside. Walking through the dusk of the city, he was glad to be on the way again. He had no time to see his parents, and the mine sweeper he was going on was no safer than most mine sweepers. But neither bothered him. He was preoccupied with a nostalgia for the girls he had known. Only a little later—two or three days—the nostalgia would be something else, he knew. Now, it was vague and even impersonal and he could be glad—with the same objectivity they all acquired, willy-nilly—that it was impersonal. No one to worry over, whether for her own concern or her infidelity.

He ate in a quiet restaurant near the station, smiling inwardly and ironically as he waited for the young women to look at him; and when they passed, unheeding, he glanced at a mirror and saw he was not in uniform. Once it hadn't mattered to them whether he had been in uniform or not, and he wondered if it were the hospital pallor but knew it was not that. He smiled again, thinking that the best of the things the war had brought to him was the capacity to quickly, almost automatically, disillusion himself.

On the train, the berths were made up and he saw none of the people he was to travel with. He sat on the edge of his berth, more tired than he had thought to be. The train was moving slowly when she came into the aisle between the berths, a tall girl who moved with grace. Her head was over Camoens as she passed and he knew she had not seen him. The scent she used seemed to linger with him longer than it should have. Something to go to sleep on, he thought, with the new and almost continual irony.

But he was more tired than he knew and was grateful for it. In the morning he was the last one up in the car and, when he was dressed, saw that the girl was talking to a second lieutenant. There



The customs inspector closed the bag and grinned, calling him Captain. Camoens could feel the girl staring at him

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you are, George, he told himself, that's what you get for being out of uniform.

From where he sat he could see them talking, the man uncertain, the girl bright and assured, but hanging on the man's words. Camoens stared at her and she grew annoyed. When the two walked past him on the way to lunch, he saw that the girl was slightly taller than the lieutenant. A little later, at Indianapolis, Camoens was amused to see the lieutenant dash back into the car to pick up his cap and luggage and get off. You will talk to pretty girls, Camoens thought. You should develop the ascetic principle: The less you want or have, the less you can be hurt or disturbed. So should we all, he thought, all develop it.

The girl returned to the car and became severely engrossed in her knitting. The light leveled over the Illinois plains and farms, and George Camoens, more uncertain than he had been in years, made the first, desperate attempt of that day toward serenity. He asked the girl if she would like to read one of his books or the paper. No, she told him, she would not. She looked severely at his civilian suit. One of The Patriots, he thought, and turned away.

IN ST. LOUIS he wandered aimlessly around the station, waiting for the train south. The Navy grapevine at the hospital had it that his new ship was going to be in the middle of things. It probably wasn't true, he considered; the grapevine was frequently wrong. But this time he would be just as pleased if it were right. He wondered what the girl was like. Even discounting his stay in the hospital, she seemed pretty special. He supposed he had been too resigned, had let her get away too easily. He should have turned on the charm, like water in a tap. His own thoughts annoyed him and he told himself that a sinking and less than three days in an open boat should not have affected him so. He was seeing things, too, for as he walked toward the train, he saw her again. There was only one porter in sight and Camoens gave the man his bags before the porter could reach the girl. He went toward her.

"Those are kind of heavy, aren't they?" he said.

"Oh, I can manage, thank you." But she let him take the bags.

"You're on the Mexico train, too?" he said.

"Yes."

"It's a long ride," he said, aimlessly.

"I've never seen the country," she said. "I thought it would be better to ride than fly this time."

"I wanted to come down leisurely, too," he said.

"For your health, I suppose?" It was only a moment later that he realized she had given the words a double meaning. He looked at her, erasing carefully even the weariness from his face, and said, gravely, "That's right."

There was only one Pullman for Mexico. The girl knitted while Camoens sat next to her and talked, her answers in studied monosyllables. It had become quickly dark outside and they could no longer see the land. It swept by them in a long, unending shadow and Camoens stared at it across the girl, seeing in it some sort of vague symbolism. Against its dark, swiftly moving shape, he saw the girl as if for the first time, the profile white and clear. He caught himself and thought of the charm, which someone had said he could turn on and off like water in a tap. He said, "The darkness is a very effective background for your face."

"In New England, on the shore lines, I wouldn't have it, because we pull down all the shades on the seaward side of the trains when it grows dark."

"Oh, to be in New England, now that November's there," he parodied. The charm wasn't working very well, he considered. The girl continued to knit. A Patriot, he thought. The dull blond hair curled once where it touched her shoulders. She could get away with it, too, he decided. The train whistle blew in the night and he said, "That sound is supposed to be a lonely one, but no one seems to know why."

"I've never thought much about it," she said.

"You are difficult," he told her, half to himself, then added, in the same half-pensive tone, "Certain sounds or sights or odors remind us of unrelated things for no apparent reason." He went on, half-weary, more sincere than he knew, "Your face against the land rushing by made me think of women that lived a long time ago, whose beauty became legends."

Her gasp was almost imperceptible, but her face had only the appearance of humor as she said, "Do you tell that to all your stray female acquaintances?"

"I don't know," he said, now not looking at her. "I really don't. I don't think so. It's been a long time—" The self-pity he hated rose in him and he almost told her who and what he was. Such as it is, he thought, and shook the temptation away. He said, "Dinner. I mean, would you like to? Camoens is my name. George Camoens."

She looked at him. "Another gag, too?"

"No," he said. "Sorry, though. Had a Spanish grandfather. No relation to anyone famous of the name. Maybe just a drink?"

"I'm not drinking," she said.

"You Patriots," he almost said, but didn't.

"But I'll have dinner with you if I can pay my own check."

"As you wish," he said. "Any concession for the pleasure of your company."

Rising, he swayed, walking with the motion of the train, and the illusion of drunkenness was strong in him. He supposed the crusher would be when they opened the bags at the customs. How modest he would seem or something.

HER name was Elaine Hammel, she told him, when they were in the diner. She said that the weather had been very bad in Connecticut. He was not surprised, he told her gravely, wondering why good-looking girls could not also be intelligent ones.

"I suppose you're going to Mexico on business?" she said.

"I suppose it could be called that," he said. "And you are on vacation, of course?"

"Not entirely," she said. "I have a brother in the Navy, and I'm going to see him at one of the West Coast ports before he sails."

Camoens looked over her head. "Mazatlán?" he said.

"How did you know?"

"Guaymas is pretty far north and not handy. It's either Mazatlán or Acapulco. You'll fly from Monterrey west."

"No," she said. "I couldn't get plane reservations. I have to go down to Querétaro and then up the West Coast."

"That's right," he said. "Those little planes west from Monterrey can only carry a few passengers."

She said, "You must be married or you'd be in the service."

"No," he said. It was not often, he considered, that a Patriot was delivered into his hands. *If, by chance, he and her brother should be on the same danger-*

ous boat and if she could be made to like him. He said, "I'm amazed you aren't married yourself. What with your brother in the Navy. What's his rank?"

"He's an ensign, just out of college last spring."

He wanted to ask her if the brother was sailing on the Sheldrake, too, but made himself wait. The timing must be perfect. "But that doesn't explain your not being married," he said, gently.

"Oh, that will come in time," she said, not displeased.

"Meantime," he said, "there are any number of second lieutenants!"

The words and their nuances were exact, he told himself with something like pride. They gave her the chance to refuse to be needled and also complimented her, a kind of double flattery. "And why not?" she said, smiling, but not looking at him.

"Exactly," he said. "Why not. 'Who has beheld fair Venus in her pride . . .' "

"Oh, do finish it," she said.

"No—I don't know you well enough and you mightn't like it. Next time you get hold of a volume of George Peele, you can look it up." He moved his chair back slightly from the table. "Shall we join the ladies?" he said.

"Ah," she said, "a card."

"I hope not." He knew now what she liked and what she disliked.

BACK in the Pullman they did not talk long. The tiredness behind the eyes that came frequently since he had left the hospital was there sharply tonight and he thought: I must be hollow-eyed enough to look like a hero. His berth was one of the first made up. She said, as he left her, "You can tell me about Mexico tomorrow. I've never been there."

"A pleasure," he said. It was a good omen and he supposed he should feel pleasure, a sense of triumph, but he was too tired. He slept heavily, waking into the half-light of the berth. He pulled the shade open a little and the Texas sun blinded him.

Everyone else in the car was up before him, the girl at her knitting again. He saw her face, intent, the head bent, as he walked toward the diner and before she saw him. He felt a kind of sorrow for her, nameless, which he did not allow to remain long. "I suppose you've had breakfast," he said.

"A long time ago." Her face was quite bright as she looked up at him, longer than courtesy required, he noted. He said, "I'll be right back."

It was almost noon when he returned and sat by her side.

"What's Querétaro like?" she said. "I'll have to wait there for a train."

"It's a quiet city," Camoens said. "Very Mexican, like Guadalajara and all Mexican cities except Mexico City itself, which is like Paris or Brooklyn or Boston."

"You mustn't have seen much of Paris," she said.

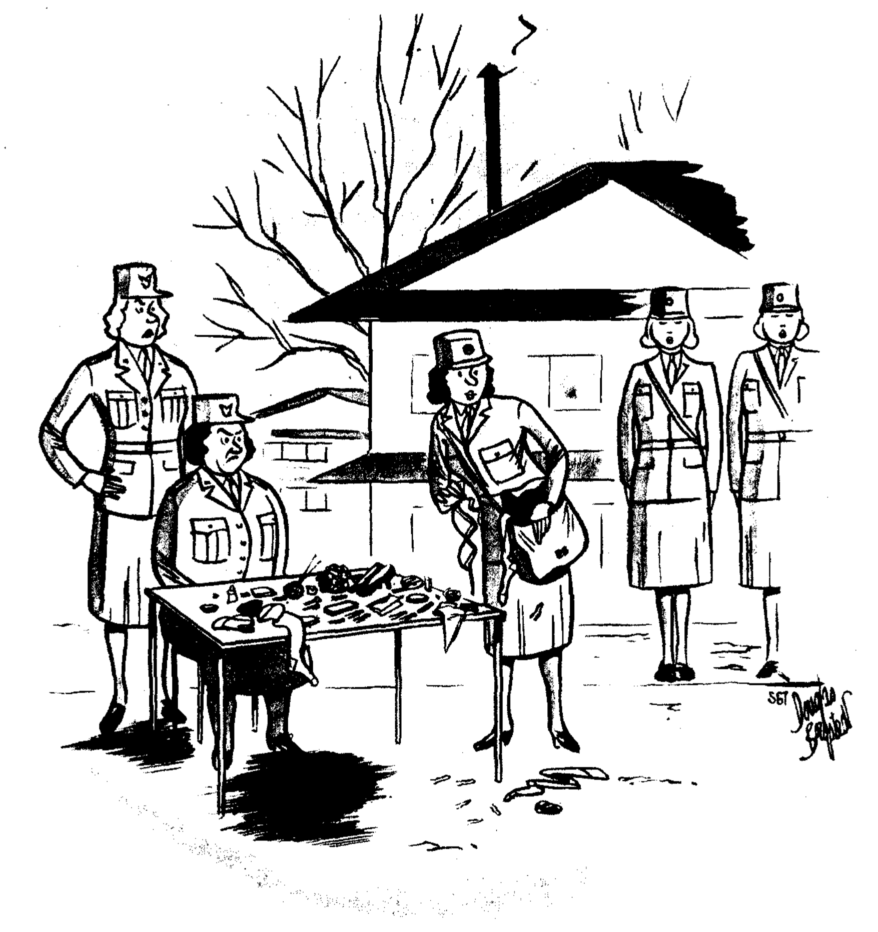
"No," he said. "I was a kid, then, a long time ago."

"And what else about Qurétaro?"

"Oh, Maximilian was shot there, with a general on each side of him . . . It's a good town to walk in. The buildings are very old and you get a strong sense of antiquity there . . . I wish I could walk in it with you."

"I wish you could, too," she said. He looked quickly at her, seeing now the attention too close to the knitting, the head turned too definitely away. The charm, he thought, like water in a tap, but felt uneasy and without pride. He did not press her, as much because of his own inner embarrassment as from a feeling that silence was indicated at the moment. He said after a while, "We're late and we'll probably be late at the border. You'll have to get up in the middle of the night for the customs and immigration inspection. Or stay up. You ought to try to nap this afternoon."

She was trying to knit faster, he saw. He felt embarrassed himself and would not look at her face. Her voice was uneven as she said, "Sometimes things seem



"Now don't you worry, Captain! This is the way I always used to find things in my purse"

COLLIER'S SGT. DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

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to happen very fast. Has it ever been that way with you?"

"No," George Camoens said, "not in a long time." Without any feeling of triumph, and knowing that the coincidence would not be much of a one, he followed the pattern the processes of his mind had indicated at the beginning of this. He said, "What ship is your brother on?"

"The Sheldrake," she said. "I imagine, from what he wrote, it's going to be risky."

"Most mine sweepers are," Camoens said.

"How did you know it was that?"

He drew a breath, sighed, and said, "They're all named for birds." He had almost said it then, but didn't. He would let it follow the original pattern. He said, "Maybe the boat will be gone when you get there." It would be, he knew.

"I know. I'm just taking the chance."

He could look at the good face now. The certainty was back in it. He touched her hand lightly and she stopped knitting. "You're a fine girl."

"It doesn't make much sense, does it?" she said. Her voice had changed again: "You must think I'm crazy. I think I'm crazy, myself."

Camoens could not speak. The charm would not function. He felt dull and stupid and concluded that maybe that was the way he was. She said, the voice only partly controlled, "You'll have to excuse me," and rose.

"How about lunch?" he said.

"No. Thanks." She shook her head and was gone. He went to the diner again and sat there and then sat in the observation car a long time. The sun was setting when he went back to the Pullman and the train had made up a lot of time and was coming into San Antonio. The girl was not in the car and her bags were gone. With something like concern, but for which he had no name, Camoens asked the porter if Miss Hammel had gotten off the train. The porter said she had rented a vacant compartment.

Camoens was going to knock on the door of the compartment but didn't. He went back to the observation car, picked up the Railroad Guide and began to read it.

IT WAS very dark when they got out at the station in Nuevo Laredo, and *cargadors* carried their bags into the Mexican customs room and laid them on the polished granite tables. The girl was the last one into the big room and when Camoens greeted her, her *cargador* carried her bags over to the table and put them beside Camoens. "They believe, judging by the tables," Camoens said, "that taxes are among the more permanent features of civilization. The tables look like something out of a Roman bath."

He noticed her pallor as she smiled. It became her, even in the thin, uneven light of the place. "A terrible time to get up, isn't it?" she said. She was going to try to keep the conversation on an impersonal level, Camoens saw. Her *cargador* spoke to him in Spanish and Camoens replied.

"What did he say?" the girl asked.

"Apparently he's worried about his tip after he takes the bags back to the car. He asked if you were my wife."

"And you replied?"

"I said, 'Alas, no.' "

She turned away, sober and tender and unsmiling. So now it was all set up, Camoens told himself. The customs inspectors were working toward them along the table. The man started to open Camoens' bag, and the fat woman in black opened the girl's. The man lifted Camoens' raincoat and there, just underneath it, were the uniforms, with one sleeve showing the gold star and the gold stripe-and-a-half. The inspector closed the bag and grinned, calling him captain. Camoens smiled thinly back and said, *"Solo teniente."* He could feel the girl staring. The silence was the feel. The inspector said, *"Mucho gusto,"* and moved on.

On the way back to the cars, the girl said, "Why didn't you tell me what you were?"

"I told you my right name," he said.

"I see what you mean," she said, after a moment. "But shouldn't you be wearing it?"

"Coming down here into another country, I was told not to."

"I suppose I should apologize."

"No." He watched the *cargador* put the bags on the car platform and then he walked back to the observation car with the girl and got on. It was empty now, at three in the morning. The train started without warning and she was thrown against him. It was almost as though he had ordained that, too, he thought, and laughed inwardly as he kissed her. She stayed close to him, awkwardly turned, and he realized that she was either younger or more innocent than he had thought her to be.

"It's crazy for anything to happen as fast as this and then to think that it matters, isn't it?" She sounded very young.

"Yes, I think so." He felt it was the first truthful thing he had said that day. He kissed her again, less hard than before, and said, "Love should come out of something of longer duration than this." What else, professor? he mocked himself.

THE train moved very fast over the plains of Tamaulipas and in a little while they could see the mountains of Nuevo Leon come up into the heavens. The mountains rose up against the starlight of the clear and moonless sky and Camoens told himself that it had gone far enough. He had planned the end, his small and somewhat grim satisfaction, for Monterrey, when she, now caring, would know he was going on the same ship as her brother, the ship she did not yet know she would never see. Camoens' mind was troubled and he bent and kissed her again rather than seek the cause.

She said, "Do you think that sometime, when things are better, and when I've grown up more, you'll maybe love me?"

He didn't know why it had to be like this, he told himself, and said, "I don't love anyone. I think it's a lucky way to be in a war."

She put her arms around his chest, under his arms, so that it hurt him where the rib had been broken as he jumped for the last boat clearing the falls. "You're very wise," she said. "I like you for that."

"You're a very fine girl," he said, "as I told you before. I hope you don't get hurt."

"What do you mean?"

"Only that."

It was colder as the train climbed up into the mountains through the high pass. He didn't *have* to tell her where he was going, he told himself. He would just get off at Monterrey and make his plane connection. She was a good kid. He thought, with the irony which now gave him no pleasure, that it was curious he should be so relatively calm. In the beginning between them it had not been that way. He could see, over her shoulder, the first light coming up through the saw-toothed mountains to the south and east. She said, "After I see my brother in Mazatlán, I could come back to Mexico City. Maybe you'll be there, attached to the embassy?"

Wishful thinking, he told himself; that was another thing he had gotten over. He said, slowly, so as not to give anything away, "No. I'm getting off in a little while at Monterrey."

"Then there won't be any chance of seeing you again?"

He hesitated without meaning to. "I doubt it."

"Well, anyhow," she said, "I'm glad you aren't going to be on the same boat as my brother. It's bad enough having one on that kind of a boat. I'll tell him about you when I see him. I ought to be in Querétaro tomorrow night and then in Mazatlán a few days. I'll tell him, then."

Camoens didn't speak for a long time. Then he asked her if there was something important she had to tell her brother.

"I don't know whether anyone else would think it was important or not. You see, he and I are orphans and we're the only close relatives left to each other. I—we—"

"Yes," Camoens said. *Yes, George, you are certainly a smooth article. You turn it on and off like water in a tap.* He supposed it was better to do what he could. So he told her what he had planned to tell her now, but muting and changing it as best he could, to not hurt her as originally he had planned to hurt her.

"Look," he said, "I expect to see your brother . . . and I don't think you'll get to see him. We sail tonight. I'm flying over through Torreón." He heard her sigh, and he said quickly, "I wouldn't worry too much if I were you. There's nothing extraordinarily dangerous about where we're going," he lied. "He probably just heard some grapevine rumors and they're mostly wrong. Honestly. I'll take him your love and tell him anything else you want me to. Why, we'll all be having a drink in Acapulco maybe in a couple months."

Her face changed. In the changing light her face was incredibly mobile although the features seemed hardly to move. "Oh, you're good," she said.

He shook his head involuntarily and as though to clear it from a blow. Patting her shoulder, he said, "You go write him a note and by that time, we'll be in Monterrey. Hurry, now."

She moved ahead of him through the cars, her grace restored to her. He did not find credible his memory of her young awkwardness against him.

The train was in the station by the time he had gathered his belongings. In its cup of mountains, Monterrey was still hidden from the sun, but a pale, clear and washing light lay on the station, the train and all the city. Camoens waited patiently outside the cars. The porters got on the train and as it started to move, the girl came to the still open doorway of their car. Camoens took the envelope of expensive paper from her hand, smelling the delicate scent in the still, clear mountain air. "Thank you," she said, "a great deal. You can write to me care of the embassy down here. I'll be down a couple of months. You—" he missed the last words. She blew him a kiss and Camoens smiled at the youngness of the gesture in that place and that time.

HE TOLD the *cargador* to take his luggage to a cab and he told the cab driver to go to the airport. It was not until they were on the edge of the city that the sense of loss came to him. He gasped at the sudden and unexpected agony of it and, in something that might have been anger, hit the shatterproof glass with his fist. A small, unsatisfactory crack appeared in it. The driver looked back and said respectfully, in bad English, "Sir, that is much valuable and you have lost it."

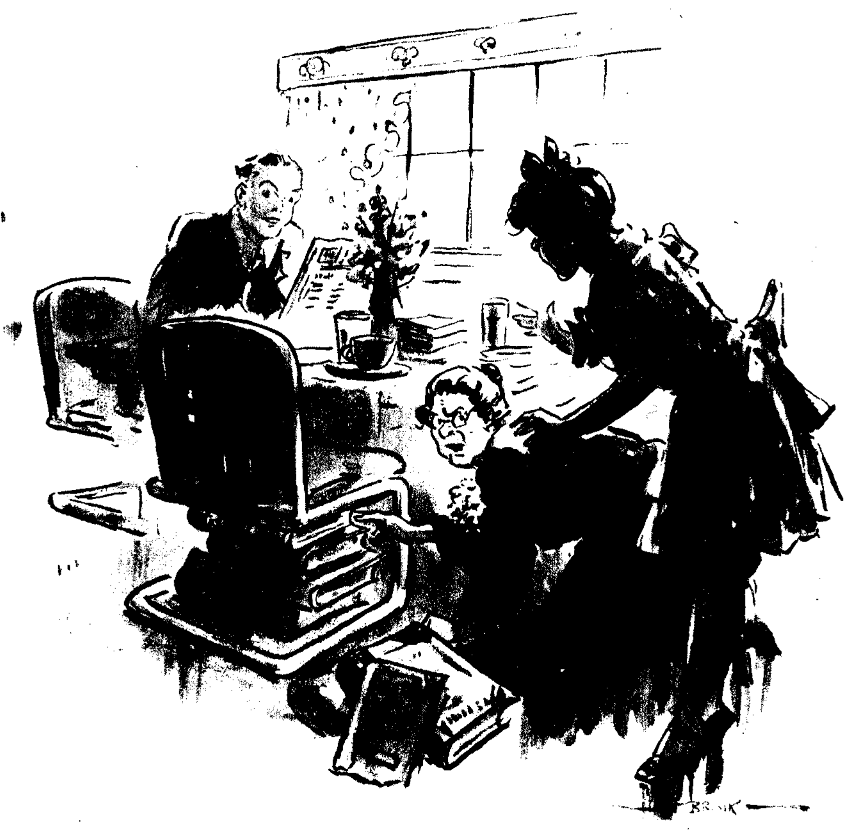
"I know," George Camoens said in Spanish; "and I will pay for it. I am always losing valuable things. Do me the favor to drive on."

"Yes, sir," the driver said.

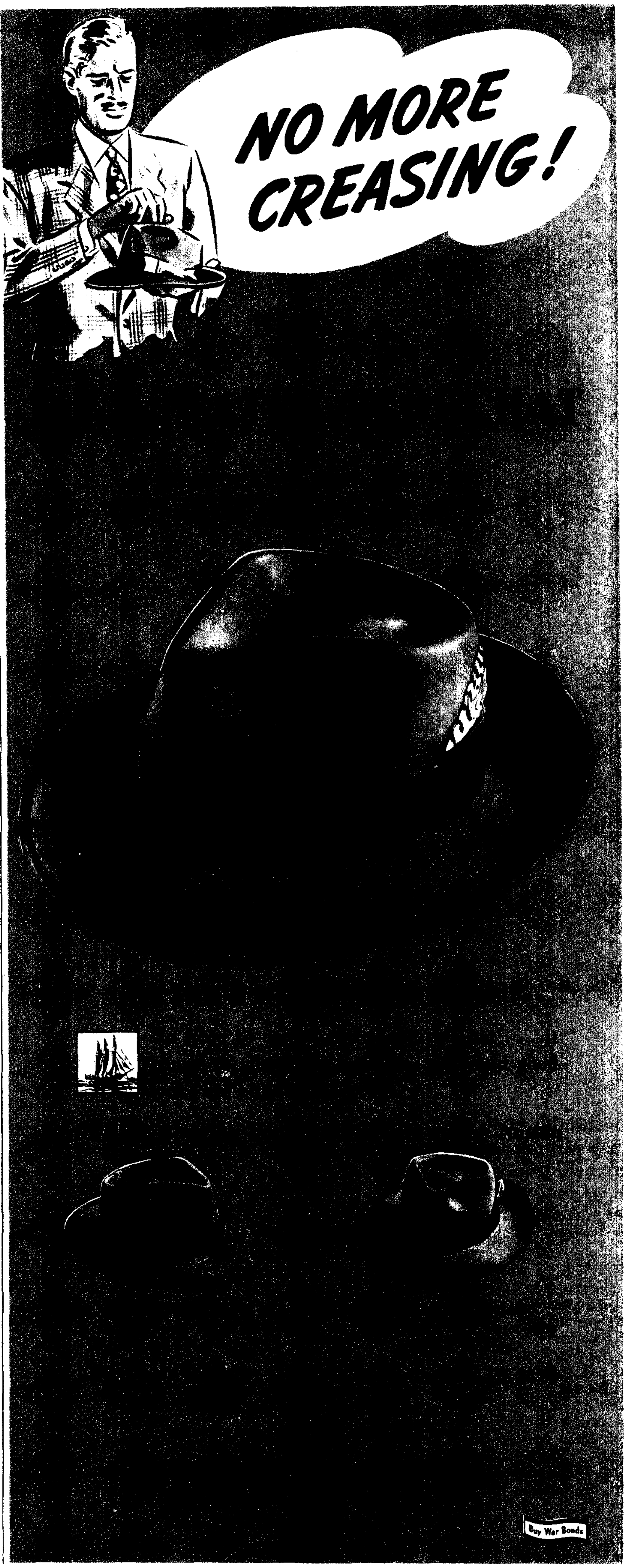
They went on and when they could see the field, there was the old-style monoplane, trimotored, waiting, its propeller idling in the new sun, and near it a few people looking anxiously toward where the late cab was now finally approaching.

The anger, or the thing that was like anger, had almost gone. Incredibly, he believed that he would see her again. He even saw the place; in April, in some Southern garden. He got out of the cab, and the pilot, knowing who Camoens was, saluted him.

THE END



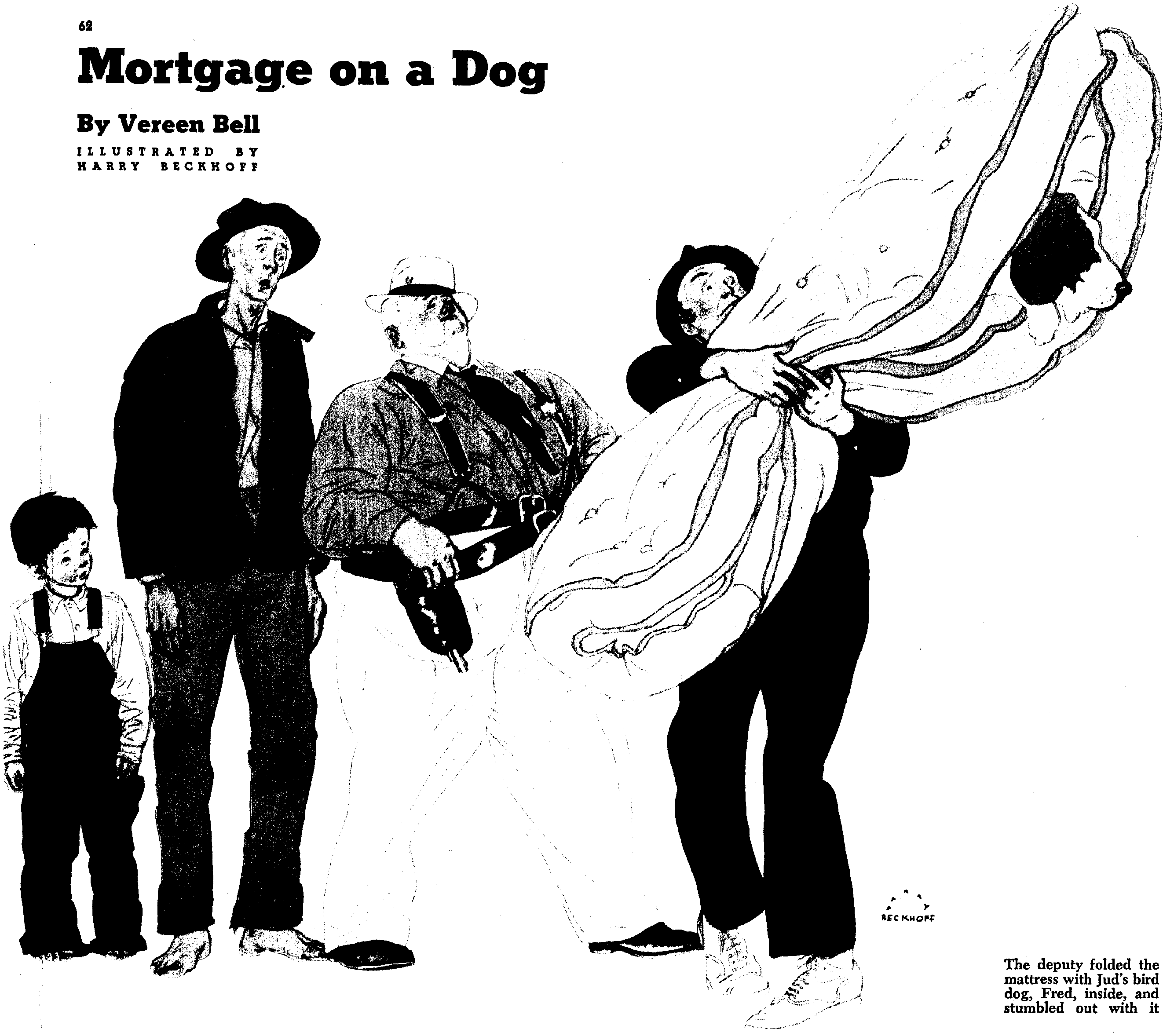
COLLIER'S "Just the same, I feel safer with it this way" R. M. BRINKERHOFF



Mortgage on a Dog

By Vereen Bell

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY BECKHOFF



The deputy folded the mattress with Jud's bird dog, Fred, inside, and stumbled out with it

The trouble with Old Fred is he's just too good for these here field trials. He's just as apt as not to point a judge that's had birds for breakfast

JUD LEE lay hiding underneath the elderberry bush chewing contentedly on a sweet-gum stem when his small son came and said, "Pa! It ain't that little old fool from the bank this time. It's a big old fool with a revolver in his belt, and he's gittin' ready to load our stuff on his truck."

Jud stared incredulously. "If that bank has set the sheriff onto me just because I owe three years of rent," he said ominously, "I just be durn if I ain't goan git mad! They just keep worrying me and worrying me about that old money, and I ain't goan put up with it much longer."

The sheriff spoke to him pleasantly and the deputy nodded as he brought out a chair and put it in the truck.

"Sheriff," Jud said, "let's talk this over. If you put me out of here, my little fambly won't have nowheres to go at."

"You had the money after your dog won them trials, and you spent it, and the bank says for me to turn you out and that's all there is to it." He spoke to his deputy. "Keep the stuff coming, Alwin."

Jud watched his meager belongings being loaded. They were *really* going to throw him out.

From the interior the deputy called, "Sheriff, he's got a right nice bed in here, but there's a dog laying on it and he keeps growling at me when I try to git him off."

"Bring the bed on out, dog and all."

The deputy folded the mattress with Jud's bird dog, Fred, inside, and came stumbling out with it. He opened it up on the truck, and Fred looked around and then went back to sleep.

"Sheriff," Jud said, suddenly, "I've thought up sump'm. There's a doctor in town, and he's stuck on that durn dog yonder, and I bet I could git him to make me a loan on Fred!"

The sheriff motioned to his deputy. "Just wait, Alwin." He said to Jud, "The bank said that I wasn't to listen to nothing you said, unless you happened to mention selling a valuable dog you had. They never spoke of mortgaging no dog, but if they git the money that's all they care about. Come on and we'll go to town. I'll go, and we'll take the dog."

THE receptionist in Doctor Ingram's office told Jud that the doctor was in but busy.

Jud said, "Shuh, he'll drop whatever he's doing when he hears it's about my old dog Fred." And without waiting, he pushed through the door to the doctor's office before the receptionist could get up to stop him.

The doctor was examining a woman patient when Jud burst in. The woman gave a horrified scream. The startled doctor pushed Jud outside and shut the door.

"You idiot, you shouldn't have come bursting in there like that!" the doctor said angrily.

"Shuh, Doc, don't worry none. Stuff like that don't embarrass me. Let me tell you my proposition."

"If you've got a proposition, tell it to me quickly."

Jud's face saddened. "Well, the sheriff's out at my place a-fixing to turn my little fambly out into the cold."

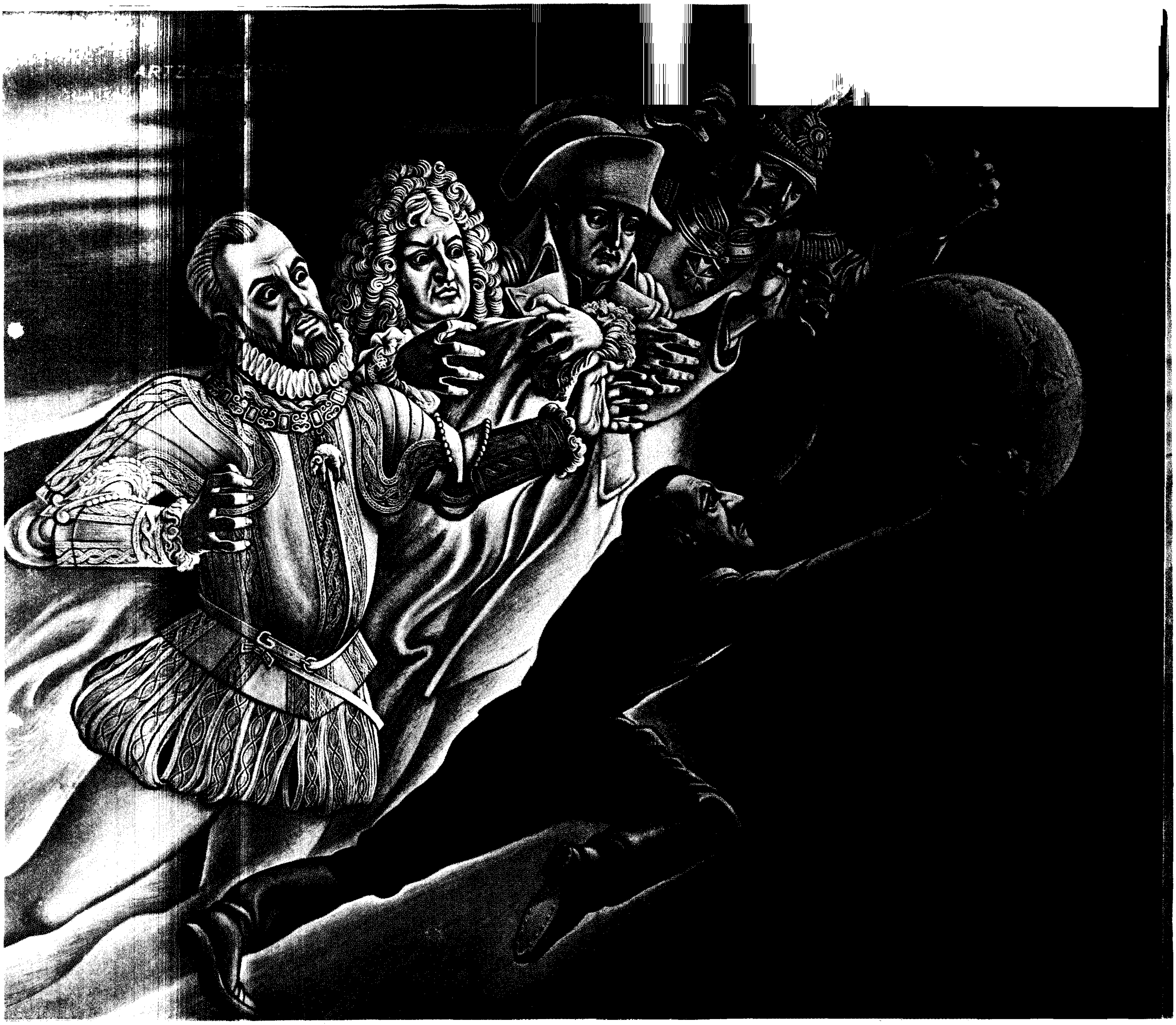
"That's exactly what he should do. Goodby."

"Wait. You've always had a hankering to buy my dog Fred."

The doctor's interest quickened. "You mean you're actually willing to sell Fred to save your farm?"

"Not exactly. I figured to mortgage him to you until another one them trials, and then I would win the money to pay you back."

The doctor's eyes gleamed briefly. "Jud, the only reason I would consider such a proposition is because it may end in my owning the dog. I warn you about that. Now there's an open trial at Spencer this week end. I'll pay the bank sixty dollars—one year's rent, enough to stall them off for several months—and I'll put



Hitler came the closest . . . *by using the air*

Recurring attempts to conquer the world bloody the pages of history. Let us tabloid the tale: When the ancient *flat* world bordered the middle ocean, the Mediterranean, conspicuous contenders were the Carthaginians and Romans. With the discovery that the earth is *round*, attempts at world-conquest grew in intensity on a widening scale: Philip II, Louis XIV, Napoleon, William of Hohenzollern! Until World War I, battles were confined to the earth's *surface*. Then came the dress rehearsal, in Spain, for World War II, with aviation the dominant factor. "It was the handwriting, not on the wall of Belshazzar's Palace, but upon the universal sky for all mankind to read." This, the first global-war, is the birth pain of the human race entering its greatest era, the Air Age. To hasten victory, our entire aviation industry continues to perform miracles of war-plane production. But the ocean-of-air will remain after this war, *and we must remain dominant in it.* To that end too Vultee labors, because the Air Age has just begun.

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ROAD OF THE STREAMLINERS AND THE CHALLENGERS

up the forty-dollar entry fee at Spencer, and I'll give you thirty dollars for transportation and expenses. Miss Monroe, please go with Mr. Lee to my lawyer's office and have him draw up an airtight lien on his dog Fred for the sum of one hundred and thirty dollars. I'll keep the dog here until you get back. Remember, Jud, next week bring either a hundred and thirty dollars or *my* dog Fred."

WITH thirty dollars cash money in his pocket and the bird dog Fred at his heels, Jud had started to the bus station to learn the bus schedule when he passed a used-car lot. At once it occurred to him that, if he was going to be traveling here and there following field trials, it would really be better to have his own car to drive. He got into conversation with the salesman, and went from one car to another, and finally, in the absolute back of the lot, they came to a vehicle the salesman was willing to let go for a cash down payment of twenty-five dollars.

The car did run pretty good, for the shape it was in, and Jud drove around town a couple of times, with Fred holding his head out the back window and grinning into the breeze. When he stopped, Clem Frisby, who had come to town to get some new calendars, approached him.

"Well, Jud, you acting mighty biggity, now that you got a car. Passed me right by while ago without a lift of a finger."

"I swear I never seen you, Clem, er I'd a-shore retched out and wove to you. Me and my money-making dog is all set to go win a field trial. Git in and go. We'll be back Monday er so."

"I'd shore like to see old Fred out-hunt them city dogs," Clem said, "but right here at the end of the physical year when the stores is giving out new calendars, I ought to stay on the job."

"Git in. You got enough calendars."

Clem hesitated another moment, and finally unloaded his armful of rolled-up calendars on the floor of the back seat and got in. "Okay," he said with an excited grin, "let 'er go."

Spencer was a hundred and fifty miles away, and after a while the novelty of the ride began to wear off, and as night came Clem and Fred went to sleep. The car rocketed through the darkness, its one light blinking occasionally. For an hour the motor ran as smoothly as could be expected, and then suddenly began a rapid, hammering knock that grew in intensity until Clem roused up and Fred cocked his head inquiringly. Jud kept the accelerator pedal on the floor.

Finally Clem shouted, "Don't it sound to you like one them bearings is burnt out a little bit?"

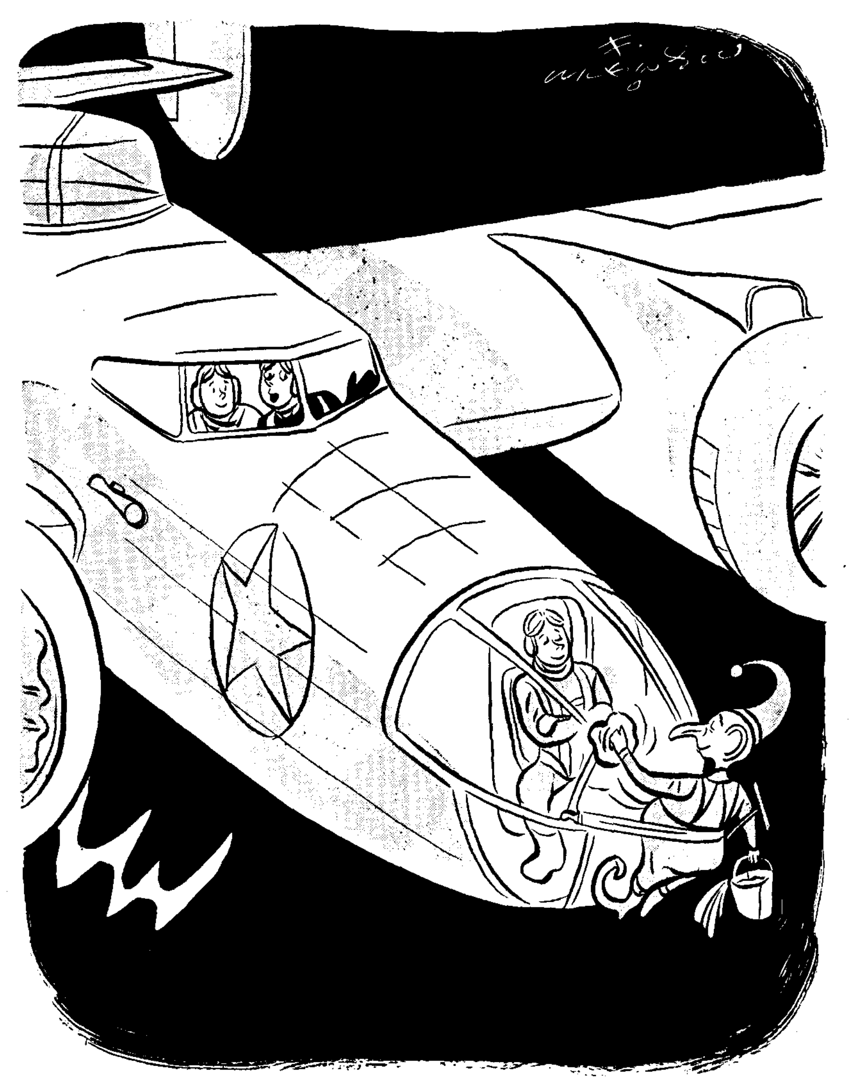
"Yep. Sounds like it."

Clem went back to sleep. The knocking grew still louder. Clem woke up and said, "If that thing's going to keep up such-all a racket as that, let's stop and git it fixed."

The next town was fairly large. They were reluctant to slow down for fear the car wouldn't crank again, so they leaned out and yelled, "Where's a garage at?" but the few passersby who were able to understand them above the clatter were too astonished to answer in time, so Clem said, "I'll hop out and git the inflammation and catch you coming round the block." Jud circled the block. Clem was waiting but missed him on the first round, and Jud had to circle again.

Clem directed him to the garage, and as they drove in the whole night shift of mechanics came near and regarded the car interestedly.

"We want to git a bearing fixed, and we're in sort of a hurry," Jud said. "How much will it cost?"



COLLIER'S "He certainly has that Gremlin well trained!" FRITZ WILKINSON

"Can't tell, offhand," said the foreman. "Maybe you've busted a piston too. We'll take a look."

A half-hour later he said, "This repair job will cost you about fifteen dollars."

Jud said, "Fifteen dollars! You must think I'm made of money! Can't you fix up a bearing out of a piece of old shoe leather?"

"Not hardly," he answered. "Might as well git it fixed. You can't run like that—the burnt-out bearing driving the piston will wear your crankshaft down, and then you'll really be into it."

"Tell you what," Jud said. "Just take the durned old piston plumb out."

"You can't do that. There's another piston has to operate in rhythm with it. They'll be out of balance and she'll go to pieces."

"Then take the other piston out, too," Jud instructed.

THE garageman argued, but Jud insisted. So they took out two pistons, crammed cardboard into the empty cylinders to keep any stray raw gas from leaking into the crankcase, and the job was done. When time came to crank up all the garage employees retreated to the other end. Clem stood down, too.

The motor started all right, and the four cylinders that had pistons fired fine; but there was a break in the roar when time came for the empty cylinders to fire. This caused the car to shake. Fred, in the back, held his seat with difficulty, and his face took on an apprehensive look.

Jud cut the motor, and Fred, having momentary purchase for his feet, sprang through the window and ran to the other end of the garage, where he hid beneath a disabled car.

"You come here, sah!" Jud called. But Fred didn't come until Jud crawled underneath and got him.

Again he cranked up, and someone got in beside him, but the vibration of the car was such that his companion was just a blur.

"That you, Clem?" Jud shouted.

"Yep. That you, Jud?" Clem shouted.

"Yep."

Out on the road again, the tailpipe shook loose from the muffler so that part of the exhaust gas seeped up through the floorboards, and Fred presently sank to the seat in a grateful semicoma.

Jud said, "What's that clicking noise I keep hearing?"

"It's my false teeth hitting together," Clem complained. "I shore hate fer them to git all chipped up."

"Here," Jud said. "Just hold this old croker sack between your teeth."

Clem bit down on the croker sack and it worked fine. The next thing that bothered him was the heat that threatened to scald his feet.

"Suppose she catches afire?" Clem shouted suddenly.

Jud thought a moment, and then his face lit up. "She's insured, so the man says. Just before we git to Spencer, if she'd catch and burn up, it would be right nice. We'd be there, and git our money back too. Now if she catches, you grab your calendars, and I'll grab old Fred, and we'll git out and let 'er burn up."

"Reckon we hadn't ought to have a little fire drill?" Clem suggested. "I'd hate to forgit to save my calendars."

"Ain't a bad idea," Jud said. "After while, now, I'll make out she's afire, and we'll practice up."

"That's it, do it when I ain't expectant."

Presently Jud slammed on the brakes and shouted, "She's afire!" Clem grabbed his calendars, and Jud dragged out the torpid bird dog.

"We got it down pat," Clem said with satisfaction. "What's the matter with Fred? He looks sorta sick."

"Just sulling," Jud said. "He'll be all right when he sees we're a-going bird-hunting."

Just before dawn, with the croker sack in his mouth straining Clem's snores, the car really did catch fire. Jud slammed on brakes and cried, "Clem, she's afire shore enough!"

Clem stumbled out, still holding the sack between his teeth. Jud, dragging Fred out, didn't see that Clem had opened the hood, and in his half-sleep state was throwing sand on the blazing motor. The fire quickly smothered.

"Well, I'll just be durned," Jud said in disgust. "Look what you went and done. You act to me like you ain't never had nothing insured before!"

With Clem chewing apologetically on the sack, Jud cranked up angrily and they drove on.

THE field trial assembly was waiting impatiently when Jud's car drove up, stopped and backfired, causing Judge Rice's horse to rear. The field-trial judge was angry even before that.

"Is that the post entry Dr. Ingram phoned in last night?" he asked Jud, when Fred staggered shakily out.

"Yep," Jud said. "His name is Fred and he's raring to go."

Judge Rice bit off his words. "So are we, Mr. Lee. We've been waiting here ten minutes. You're in the first brace. Next time, be here when you're supposed to."

Jud said to Clem, "He sounds like somebody with a guvment job."

The judges rode out to the front of the gallery, and the secretary of the club announced, "First brace, Wildwood Jack and Fred. Bring your dogs forward."

Wildwood Jack was eager, jumping about and straining in the grasp of his handler. Fred trotted alongside Jud with a fatuous grin on his face. When they were out front, the big judge glanced at his watch. He started to say, "Are you ready, gentlemen?" but then looked at Jud and said, "Are you ready, men?"

Wildwood Jack broke away in quick jumps the instant of release. Fred strolled forward a few steps, then lay down and panted contentedly. The gallery, already impatient to get started, was forced to draw up to prevent running over Fred.

"Your dog," Judge Rice said elaborately, "doesn't quite show the drive we like to see in a class dog."

"Judge," Jud said worriedly, "somebody has tampered with that dog. Fred, you git going, sah!"

Fred wagged his tail briefly, and put his head on his legs.

"That dog ain't at hisself. He don't belong to lay there like that," Jud said, "and he don't belong to wag his tail."

Clem had gone back to the car, intending to follow in it as best he could, in company with the dog wagons and a spectator truck. Finally he got it cranked and underway. Fred, hearing the unmistakable racking noise of the motor, lifted his head in alarm. As the sound drew nearer, Fred got his feet up and started running.

With Fred on his way, Jud steered his horse to the rear of the gallery where Clem followed in the car.

"Something bad ails old Fred. Maybe I should have give him a through of medicine before we come," Jud said. "But it's too late now. Listen to me, Clem. If we can keep him out yonder in front, maybe he'll git back at hisself. He's took it into his head that he don't like our car, so if he tries to quit again, I'll raise up my hand and you race the motor to beat all hell, so he can hear it."

Clem accepted this responsibility with

pride. "We'll work in co-ornication and keep old Fred a-going," he said.

Wildwood Jack found birds. It was a small covey huddled in a hawthorne thicket, and when they burst out the other side, the dog was steady to wing and shot, and the gallery murmured in approval. Jack was sent away, and he raced along the fringe of a cornfield.

Fred had not been seen since the initial sprint which carried him over the hill and out of sight. On the right side of the course was a creek swamp, on the left beyond the broad and varying avenue of fields, a body of shortleaf pine woods. Jud began to wonder, worriedly, if Fred had taken it into his head to run away.

But presently, after galloping his horse hard, he found him. Fred was asleep in a patch of sunlight in the woods.

"I'm plumb disgusted at you," Jud said angrily. "Git up and go to work. Er do you want to do your hunting from now on with an old fool doctor that smells like sheep-dip?"

FRED made no effort to get going, but lay there looking up at Jud lazily. Presently, however, the gallery drew near. Jud moved his horse out into the clear and held up his hand to Clem. Quickly there came the racing and badly broken rhythm of the old car. Fred lifted his head in sudden alarm, and the next instant he sprang away and headed across the cornfield.

This second sprint cleared Fred's lungs somewhat of the gas, and instead of disappearing into the woods on the other side for another nap, he swung back out in front, far ahead of the gallery and gave the appearance of hunting. In fact, when Wildwood Jack found his third covey, Fred was in the vicinity and seeing his bracemate on birds, honored the point.

"Well, I'm glad to find out the old fool will back," Jud said. "First time another dog ever found a covey in front of him."

Mrs. Terrill, who owned the hunting preserve the trials were being run on, drew her frothing horse alongside Jud and said, "Is that really so, Mr. Lee?"

"It's the truth, ma'am, and you know the truth will go from here to heaven."

"I do hope your dog is feeling well," she said.

"No'm, he ain't." He leaned slightly toward her and whispered, "I'm thinking he's been messed with."

Her eyes opened wide in horror. "Why, the poor thing! How terrible!"

But Fred was doing better now. He was covering his ground nicely, and Jud figured that if he could get him on birds a couple of times he might have a chance to be called back in the second series, even though Wildwood Jack had him beat on finds. But whereas Fred was now willing to hunt, his nose was badly off, and was proved a few minutes later.

Fred was seen to strike scent near a gallberry clump, then to turn, draw a few steps and point in fine style. Jud shouted, "He's got 'em, Judge, shore'n hell," and they rode to the place.

Jud dismounted, and with his gun in hand walked toward the pointing dog. Just as he got there, however, a sow with eight little pigs, to Fred's astonishment, emerged from the gallberry clump and with offended dignity, walked away.

"Did you ever see the beat of that?" Jud demanded in amazement.

"I certainly did not," said Judge Rice coldly.

With ten minutes left to run, Jud became desperate. *I'm shore about to lose my old dog to that doctor.* Then Fred came in from a long swing out to one side, and just as he was about to pass the front of the gallery he wheeled and pointed. Every horse was drawn to a quick stop.

"Your dog is pointing straight toward me," Judge Rice said puzzled.

"You must be standing right spang in the middle of the covey," Jud said. "Back up real easy like and maybe they won't flush."

The judge backed his horse, then drew him around to one side. But strangely, Fred slowly turned with the man, still pointing. The judge, perceiving this, moved all the way around the dog, and Fred kept moving with him, pointing.

"Lee," Judge Rice shouted, furiously, "your dog is pointing *me.*"

"I'll be durn if he ain't! First a sow, and then you," Jud said. "Judge, you didn't eat quail for breakfast, did you?"

"No, I did not!"

"Judge, you right sure you ain't et no quail today?"

"I have not!" roared the judge. "Make that dog stop pointing me, Lee, and furthermore, don't ever run him in another field I'm judging, you understand?" He rode off.

After another brace had been put down and the gallery moved on, Clem and Jud were sitting on the running board, with Fred tied to keep him from running away from the old car.

"Well, I guess I've lost my old dog sure enough," Jud said, and tears rose in his eyes.

"I ain't never seen him zibit so many idiocentricities," Clem said. "It turned out to be a pretty good deal fer that doctor."

Jud straightened. "Clem, listen here! When I went up to see that lawyer, that doctor made me leave the dog in his office! You know what he done? He give Fred a dost of some kind of pizen, to make him act like that so I couldn't win!"

Clem ejaculated, "I just be durn!"

At this moment portly Mrs. Terrill rode back. "I couldn't go away without telling you how sorry I am that you lost, Mr. Lee," she said. "But I'm sure you must be wrong when you say someone tampered with your dog."

"No, I ain't wrong," Jud shouted, "and I've done figured out the very scoun'l what done it!"

THAT afternoon Mrs. Terrill's big car stopped in front of Doctor Ingram's building, and out got Jud and Clem and the dog Fred, and Mrs. Terrill, and an officer of the S.P.C.A. and a policeman. They went inside.

Doctor Ingram, in a bright herringbone suit, looked at the assembly in amazement.

Jud spoke. "First thing is to give you your old money back. Here she is, a hund'ed and thirty dollars. Now you ain't got no more mortgage on my dog."

"Congratulations!" the doctor said. "Fred must have won!"

"You ain't fooling nobody with that made-up friendship. This fat lady here give me the money and took over the mortgage. Fred never won that field trial and you know how come!"

"What on earth are you talking about?"

The S.P.C.A. officer said gently, "Let us handle this from here, Mr. Lee."

The outraged protests of the doctor got pretty loud, so Jud and Clem slipped out the door for quieter surroundings.

"It just goes to show you," Jud said darkly, "that you cain't tell who to trust in this world. I shore wouldn't a-thought it of that doctor."

"He shore turned out to be a wolf in cheap clothing," Clem said.

They walked on. Finally Jud said, "You know, Clem, I still think that judge had et quail for breakfast."

THE END

"Eyes of the Artillery"
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THE Piper L-4 plane is already proving its worth as the "Eyes of the Artillery" on the fighting fronts. Called the "Grasshopper" by artillerymen, it makes an ideal elevated observation post. The observer sends firing corrections by radio to the battery until the guns blast the target.

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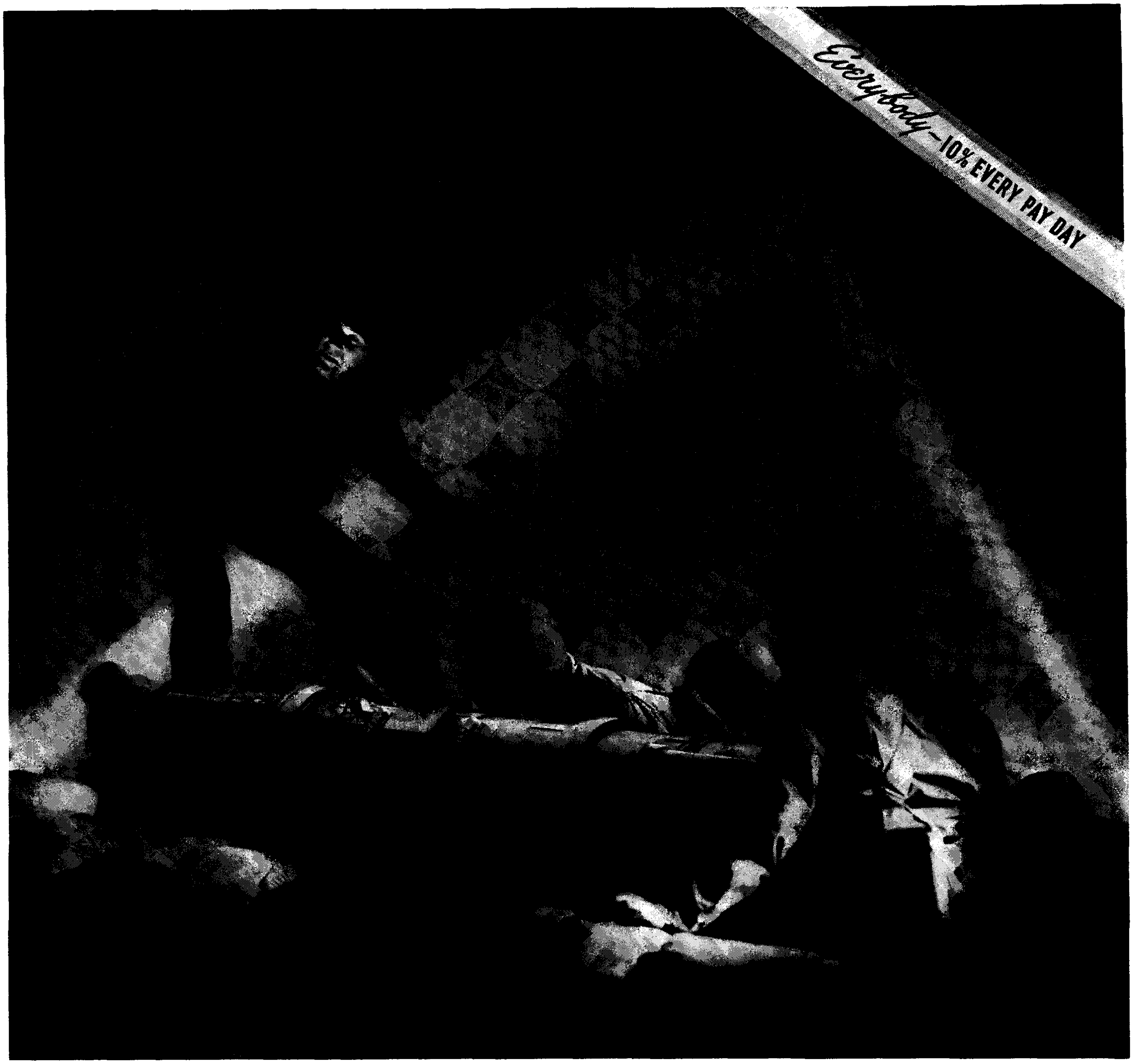

Keeping 'Em Up . . . Bringing 'Em Down

THE fighting men and the civilian populations of the United Nations are protected with the finest anti-aircraft defense in the world.

The ability of anti-aircraft gunfire to keep enemy planes high—to bring enemy planes down—depends on effective controlling mechanism. Its "eyes" are the Anti-Aircraft Height Finder. Designed by Americans—made by Americans, this intricate observing and computing instrument is part of the "mechanical brain" that makes the aiming, fuse setting and firing of the anti-aircraft guns a matter of automatic precision. The reputation of deadly accuracy of the Yank ack-acks keeps enemy planes at high altitudes, out of effective range—away from vital objectives.

The Anti-Aircraft Height Finder is but one of many Bausch & Lomb optical instruments used on fighting fronts to hasten Victory. Back of the lines, too, Bausch & Lomb products—such as Microscopes, Metallographic and Spectrographic Apparatus, and Contour Measuring Projectors—all essential in research, inspection and quality control, are speeding production of vital war materials. And in factories that hum and glow, day and night, American men and women are working longer, more effectively and with less fatigue because their eyesight, corrected through the professional and technical skills of eyesight experts, is at top efficiency.

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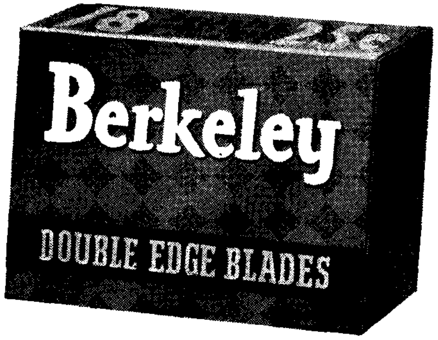

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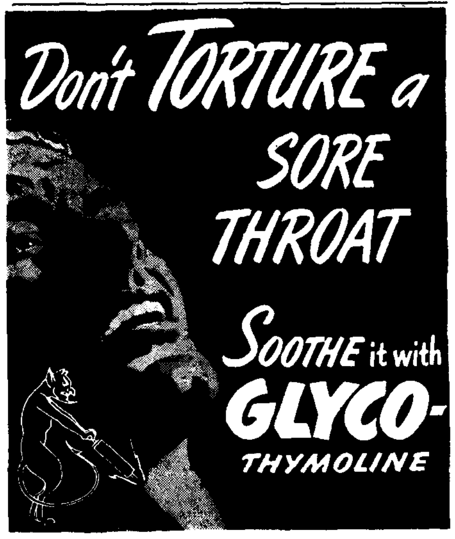


GARGLE and spray with *gentle*, but effective, Glyco-Thymoline. Helps soothe and helps heal delicate membranes which are so often irritated by common colds and ordinary sore throats. Keep a bottle handy.

GLYCO-
THYMOLINE

GLYCO-THYMOLINE

Any Week

Continued from page 4

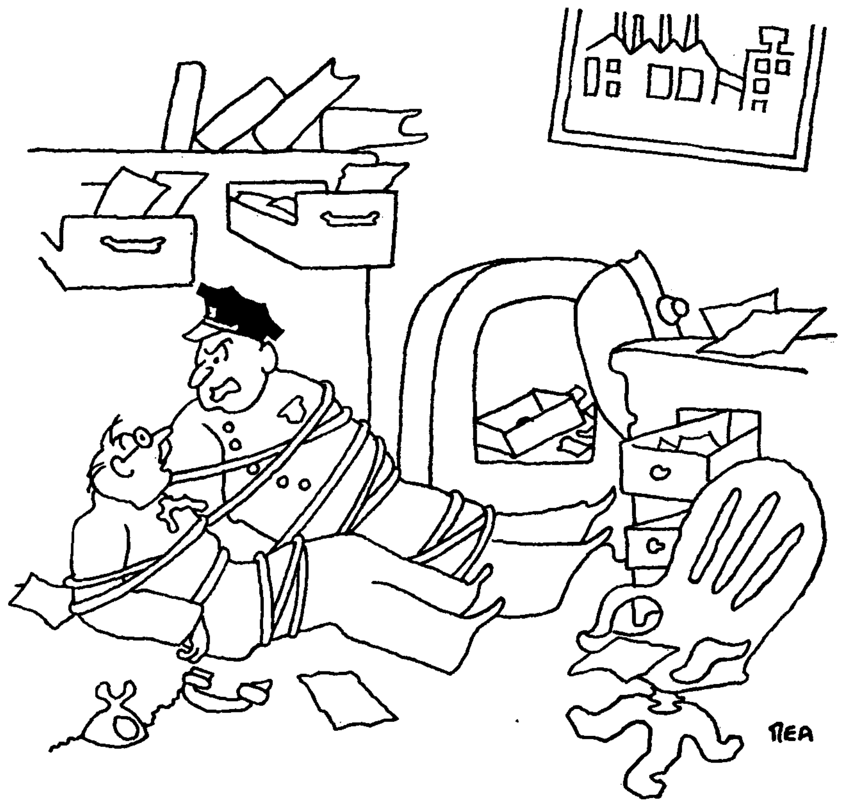
"and they like it so well they buy some more, and then the man is called a bootlegger." Not *called* a bootlegger, Mr. Wullschleger; *is* a bootlegger.

ONE of our authors, James Street, is hurt because in his story called All Out With Sherman, we cut out an incident which he treasured. What Mr. Street was particularly intent on stressing was the origin of the phrase "War is hell." According to the version still current in Mississippi, Sherman was not filled with dark and philosophical views when he uttered the famous words. They came after he had been dumped out of a wagon in a swamp. "The day was hot and Sherman had a hang-over," Mr. Street relates, "and when the wagon turned over, it got him, so he said, bitterly, 'War is hell.' "

FROM Miss Grace E. Ray of Norman, Oklahoma, the seat of the University of Oklahoma, where, doubtless, democracy is considered an important study as well as a priceless boon, we learn that the Navy personnel in that area includes Negroes. "But," explains Miss Ray, "Norman has been declared out of bounds for them, since by tradition Norman has never permitted a Negro to remain in town overnight. Some of the construction workers are Negroes and they may be seen in the Norman streets in the evening but never remain in town overnight; and no Norman woman may have a Negro servant in her employ. The neighbors simply call on the person importing one and ask that the Negro be sent out of town. And the Negro is sent out."

HAPPILY, Mrs. Mildred P. Scott, of Brooklyn, New York, finds this magazine an educational institution of great worth. She bases this on the fact that her son Carl, "who is completely allergic to school, studying, or even reading books (other than the horror 'comic books'), accidentally read a few lines of your issue of January 16th and thinks he has caught you in an error." According to Carl, a picture we labeled as a Jap Zero is actually a U. S. Republic P-47. He gives quite learned and convincing reasons for his belief, but what interests his mother is another matter. "How all this information got inside him, I don't know; but try to make some mention of it for my sake. Maybe it will encourage him to read a couple more lines some day."

WE ARE grateful to Mrs. Scott for bringing up the subject of reading, because it gives us a chance to comment upon government questionnaires, a question that has been agitating various humorists, stray congressmen and harassed manufacturers. F. X. Neuhaus of Grand Rapids, Michigan, has forwarded us a burlesque questionnaire whose high light seems to be a line that reads: "If you have no color or creed, check here." But we have come upon another bit of literature—this time the real thing—that intrigues us even more. It is the insurance pamphlet handed out to young men just after they have been inducted into the Armed Forces at their draft boards. It urges the selectees most strenuously to take out insurance and is headed, very delicately: "Here Today; Gone Tomorrow." Let nobody ever tell you there isn't at least one genius at work in government service. . . . K. C.



COLLIER'S "All you said over the phone was: 'I been robbed!' You didn't tell me the guy was still here!" GARDNER REA

Big Freeze

Continued from page 34

Chicago, Wirtz got an idea. He rounded up some of the best skaters he could find, bought a few hundred dollars' worth of scenery and ran a one-night "figure-skating exhibition" on the hockey rink of the huge Chicago Stadium. It drew $11,000 for the single performance.

"H'mm," said Wirtz, "I think I've got something here."

He decided to get a collection of pros and try his ice-show experiment for two nights on January 31 and February 1, 1936. The show cost him $3,500. It drew $33,000, and Chicago clamored wildly for more.

But now he had a star attraction without a single big name. There was only one name in figure skating in those days —a 23-year-old blond amateur from Norway, who was just then in the process of winning her third Olympic championship, Sonja Henie.

Wirtz sent her this cable: "Will you turn pro for three thousand dollars a night?"

Sonja answered: "For three thousand dollars a night, anyone will turn pro. Where do I meet you in New York?"

When she got here, Wirtz signed her for $12,000 for four performances in the Chicago Stadium. That was the beginning of the Wirtz-Henie association that has lasted down to today.

So Wirtz now had four stadiums, three hockey teams and a million-dollar touring ice show that kept his arenas occupied during the hockey off season. Also, he picked up a bit of extra change by running the Henie show into Madison Square Garden and a few other choice spots every year.

A Problem in Personnel

In 1939, Wirtz sent Bill Burke to England to buy up all available English skating talent, which Burke literally proceeded to do. He purchased two complete shows. These Wirtz combined into the European Ice Review, which kept the Wirtz arenas occupied during the Sonja Henie off season.

But now poor Wirtz had another problem. It was a farm-team problem, just as in hockey. How was he going to develop young skaters for the touring shows and keep the older skaters satisfied and employed for fifty-two weeks out of the year? The touring shows lasted thirteen weeks at the most.

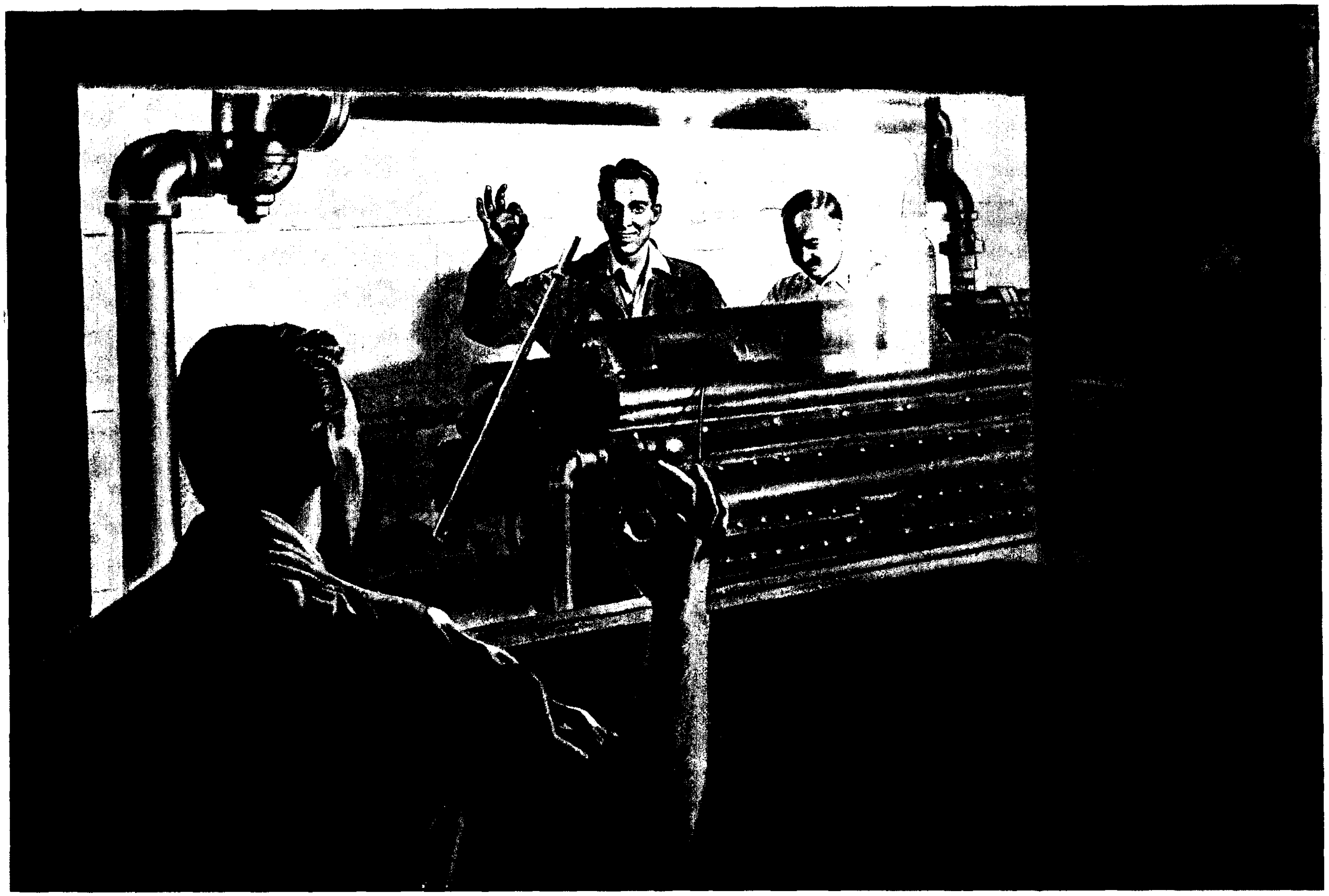
This is how the white elephant Center Theater in New York became the first ice theater in the country. Wirtz leased it for five years and ran two shows called It Happens on Ice and Stars on Ice into it consecutively. By this time, the best choregraphers, scene designers and dance directors in the theater were deserting to him in droves. His casting was done among kids who just wandered in and asked for auditions.

It Happens on Ice received one of the most merciless pastings in history from the dramatic critics when it opened on October 10, 1940. It closed on April 26, 1942, eighteen months later. Stars on Ice threatens to go on forever.

As for the future, Wirtz, who is having his hands full trying to raise a family, manage his business and tend to his hobby at one and the same time, shudders to think of it.

"There are only twenty cities in the country equipped to handle ice shows now," he says. "Think of what's going to happen after the war."

The End



Sign language for a naval victory

WITHIN THIS TEST ROOM, a sea fight with Axis war vessels is being weighted heavily in favor of one of the Navy's slashing motor torpedo boats.

Taking place here is an important reason why these PT boats have already sunk *over 250,000 tons of Jap war vessels!*

This giant 12-cylinder Packard marine engine is just completing a brutal workout—its "green run" as the engineers call it. For 8 long hours, each cylinder has been pouring out as much power as the entire motor in your Packard car.

Suddenly, the chief test engineer throws a switch. He checks his gauges and instruments, then motions to the crew in the test room. "Test run O.K.—take it away for tear-down!"

Now the huge engine will be completely taken apart. Each part will be painstakingly checked and tested to make sure it withstood its gruelling punishment. Then it will be re-assembled and test-run again for 4 hours, in accordance with exacting Navy specifications.

Perhaps you think this is carrying perfection to the *nth* degree. And you're right. But that's the way Packard builds engines.

It's also the way Packard builds Rolls-Royce aircraft engines for U. S. Warhawks. And for British Hurricanes, Lancasters and Mosquitoes that have bombed, strafed and blasted Nazis from Africa to Hitler's doors in Berlin.

Today's hair-splitting standards of precision manufacture will enable Packard to pass on new benefits to you after the war. This added experience, and the training of a superbly skilled supervisory staff and thousands of precision-minded workmen, will be your assurance of a still finer post-war Packard car.

Ask The Man Who Owns One

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The Clark and the Clurk

By Oscar Schisgall

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

I mustered all the Cockney I could think of and said, "You're a bit of orl right, blighter." Limey answered in his best Brooklynese, "You're okay yourself, mug"

FINALLY, when I couldn't take any more of Oliver Henry's sarcasm, I got up and said in a grim voice, "Limey, I'm a quiet guy and I don't like to fight. But the time has come when you and me better go for a walk."

"My word!" he said, flat on his back and talking to the stars. "The man doesn't fancy being called a boor from Brooklyn."

I glared down at him. "Listen, you lug! You coming, or do I have to do it here?"

We were on the edge of a sandy hill, apart from the others. A full North African moon, scudding through clouds, gave us showers of yellow light. There were twenty of us in this British-American patrol. We'd set up a portable radio, and our job was to watch for Rommel's column. And while watching we were supposed to be a model of British-American co-operation.

Most of the English boys were all right; I had nothing against them—not even the way they talked. But this Oliver Henry was different—a lanky character from London, with a big, hooked nose, very bright eyes, and a feeling that Americans had a long way to go before they could be called civilized. What was worse, he liked to point out our shortcomings—especially mine.

Now he pushed himself to his feet, grinning. "You've a bit of a narsty tongue, me lad," he said. "Since you're *arskin'* to be 'urt, why, it'll be a pleasure to oblige."

I was boiling as we walked away from camp. We tried to look casual about it, so that nobody would guess what we had in mind. If the lieutenant had suspected we were going to fight, he'd have yanked us back in a second. As it was, he just saw a couple of men heading for the jumble of rocks and hills we called Latrine Boulevard.

The funny thing was I could have liked Oliver Henry. Big and homely and loose-jointed, he was a cheerful guy. Only, he'd rubbed me the wrong way from the start. When he asked what I used to do before the war and I told him I'd been a clerk, he sniffed as though the word had a bad smell.

"I expect you mean a *clark.*"

"No," I said. "A *clurk!*"

"Odd," he said, sort of pitying me, "'ow you Americans always tyke the vulgar accent. Is that the w'y they teach in your schools?"

IT WENT on and on like that, with me getting madder and madder, until at last he made this crack about me being a boor from Brooklyn. That did it. I figured the only way to make him shut up for good was to bash in his big nose and loosen a few of his horse teeth.

About three hundred yards from camp we turned in behind some rocks where the shadows were black. "Okay," I said. "Put up your dukes."

He stared at my fists. Then he began to chuckle. "Oh, no, me lad. Not *that* w'y. Not 'arf. I 'appen to be a *wrestler.*"

I guess I just blinked at that, feeling foolish.

"Still an' all," he said, "if you want to fight in that silly American w'y, I won't mind. I expect we could each fight the w'y we know best, wot?"

"You mean," I said, brightening, "me slugging, you grabbing?"

"Why not?"

"Limey," I said, "that suits me right down to a T! Let's go!"

We squared off, and I felt fine. The first time he came at me I shook him up with a jab to the right temple. It was so easy I almost laughed. Then he crouched and came in again.

I feinted with my left to make him turn a bit—just far enough to set him up for a haymaker. Instead of turning, however, Limey grabbed my left arm. I didn't know how he got that double hold on it, wrist and elbow. I couldn't see exactly what he did, either. He got his shoulder under the arm, swung away and bent quick, and the next thing I knew I flew over his back in a mighty somersault and landed with a smack in the sand, more surprised than hurt.

Limey sat on my chest, keeping my left arm under me and never letting go of my wrist. He asked, "Enough?"

That was funny. Couldn't he see my right arm was still free? His face, just above mine, was an open target. I could have broken his nose. I could have smashed his mouth. I could have banged him off me with one punch and got up to pound him into a mess.

Only, I didn't do it . . . because just then I had a peculiar thought that kept me still. I lay there, with Limey sitting on me, and I frowned up at him. Quite a long time must have passed; maybe a minute.

He was about to talk when we both heard a sound—a rattle of pebbles. It didn't come from the direction of the camp. It came from the other side. Limey looked first. Then he let me go and whispered, "Gorblimey!"

I SAT up, staring. A couple of men with rifles were crawling toward the rocks—toward us. Their helmets were German. We were in black shadows, so they couldn't see us. But we hadn't brought any guns, and I was for letting out a yell for the boys in camp. But Oliver Henry squeezed my arm. He pulled me behind a rock, and we crouched there, waiting.

We didn't stir till the Germans were five feet from us. Then we jumped out. They didn't have time even to lift the rifles. I tore in and let the nearer one have it—a right to the face that broke out most of his teeth and dropped him like a log, unconscious.

When I looked around, Limey was swinging the second Heinie over his head, the way he'd thrown me. He brought the fellow down with a terrible thud, at the same time he gave his arm a wrench, and I heard the crack of breaking bone. The German groaned once, then went limp.

Oliver Henry, breathing hard, straightened and glanced at the fellow I'd dropped. When he saw the smashed-up, bleeding mouth, he stared at me in surprise. "S'y! That's quite a punch you gyve 'im! You didn't 'it *me* that 'ard!"

"No," I admitted. "But then, you didn't break my arm."

"I *could* 'ave," Oliver Henry said, but not boastfully.

"Uh-huh. I can see that. Why didn't you?"

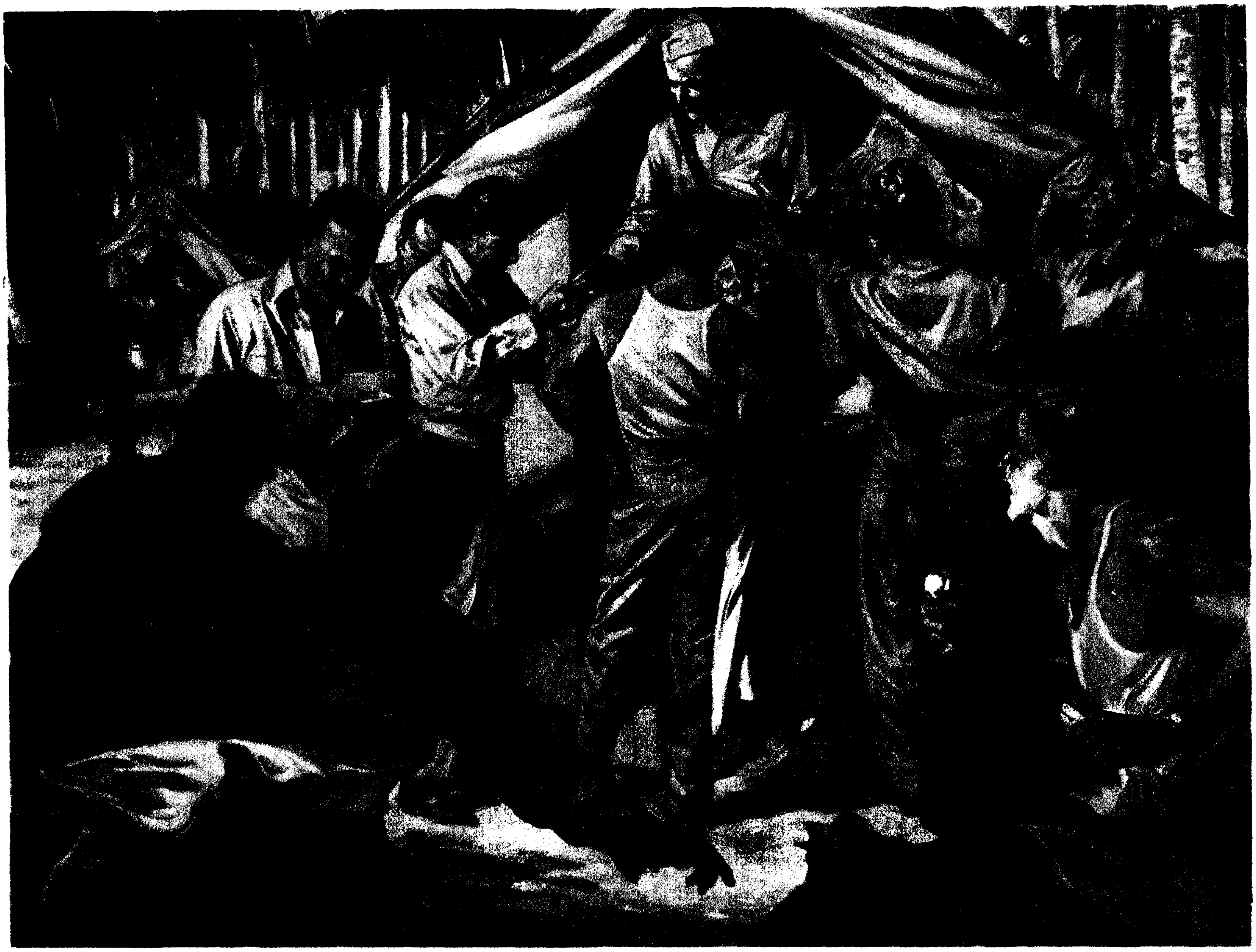
Limey seemed embarrassed. "Well, after all, we were fightin' a *friendly* sort of fight," he said, as if defending himself. "I jolly well like to pull your leg about the w'y you talk an' such, but you didn't think I *'ated* you, did you? I mean the w'y I 'ate these Germans—"

I began to grin.

"Besides—" He tried to make it sound less personal. "Why should I 'elp Mr. 'Itler by breaking the arm of a chap who's 'ere to fight 'im?"

"Limey," I said, still grinning, "those are the same thoughts that came to me—just about in time to save your nose." I held out my hand. As he took it, I told him, "I still don't like the way you talk, but—" Then I mustered all the Cockney I could think of and said, "You're a bit of orl right, blighter."

Limey grinned, too. In his best Brooklynese he answered, "You're okay yourself, mug."



When the mail brings HOME over there

EVERY returning fighting man tells the same story. In the jungle or on the desert, in training camp or at lonely station, the big event is the arrival of the mail from home. "Write oftener," they say. "You don't know what your letters mean."

High-sounding phrases about the objectives of this war are sometimes hard for a fighting man to nail down in his mind. But one thing he knows is that he is fighting for the HOME he left. He knows what the gangster-nations do to homes they over-run. It's not going to happen to *his* home!

Until American homes are safe again, the war plants of Crosley will make nothing that isn't used by the fighting men of America who are winning this war. Converted to war material early in 1942, the eight Crosley plants were delivering early in 1943 a rate of production *four times greater* than the Crosley peace-time peak. And soon it will be *six times greater*.

The pace and demands of War have stimulated the manufacture of new inventions, new materials and new products. Crosley, when Peace comes, will make even finer radios, refrigerators and other electrical appliances for the home; and the Crosley Car for civilian use.

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Peacetime Manufacturers of Radios, Refrigerators, Household Appliances and the Crosley Car
HOME OF WLW, "THE NATION'S STATION"

Let's Live a Little Longer

Continued from page 11

survivors among the retarded group; and at 1,300 days and at 1,400 days. One of the rats lived 1,421 days—141 years!

None of this fitted the popular conception of the superman, the race of Methuselahs we have always dreamed about. These supermen were supposed to be big, husky. McCay's work indicated that such a race would be small, wiry, gnomelike. This preliminary evidence also upset traditional medical notions. Doctors had always assumed that the child which started life with vigorous growth had the best chance for survival.

When McCay published his preliminary results he was swamped with criticism. He had made an accidental selection of long-lived animals, said one group. Other critics contended that the lab accident had killed off the weaker animals—and that the strong survivors naturally lived to greater age. Other doubters contended that by restricting diet, McCay had put a smaller burden on the kidneys of his rats, and that this accounted for their extra life.

Dr. McCay set to work again. This time he was armed with ample funds. The Rockefeller Foundation provided $60,000 for the second experiment—enough to hire the half-dozen helpers needed with the work.

The second experiment consumed four more years—and bore out every finding of the first. The last of the control group of rats—the ones which ate all they wanted—died at 965 days. Life for the others went on for 1,200, 1,300, 1,400 days. Rats were retarded as long as 1,000 days and resumed growth when given all the food they wanted. In this second experiment, all sorts of variables were introduced after middle age.

Little Influence on Longevity

Sedentary people can take heart at one of these findings. Exercise, it developed, had little influence on longevity. Rats were exercised in a revolving barrel. Those which were kept thin by diet lived just as long as ones kept thin by exercise. Fat was the big enemy.

Many dietitians have contended that certain food elements—meat, potatoes, sugar—tend to shorten life McCay didn't find this so.

This second experiment turned up other odd facts. Insurance statisticians have long noted that women live longer than men. They have attributed it to the fact that men hurry and worry more, but there is no evidence that male rats hurry or worry—and they don't live anywhere like as long as their womenfolk.

Still another interesting point—which ties into human beings. As a rule, we aren't much interested in diet until we reach middle age. But McCay's rats indicate that even then it may not be too late to watch our waistlines. One group of rats which ate all they wanted until middle age, then went on a restricted diet, lived 10 per cent longer than animals allowed a free choice of food.

This four-year stretch of work indicated that life could be prolonged at will. This was a tremendous accomplishment—something which had never been done before. But it didn't explain *why* life was prolonged. That was the purpose of Experiment No. 3—which is still in progress.

McCay started this job with 500 rats. Additional money came from the Rockefeller and Macy foundations. This one was set up on a larger scale than the ones which preceded it. This time there was a pathologist to help—a man who could autopsy the animals and find why they died. A New York dentist volunteered his services—to analyze the teeth of animals and see what chemical changes were wrought by age.

One of the most significant findings to date was turned up by the pathologist—Doctor John A. Saxton, Jr., of New York. At 500 days, he killed a number of rats from both the normal and the retarded groups. At this age, rats in the normal group were approaching old age and death. Rats in the retarded group were still less than halfway through life.

Over half the "normal" rats had serious diseases of one kind or another—lung infections, tumors or degenerative diseases of the kidneys. Only 10 per cent of the retarded group had these lethal maladies. Somehow the retarding of growth had also retarded serious sickness. This, of course, misses explaining long life by a wide mark.

McCay puts it frankly: "It only moves our whys back one notch."

This third experiment bears out all the findings of the first two. At 900 days—90 years—nearly all the rats in the control group were dead. But only 20 per cent in the restricted group perished.

McCay is carrying out a similar, though more limited, piece of work with dogs. Dogs live too long to give quick results, but preliminary work indicates that they will bear out the rat findings. Retarded animals are as frisky as pups and less prone to disease.

The work is helping shift attention from the very young—where medicine has already done a magnificent job—to the very old. Neither McCay nor anyone else in the field is interested in keeping old people hanging by a thread. But they are all interested in prolonging the fruitful, productive years of middle life.

There are a number of applications of this work in the animal world. The productive life of milk cows, wool sheep and laying chickens might be enormously prolonged by using McCay's methods. At least, everything points in that direction.

So far as human beings are concerned, McCay hasn't developed a magic elixir which will give us a century and a half of life. He has simply indicated that retarded animals live longest and in doing so he has provided a method of getting at the problem of old age. He has shown how to prolong life. The next step is to find why it works. Then we will be at the root of the big secret. Meanwhile, none of us are going to retard the growth of our children—even if it would insure tremendous age. McCay sums up his own advice in a few words: "First eat what you should—then what you like. But don't eat too much."

Exact advice for the average person is almost impossible. Food requirements for human beings vary too much. Thus, an inmate in an old ladies' home might subsist on 1,000 calories a day. An office worker might need 2,500, a bricklayer 3,500, a lumberjack 6,000. Mineral and vitamin requirements aren't so difficult. A quart of milk, two eggs and a slice of meat will satisfy most of our mineral needs. Our vitamin needs are well outlined: 4,000 units a day of A, 600 of C, 333 of B_1, etc. It all adds up to this: Get all the essential minerals and vitamins, but go shy on calories.

Practices What He Preaches

Doctor McCay practices what he preaches. He eats lightly and thinks overeating is criminal. He holds his weight rigidly at 140 pounds. Whether this accounts for his energy is a moot point, but he has enough energy for two or three average men. He is realistic about his project.

"No one with ambition can do this type of work," he says. "Results come too slowly. You can spend a lifetime at it, then find that you are barely getting started."

This attitude may be a little gloomy. In the space of twelve years, he has provided a jumping-off place for solving the biggest medical problem facing the world today—the staggering problem of old age.

McCay's favorite story about old age doesn't, incidentally, concern rats. It's an old one, but it may have missed you—the one about the man being interviewed by reporters on his 90th birthday. He attributes his great age to the fact that he has never tasted liquor. At this point, there is a rumpus in the adjoining room.

"What's that?" the reporter asks.

"Dad," says the old man. "Drunk again."

The End

COLLIER'S "He's the first dog I've heard of that really enjoys a bath!" JEFF KEATE

LIGHTER MOMENTS

with fresh Eveready Batteries

"It's your wife, sir, she says to be sure and wear your ear muffs and rubbers."

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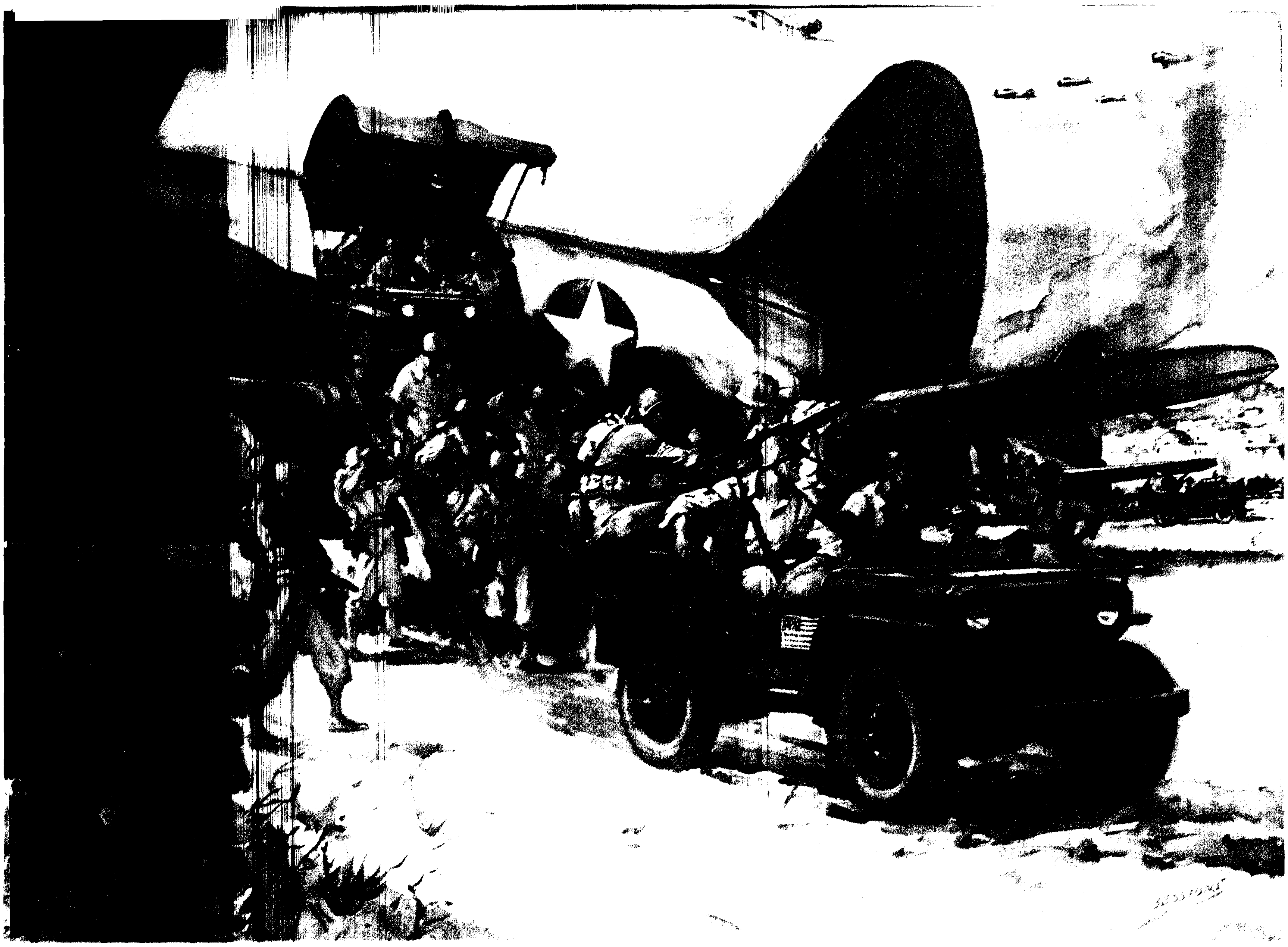
One of the important uses of "Eveready" "Mini-Max" portable radio batteries by our armed forces is to furnish power for "walkie-talkies" (portable 2-way field radios). Because the armed forces are taking all we can make, there are none available for civilians.

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK

The words "Eveready" and "Mini-Max" are registered trade-marks of National Carbon Company, Inc.



THE SUN
NEVER SETS
ON THE
FIGHTING JEEP

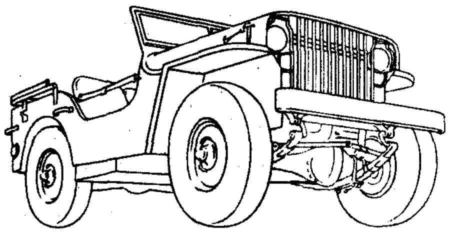
A BELLYFUL OF HELL FOR HITLER

JEEPS FROM WILLYS-OVERLAND

YES, SIR!—a bellyful of misery and hell—the kind that American and British fighting men in North Africa—and Russian fighting men from Moscow to the Caucasus, mounted in tough Jeeps built by Willys-Overland, are dealing out to a badly addled Hitler and his deluded gang.

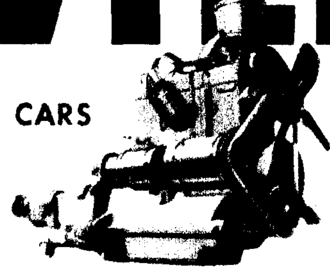
Wherever Allied fighting forces are pushing ahead today, the amazing Jeep, fighting Hell Cat from America, is doing a job. With its speed and agility—its ability to drive through deep, gooey mud, and tenacious sand, or to swoop up stiff hills and dunes—it is taking Allied fighting men and fighting materials to points of vantage that no other four-wheeled automotive fighting machine of this war could reach.

Born of American engineering and manufacturing ingenuity, the U. S. Army Jeep, with its world-renowned Willys Go-Devil Engine, is the most beloved chunk of speed, power and rugged endurance supplied to any motorized army unit in the world today. Willys-Overland's civilian engineers assisted the U. S. Quartermaster Corps in designing and perfecting the Jeep adopted by the U. S. Army. The amazing world-renowned "Go-Devil" engine that drives it with such power, speed and flexibility, is an exclusive Willys-Overland development. Willys-Overland Motors, Inc.

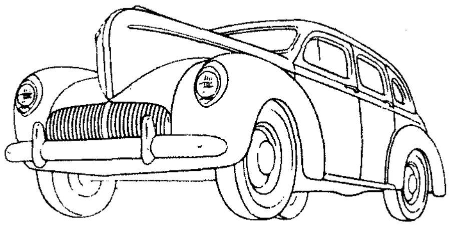


U. S. ARMY JEEP

WILLYS



MOTOR CARS TRUCKS AND JEEPS



AMERICAR—*the People's Car*

THE GO-DEVIL ENGINE—power-heart of WILLYS CARS and all JEEPS

100 OCTANE GASOLINE

A Statement to the American People about their New Super Aviation Fuel...World's Finest!

- 100 Octane Gasoline, the new super fuel to fly super planes, can be made by several methods.
- There is only *one* method by which it can be made in the tremendous quantities needed by the United States and United Nations today.
- That method is Catalytic Cracking, which makes in quantity a much higher quality fuel—i. e. more power—greater maneuverability and greater load-carrying capacity for planes.
- Socony-Vacuum was the first to recognize the possibilities of Catalytic Cracking—we brought to this country Eugene Houdry, the inventor of the Houdry Process, and worked with him in developing and perfecting Catalytic Cracking.
- Socony-Vacuum was the *first company in the world to produce 100 Octane Gasoline in commercial quantities by the use of the Catalytic Cracking Process.*
- Socony-Vacuum has produced more Catalytic Cracked base stock for 100 Octane Gasoline than any other company.
- Thus, America when the war began had available the world's finest aviation gasoline—and methods and equipment to produce it in quantities for the world's mightiest air fleets.
- Today through Socony-Vacuum's New Thermofor Continuous Catalytic Cracking Process—a further development—we are enabling America to increase the quantity and quality of 100 Octane Gasoline.

What this will mean to you — tomorrow!

America can expect lighter, faster, more efficient engines for the peace-time "air flivvers" and dream cars to come.

40 to 50 miles per gallon of "gas" is no longer just "visionary"!

The "100-octane-plus" gasolines already being developed will take the wraps off inventors and designers—make possible more powerful, higher-compression engines of all types.

Working constantly to improve petroleum products for War and for Peace—is Socony-Vacuum's pledge of Friendly Service to America.

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The Sign of Friendly Service

Double, Double, Toil and Trouble

Continued from page 17

buttoned up, well suited to a visit to a great and serious opera.

In the lobby of the National Theater he caught sight—and it gave him a little shock—of Adolf Hitler. The Fuehrer was dressed very much like himself. In the midst of the busy tumult of the arriving audience he did not see Oscar at first. But Oscar gathered together all his strength; with his whole will he wished, he commanded, that the Leader should see him. And behold—the Fuehrer turned his glance upon him, reflected for a fraction of a second, recognized him, came toward him, took his hand, pressed it firmly and said significantly: "How are you, Party Comrade Lautensack? You have troubles, it seems. We all have them. Yes, the times are difficult. That's why the will that arises from them must be all the stronger."

A wave of sympathy, of closeness, passed from Oscar to Adolf Hitler. Lately he had reread the book *Mein Kampf;* his own spirit had breathed at him from its pages, and now he was finding out that the Fuehrer spoke exactly the way he wrote. They were bound together, they were one, these two men.

More powerfully than ever today the music moved Oscar. The sharp contrast of the Venusberg with its voluptuous, devouring excitement and the Wartburg with its sacred harps and songs—that was his own problem. He himself was Tannhäuser, and the shrill, sensuous quivering of the violins, the wild bacchanale of the Venusberg, bathed in red and blue lights—that was Trettnow's Berlin, it was the stiff shirt fronts, the naked, pearl-bedecked flesh of the women. And the sweet, innocent pipe of the shepherd boy, Wolfram's warning, and Elizabeth's heavenly love—that was pure telepathy, Hravliczek's serious science, Tirschenreuth's maternally severe affection.

The opera was over; the wild and the sacred sounds died away. After this powerful inner disturbance Oscar felt an appetite; he was as hungry as a wolf. He made his way to the small Italian restaurant, hoping perhaps to see the Fuehrer there once more. And actually, Hitler too had felt moved to go to the restaurant, and for a second time that evening he gave the clairvoyant a significant nod.

After Oscar had satisfied his hunger he still could not go home; he was too full of the exciting music. Unexpectedly there arose in him the memory of certain women whom he had neglected badly for some time; above all he was moved by the image of Alma, the little seamstress, and her plump good looks. In spite of the late hour he telephoned her, and after some resistance she said he might come.

He came in his festive frock coat. She was amused and at the same time impressed, and the evening turned out well.

THE next morning the telephone broke shrilly into his sleep. He answered in a bad humor. Hannsjörg was on the line. "Trettnow's here," he announced. "She wants to see you as soon as possible. She's staying at the Four Seasons. She's waiting for you to call."

A sweet shock ran through Oscar. Now fate was rewarding him for following his inner voice. Now the reward was here in the person of Hildegard von Trettnow.

"She's waiting for you to call her." Careful now. He mustn't make a false step so near the goal. From the beginning of their relationship he must show this fine lady who was the master.

"Don't you hear me?" Hannsjörg was asking on the other end of the line. "She's waiting for you to call her."

"Then she can wait a long time," replied Oscar. "If the lady wants something of me, she can be kind enough to come to me."

There was a short pause. Then the high voice at the other end of the line swore at him: "You idiot, you dumb ox, you frightful ass!" It was just the way the ten-year-old Hans used to swear when his older brother had got him into a hopeless position and then left him there.

Oscar hung up. And two minutes later Hannsjörg was on the line again. Almost pleadingly he remonstrated: "You can't expect a lady like Frau von Trettnow to chase after you into your hole in Rumfordstrasse."

"I do expect it," said Oscar. "Perhaps, instead of cursing at me like a truck driver, you might consider my motives. If your Trettnow doesn't value me so highly that she'll take the trouble to come to me, then the whole idea just doesn't pay. Then I'll stay in Munich and sign the contract with Hravliczek. By the way, Tannhäuser was very good last night. Thank you for the ticket." And he hung up again. The choruses of the day before rang within him: "Hallelujah, hallelujah!" Of course, after she had traveled from Berlin to Munich, Trettnow would make the little trip from the Four Seasons to Rumfordstrasse—there was no doubt about it. Oscar stretched voluptuously in his bed, turned on his side, and fell contentedly asleep again.

In the afternoon Hannsjörg rang up. "She's coming," he informed him, rather brusquely, obviously because he, Oscar, had been right again. But in Oscar's soul the brasses from the festival scene in Tannhäuser blew their fanfares.

So the next morning, shortly after eleven, accompanied by Hannsjörg, Hildegard, Baroness von Trettnow, actually fluttered into Oscar's modest room at 66 Rumfordstrasse. On one wall hung the mask, somber and significant. Oscar sat in his armchair; he had hesitated about what he should put on; in the end he had decided on the purple jacket.

Hildegard Trettnow was the way Hannsjörg had described her: well-dressed, elegant, around thirty, handsome, reddish-blond, the features a little sharp, a bold nose, eyes that were quick, pale, hysterical. Both the brothers, as she entered the room, were thinking the same thing: What would our late lamented father have said to this? The Baroness von Trettnow!

WITH cool courtesy, Oscar arose. "I'm delighted to meet you, Master," said Frau von Trettnow in her loud, flat voice. "Hannsjörg has told me so much about you."

Her pale, hysterical eyes went to and fro between the plaque and Oscar's face. "It's a great experience," she said, "to be allowed to compare Oscar Lautensack's portrait with the original. I hope it doesn't disturb you if I look at everything here so brazenly."

"You are my brother's savior," replied Oscar with distant politeness. "You have put me in your debt as well."

"Then you only tolerate me here for your brother's sake?" Frau von Trettnow answered coquettishly; she was obviously expecting some flattery. But Oscar felt it was premature to pay her compliments and escaped into the mystical.

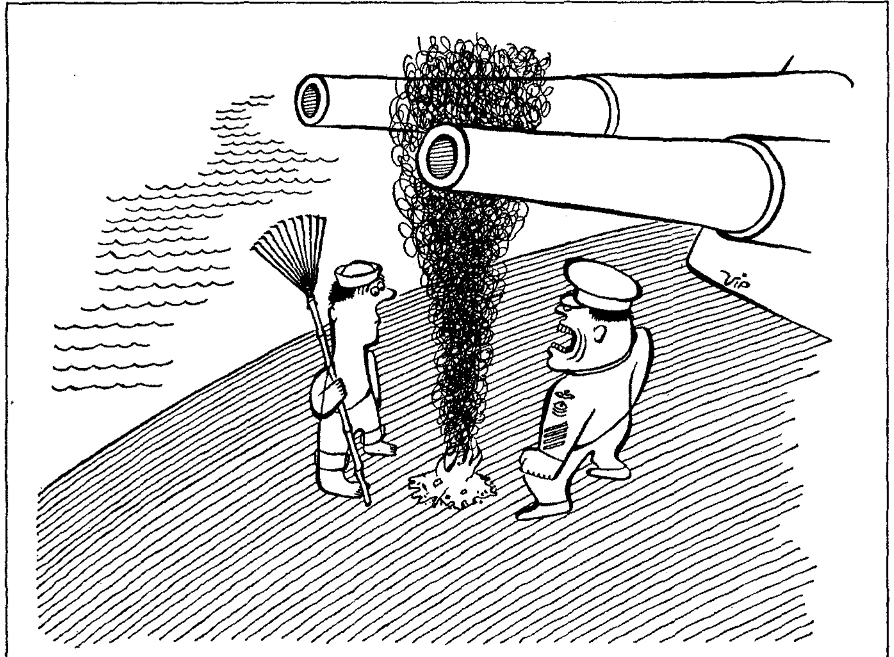
"There is no such thing as chance," he proclaimed. "Everything is a great web; all things are interwoven. Who comes to me does not come by chance."

"I also find," said Frau von Trettnow, trying to lower her harsh voice, "that a sense of fate emanates from you. A person who has once felt the dark, the web-like quality in you, can never free himself again." In place of any answer he contented himself with assuming his Roman look. "I understand," the baroness went on, "that in every detail of existence you seek the link to the cosmos. After what Hannsjörg told me about you I was able to form an idea of your world concept. I've also been prepared for it through the ideology of the National Socialist Party. In your presence I have the same feeling as in the presence of the Fuehrer." She was silent; her eyes went reverently to and fro between him and the plaque.

Oscar too was silent, but he looked the baroness full in the face.

The baroness, insecure, titillated by his gaze, wriggled her hips. Oscar said at last: "To be effective I need readiness on the other person's part."

"There's no lack of readiness," said Trettnow with animation, "on my part. From the first moment I saw your portrait that readiness was there." In short,



"There's really nothing to stop you from raking the trash over the side"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

Botany
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WRINKLE-PROOF
Ties
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The marvelous fabric springs back to fresh newness...overnight. In Planned Patterns...to go with whatever you wear. $1 each. Also available in official Army, Navy and Marine colors. Botany Regence Ties . . . $1.50.

BOTANY WORSTED MILLS, PASSAIC, N. J. • Ties • Robes • Men's and Women's Wear Fabrics • No-Dye-Lot Yarns • Lanolin Cosmetics

Would you like to own this sailboat?

Imagine the fun of racing along in a spanking breeze with a gay, lighthearted crew aboard! Just remember this, in an Axis-dominated world, you wouldn't be allowed to own a sailboat, a rowboat or a canoe. You couldn't even call your soul your own. So trim sail now and buy all the War Bonds and Stamps you can. It's the quickest way we know for every one to help lick the Axis. And, incidentally, if you buy lots of them now, you may have enough to cash in after the war and buy yourself a sailboat just like the one that's shown above. This advertisement contributed by the makers of Sani-Flush and Mel'o.

Patrols report three kinds of worms!

—SAYS "OLD SARGE"

My outfit has strict regulations about worms. Attack quick—with the right weapons for each type of worm.

For Large Roundworms or Hookworms, we use Sergeant's SURE SHOT Capsules (or Puppy Capsules for pups and small dogs). For Tapeworms—Sergeant's Tapeworm Medicine. Both clean 'em out pronto! Then Sergeant's Vitamin Capsules to help the patient back to health.

Learn about worms (and other ills) in the Sergeant's Dog Book. Free—at drug and pet stores everywhere.

FREE SERGEANT'S, Dept. 51-C, Richmond, Va. Please send me a free, 40-page, Illustrated Sergeant's Dog Book.

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Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

everything went off according to plan, and when at the end Trettnow asked shyly and coquettishly whether she might see Oscar again, he was able, without compromising his dignity, to assent, with a deep look.

That same afternoon Hannsjörg visited Oscar, praised his brother for having done his part well, and gave him directions as to how he should proceed further in regard to the contract for Alois Pranner. "You must get Trettnow to the point," he instructed Oscar, "where she begins talking to you about hard cash. When you've got her there, then, of course, you don't understand *anything* about such business matters; you refuse proudly and refer her to me. The most important point is that *she* should start talking about money, not you."

TWO days later Oscar was eating dinner with Frau von Trettnow in the dining room of the Four Seasons. Between soup and Danubian trout the baroness spoke about the kinship of Oscar Lautensack's world concept with Adolf Hitler's. Between the fish course and the *tournedos à la Rossini* she spoke about the mission which awaited Oscar in Berlin. Between the meat course and the *soufflé surprise,* she spoke about the difficult times which demanded that Oscar should descend from his ivory tower and let the common people hear his voice, and of the example of the Fuehrer, who had given up his vocation as a painter in order to save Germany. With the fruit and cheese, Oscar declared that the exhortation to take up the cause of the German people had never sounded so forceful and urgent as from the baroness' lips, and heedless of the other guests and the waiters, he looked her up and down, with piercing, very male glances.

Coffee was served in the baroness' drawing room. Now the hour had come. Oscar fixed his fierce, dark blue eyes on her face; he concentrated his gaze on the bridge of her nose. Violently, rallying his forces to the utmost, he gave her the inner command: "Start talking about hard cash, you goose."

She understood and obeyed. "I understand, Master," she said, "that if you decide to move to Berlin you will have to leave much behind you. Surely that will also involve material difficulties. Would you permit me to lend a hand? I should be overjoyed."

"Hallelujah!" the pilgrims rejoiced within Oscar. "She's hooked," the brasses from the festival scene trumpeted in his soul. But aloud, somberly and sternly, he said: "I don't bother about those externals. There is only one law for me: my inner voice."

"I know," said the baroness, put to shame and covered with maidenly blushes. "I shouldn't have brought up the subject in your presence. I'll talk it over with Hannsjörg."

The blushes were not unbecoming to her; Oscar looked upon her with gracious eyes. "It is doubtless no accident," he said dreamily, "that the Party has called me through you in particular. For us Germans the ideal still remains a feminine one. The eternally feminine attracts us." She sat there happily. He knew that he would only have to touch her at that moment and she would dissolve; he even felt a desire to do it. However, that would have been unwise. He contented himself with giving her a long, full look while pressing her hand in farewell. Then he went to Alma.

Two days later Hannsjörg informed him that all was going according to plan: the contract for Alois Pranner was ready.

Oscar felt for the bell in the dark, rang it. His servant Ali came in, a personable young Arab in the costume of his people; here in Berlin, Oscar had begun to surround himself with persons and objects that attracted attention. Ali pulled back the curtains and rolled the breakfast table up to Oscar's bed.

A pale New Year's Day sun revealed the gorgeousness of the heavy, rich-hued furniture. While Oscar toyed with his breakfast, he feasted his eyes on the magnificence he had amassed. He had come a long way in the few months of his life in Berlin. He could enter this new year of 1932 with satisfaction.

Half past eleven. As a matter of fact still rather early, for he had not come home from the New Year's Eve party at Frau von Trettnow's until five o'clock. Everything there had been as he had longingly imagined it in Munich; gentlemen in white shirt fronts, ladies in deep décolletés had crowded around him, paid homage to him. He had made the grade; he was on top again.

He had himself massaged, took a shower. He felt in good shape physically too. Success agreed with him, and the violent Berlin life made him young. He put on his luxurious purple dressing gown, surveyed himself in the mirror; the dressing gown looked well with his Roman head.

He went over into the library, sat down at the huge desk, and gazed with approval at the pile of mail which lay arranged before him. He tipped over the pile and rummaged around in it like a child, smiling absent-mindedly. There were many who sent him their good wishes; he had won himself followers; the world knew now who Oscar Lautensack was.

There was a knock at the door. His secretary came in: Herr Friedrich Petermann. Herr Petermann never walked in, he always stole, slipped, smuggled himself in. Oscar called him a desiccated sneak and could not stand him. He was annoyed at Hannsjörg for browbeating him into hiring just this particular secretary; now he could not get rid of him; he knew too much. In his secret heart Oscar guessed that his brother was having Petermann spy on him.

OSCAR kept his secretary only a short time. But his cheerfulness had vanished. His heavy mail no longer gave him pleasure. He shoved the letters aside and did some telephoning, to exchange New Year's greetings with his friends. They were people with resounding names and titles. His worthy father would have stared.

In between, however, he also called up little Alma, the seamstress, to wish her luck; for Oscar Lautensack did not do things in a small way and he had generously taken Alma along with him to Berlin and set her up in business here.

But after this conversation he returned to the bigwigs. He rang up Councilor Maedeler, then Count Zinsdorff. He was a young man with a beautiful, insolent, vicious face and magnificently casual manners; Oscar was proud of his friendship.

But today's conversation with Ulrich Zinsdorff did not make Oscar happy. Zinsdorff mentioned in passing that he had spent New Year's Eve at the chief of staff's, at Manfred Proell's. They had told some good, smutty stories, but there had been serious political talk as well, and the Fuehrer himself had appeared; toward morning there had been a showing of the most colossal, filthy movie—in short, the year 1932 had got off to a most promising start. It was too bad Oscar hadn't been there.

Yes, too bad. More than too bad. Oscar's mood was at once upset. He felt bitter. He would have liked to meet the Fuehrer. For great as had been the successes which that autumn and winter had brought him, his ultimate dream—direct co-operation with the Fuehrer—had not been fulfilled. Hannsjörg considered it too early to bring him together with Hitler; he had always had new excuses for keeping him away from the New Year's party at Manfred Proell's.

Oscar gazed mechanically at the ring on his finger. It was one of Trettnow's presents, a handsome seal ring. But as a matter of fact he had imagined something different for his large white hand. At Posner the jeweler's, on Unter den Linden, he had been shown a valuable diamond ring. Men no longer wore such rings, but he didn't let fashion determine his tastes. Soon, as soon as he had more money, he was going to buy that diamond ring.

No, he hadn't quite yet reached his goal. It wasn't just the ring; there was also a certain wall in the library. For the time being, a large painting hung there, a huge pretentious canvas, executed by an artist of the Piloty school and portraying the astrologer Seni at the bier of Wallenstein.

But no one knew better than Oscar that this was only a weak substitute. The right decoration for the wall was a tapestry he had seen in the Bernheimer Galleries in Munich; that tapestry was definitely and genuinely an old Flemish original, and it depicted the laboratory of an alchemist. Only unfortunately it was outrageously expensive. But just wait—soon he would also be able to replace the astrologer Seni with the alchemist's laboratory.

The Stag at Eve

When Little Tarzan eats his beans
And other unattractive greens,
I give the model child a cake
As a reward, for goodness' sake.

But when he buttons up his trap
And won't devour a single scrap
Of foliage, do I then deny
The stubborn apple of my eye
A sweet, and let him starve? I do—
Like fun! Instead, I give him two.

Thus do I keep the toothsome brat
Luxuriously pink and fat.
And if my views are in collision
With those held by our pediatrician,
If he condemns my soft technique
As reprehensible and weak,
I'd like to have him come to dinner
And try to feed the little sinner.

MARGARET FISHBACK

Oscar felt something disturbing. Somebody must be close by. Peevishly, a harsh word on his lips, he went to the library.

Hannsjörg was there. An impudent smile covering his whole pointed, pasty face, he came to meet Oscar. "Happy New Year, old top," he said. "I felt I ought to bring my good wishes myself. How was it at little Hilde's? We had a marvelous time at Manfred's." So the worm even dared to remind him of that evening with the Fuehrer, from which he had excluded him.

Oscar assumed his Roman expression. "You dirty stinker," he said with conviction.

"You mean because the Fuehrer was there?" replied Hannsjörg comfortably, lighting a cigarette; he looked slight, a little pitiful, sitting in the much too large armchair. "Was it such an awful imposition," he inquired with sympathy, meanly, "that you had to spend the evening at little Hilde's? Did she keep you there overnight?"

But when Oscar did not enter into that spirit Hannsjörg felt it was time to bring up the subject about which he had come, his New Year's present. "I've got a sug-

Casablanca

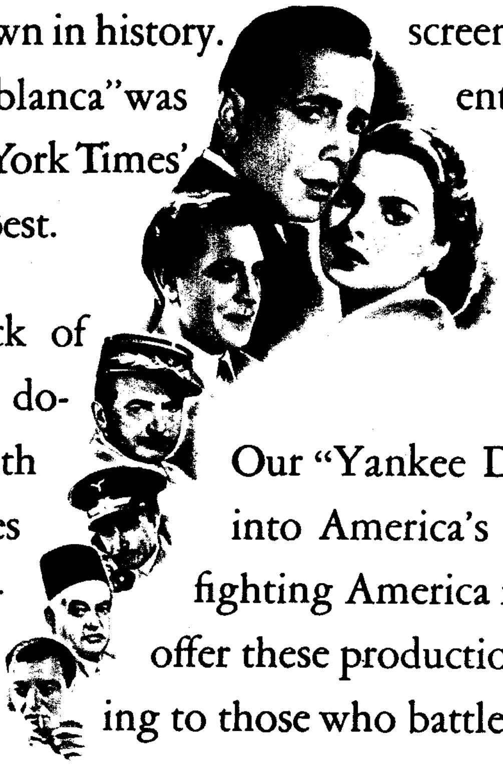
It's more than a town in Africa....

AND MORE THAN A WARNER BROS. PICTURE.

NOV. 11TH

On November 10th Casablanca was a word in a geography book. On November 11th it became a place that will go down in history. ...And scarcely a week later "Casablanca" was the Warner Bros. Picture the 'New York Times' hailed as one of the Year's Ten Best.

On the battle-line, and in back of it, there is an *American* way of doing things that is traditional with Warner Bros. This tradition goes back to another war when we presented a motion picture called, "My Four Years in Germany."



Long before the recent invasion, the powder-keg that was Casablanca hid a story restless for screen telling. In any day this would be grand entertainment for its sheer excitement alone. But in these times, with our entire picture-making effort keyed to morale building, "Casablanca" offers another example of the war-time policy of our company.

Our "Yankee Doodle Dandy" is putting song and spirit into America's heart. And with "Air Force" telling of a fighting America in action, we of Warner Bros. are happy to offer these productions as symbols of the American way of living to those who battle here and abroad for the good way of life.

NOW PLAYING NATIONALLY
Your own theatre will advise you gladly of its engagement

JACK L. WARNER
Executive Producer

HUMPHREY BOGART ☆ INGRID BERGMAN ☆ PAUL HENREID IN "Casablanca"

with
CLAUDE RAINS · CONRAD VEIDT · SYDNEY GREENSTREET · PETER LORRE

HAL B. WALLIS PRODUCTION
DIRECTED BY MICHAEL CURTIZ

Screen Play: Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein, Howard Koch • From Play by Murray Burnett, and Joan Alison • Music by Max Steiner

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BRIGGS PIPE MIXTURE
VICTORY PACKAGE
"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND"

You're sabotaging your pipe's ability to give pleasure when you load it with anything less than Briggs. For Briggs is cask-mellowed for years—longer than many costly blends—to make your briar a treat. Its ripe perfection cuddles taste-buds with full-bodied goodness—it's a gentle joy to your tongue, a delight to your nostrils. Don't put off the pleasure—try Briggs *today!*

BRIGGS
The Smoke with a Smile

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Do you feel older than you are or suffer from Getting Up Nights, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, Burning, scanty or frequent passages? If so, remember that your Kidneys are vital to your health and that these symptoms may be due to non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles—in such cases Cystex (a physician's prescription) usually gives prompt and joyous relief by helping the Kidneys flush out poisonous excess acids and wastes. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose in trying Cystex. An iron-clad guarantee assures a refund of your money on return of empty package unless fully satisfied. Don't delay. Get Cystex (Siss-tex) from your druggist today. Only 35c.

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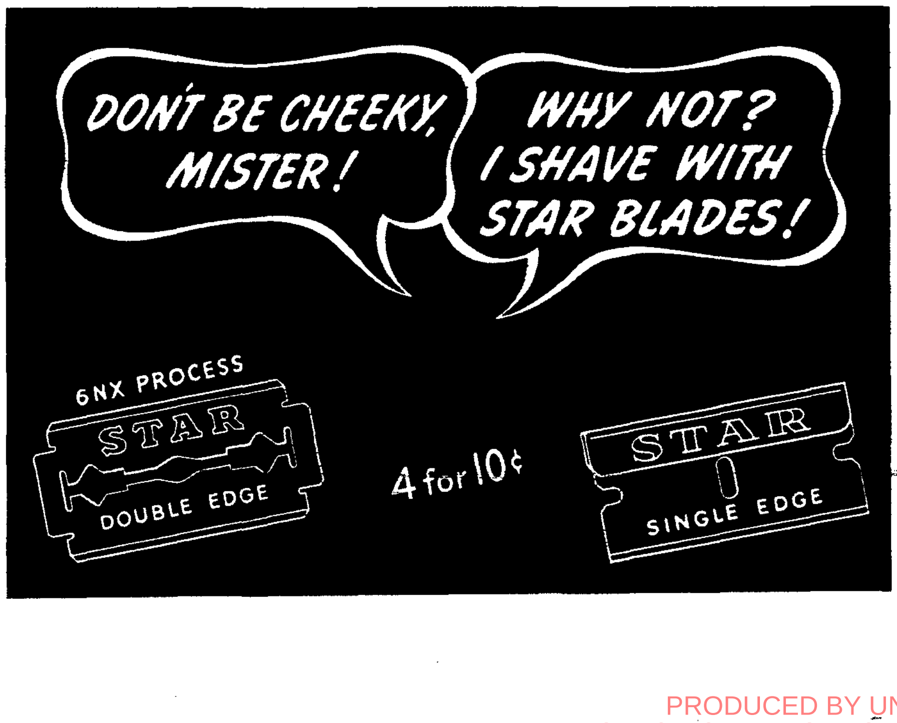
QUALITY PIPES
Tops in smoking pleasure



gestion for you that will give you pleasure," he informed his brother. "We're going to found a magazine, you and I. The Society for the Dissemination of German World Philosophy will publish it. It's going to be called Germany's Star. It's to deal with those sciences which are beyond the reach of arid intellectualism—with racial studies and occultism. The budget for it has been approved. As a member of the executive committee of the German World Philosophy I officially invite you, Oscar Lautensack, to assume the duties of editor. I'll be glad to help you to the best of my abilities. You know, as the former publisher of Lightning, I have experience."

The casual, ironical manner in which Hannsjörg clothed his announcement, and the reference to the blackmailing paper which had brought Hannsjörg money and trouble, did not prevent Oscar from recognizing what a great favor his brother was again doing him. A magazine was a valuable present in the times in which they were living. "Germany's Star," he said critically, "it doesn't sound bad."

"It can rise in a fortnight—can Germany's Star," Hannsjörg announced cheerfully and resolutely. "So roll up your sleeves, my boy. See to it that you turn out a good article for the first number." He noticed with satisfaction how stimulated Oscar was. He left.

Oscar remained behind, his face working. Ali, the servant, announced that dinner was ready, but Oscar waved him aside, sunk in meditation. He went up and down his rows of books; his purple dressing gown billowed gorgeously, trailing behind him.

Oscar, almost mechanically, reached for a book with a sober, bluish-gray paper cover, a thick volume which exuded science and boredom. Thomas Hravliczek, Handbook of Metapsychology, it said on the outside. As Oscar took the book in his hands it opened of itself at the pages describing the telepathic experiments the professor had made with him.

Full of enthusiasm Oscar reflected how he would write his articles for Germany's Star. If he was in good form, he would produce something great.

There was just one little difficulty. The manual work, the mechanical act of writing, hindered his spontaneity of expression. But neither could he dictate those essays, those panegyrics which he intended to write, to a person like Petermann, for example, the desiccated sneak. No, he'd simply have to look around, and find himself somebody who suited him. He'd go to some stenographer or other, incognito, a Harun-al-Rashid, and when he found the right face he'd make the girl the tool of his inspiration.

With this decision, Oscar concluded his hour of meditation. He rang for the servant and ate his dinner.

OSCAR and Alois were driving out Ahornallee to Frau von Trettnow's. Oscar's expression was concentrated; he was preparing himself.

It was going to be a difficult evening this time. Trettnow hadn't even told him the names of the people before whom he was to perform; he himself had wished it so to prove his good faith. He knew only that they were people of influence. And then, to be sure, Alois had been able to find out a good deal about the members of the gathering when, as usual, he had made the routine arrangements for the performance at Trettnow's house. Now, in the car, Oscar was checking up on his memory, which Alois confirmed or supplemented.

Finally they arrived at Frau von Trettnow's house, and at once Alois became the most polite, the most assiduous of helpers, playing the part of Oscar Lautensack's admiring associate.

About sixteen to twenty people were present, the gentlemen in dinner jackets, the ladies in evening dress. They sat there with faces on which skepticism and irony were mingled with an expectant, somewhat uncomfortable curiosity. Frau von Trettnow reminded them once again that she had not informed the master who would be present, that he knew no names. Then Alois asked them to write down questions which related to the future, to put what they had written in an envelope and to seal the envelope. These firmly sealed envelopes Alois collected in a little basket which he passed to Oscar. All this took place under the brightest illumination.

Oscar mixed the envelopes without opening them, letting them glide through his large white hands. "I ask you to relax, ladies and gentlemen," he said. "It is not necessary for you to think about what you asked me on your slip; but if you do so, you will help me. The essential thing is that you don't put up any resistances to me, that you don't shut yourself off, that—if you should not believe—you put aside your skepticism for the short period of these manifestations. Please understand me rightly: You don't have to believe, but you are not to make the task difficult for me by your disbelief."

HE WENT on letting the envelopes glide through his hand, felt them, took hold of them more firmly, turned them around in his hands, crumpled them—always without opening them. His large, passionate eyes assumed a dreamy, absent expression. He breathed slowly, loudly. He leaned his head back, closing his eyes.

He picked out one of the envelopes, turned it over, crumpled it up. "This envelope," he said slowly, groping for words, "comes from a tall, blond lady. I see her as she is today, and I see her three years from today." Unexpectedly he opened his eyes, searched among the listeners. "The envelope belongs to you, madame," he said, and pointed his large forefinger at the woman whom he had recognized from Alois' description. "I have seen you. I see you." He closed his eyes again, and from now on he spoke in a strangely drawling, sleepy voice, often inserting pauses. "I see a city," he announced. "It is a southern city. The signs are in Italian. It is not an interesting city. I can't see anything remarkable about it. You are in a hotel. It is a small shabby hotel. Why is a lady like you staying in such a shabby hotel? And what business can you have in such an uninteresting city? Now a child is coming into the room. A boy. It is a lively boy. He is about nine or ten years old. He is very lively. He asks you something. You wave him away. He doesn't give in. I must say, madame, he's really not a well-brought-up boy. Incidentally, you fear for the boy. There is real fear in your eyes. Now you are going out. You go for a drive. And all the time you are afraid. You look around to see if somebody is not behind you." Again he opened his eyes suddenly and fixed the pretty blonde with his gaze. "Can you make anything of what I have seen?" he asked. "Does it make sense to you? Am I right?"

The blonde, excited, said in an uncertain, constrained voice: "Yes, it might be. A lot of unfair things happen in this world."

Until now Oscar had been nervous. Now that the first attempt had gone off so well, he became the more confident. He had at once spotted Herr Tischler from Alois' description. He knew how to handle people of that type; they were easy game; they were to be treated with impudence, with "superiority." A grim, dark fit of mischief overcame Oscar. He wasn't going to stand up before these bigwigs and play the clown any more; he was not going to supply these people with amusement; they were going to supply him with amusement.

He picked up a new envelope, felt it, "saw." "Now," he announced, "I see a man of about fifty, with a grayish-brown complexion. His name might begin with a D, or perhaps with a T. I have a feeling that this man's health is not very sound. He has stomach trouble." He opened his eyes, and again picking out his man with his large forefinger, he cried: "It is you."

HERR TISCHLER, his gray face even more colorless than before, admitted with a weak attempt at humor: "I do take sodium bicarbonate from time to time, that's true."

The others smiled uneasily. Oscar's expression remained unchanged. "You asked about your future," he went on. "I have an answer for you. But it is not a pleasant answer, and I don't know whether it can be of any use to you to learn what it is. Do you want to know it?" His passionate, dark blue eyes held the gaze of the man, who tried to evade him.

"What importance can it have?" Herr Tischler answered in his hoarse, rather unpleasant voice. "Or do you think, Herr Lautensack," he went on challengingly, "that what you are going to tell me now will change my mode of life?"

"Perhaps," Oscar replied calmly. "Perhaps not. That depends on your powers of judgment, Herr D or T."

"Well come on, produce your wisdom," Herr Tischler said impatiently.

Oscar leaned back his head, closing his eyes. "Now I see across the years," he prophesied. "I see across ten years. It is ten years from today. I see something like a forest. Stones here and there. They are gravestones. Ah—it is Woodland Cemetery. I see a certain stone. Not a very showy one. The inscription is simple too. The letters blur before me, but I can read them vaguely. The inscription says 'Anton Tiehler' or something like that." And after a malicious little pause he added: "The stone is already pretty well weathered." He opened his eyes again. "I regret that I have nothing more pleasant to report to you, Herr Tiehler, but I warned you."

The others were breathing uncomfortably. Herr Tischler, paler and grayer than ever, declared with forced joviality: "All nonsense of course. I'll never have myself buried in Berlin. I wouldn't think of it."

But Oscar, with accomplished politeness, answered: "Perhaps that doesn't depend entirely on you, sir. I can only express what comes to me from powers which are stronger than you and I."

With satisfaction he noticed that his audacious prophecy had made an impression on the gathering. He picked out his next subject. The big, heavy, blond gentleman with the plump-cheeked, rosy face was obviously Dr. Kadereit, the big industrialist. He scrutinized the man's sly, sleepy eyes. This fellow wouldn't be exactly easy. Dr. Kadereit was the most important person in this gathering; Hannsjörg had impressed that on him emphatically.

He made no lengthy, mystical preparations, but came straight to grips with the man. He shut his eyes only for a short moment, then declared: "This slip comes from you, Herr Dr. Kadereit." He inclined his head and explained politely: "By the way, I knew you were Herr Dr. Kadereit from newspaper pictures. However, what I am about to tell you," he went on, "springs from other sources."

"Please go on," Dr. Kadereit said amiably; the portly rather clumsy man had an oddly light, weak voice.

Oscar did not go into a trance, but sank his gaze, fully awake, into the other's eyes, into those sly, veiled eyes. He kept his voice also on an everyday level; only he spoke slowly so as not to let slip an unconsidered word. "I see you," he said, "in the company of gentlemen in uniform. I see you conducting these gentlemen through large, bright rooms. I see machines. It seems to be a factory. Am I right?"

"It's not improbable," said a sharp, mocking little voice, belonging to a small, graceful woman, obviously Dr. Kadereit's wife. "It's not improbable that a manufacturer should be found in a factory." There was a ripple of laughter.

"Please do not disturb the master," Alois requested politely but severely.

The little lady was dangerous, Oscar felt. He wouldn't get by here with his scant information about Kadereit. If he wanted to regain command of his audience he would have to make a greater effort, use his true power, his intuition, his perception. He would have to gamble on that. If a current went out from him to this Kadereit fellow, he would have won; if not, well then he would have lost the gamble.

He closed his eyes, withdrew into himself. It worked—it was coming! He felt that faint, fine tearing, as when one tears a silken material. Slowly he opened his eyes. But to his astonishment the current did not go from him to Dr. Kadereit, but to the woman beside him, to that very lady who had disturbed him with her impudent words.

He knew nothing about this woman; with her, whether he would or not, he was completely dependent on his perception. His gaze fastened on her face, a pale-brown, bold, boyish face with bright, gray eyes. He would not release those eyes, and although Ilse Kadereit looked at him proudly and mockingly, yet she felt that something strange was seizing control of her and forcing her against her will to surrender her most intimate thoughts.

OSCAR'S face had become empty, his red lips had parted a little, and again his lids half concealed his eyes. "I have no message for Herr Dr. Kadereit," he said, "but instead I speak now to you, madame." His voice drawled, drew the words out, sounded sleepy: "About the future I have nothing to prophesy to you, but I can give you more exact information about your wishes and thoughts than you have yourself."

"I'm waiting," said Ilse Kadereit, but she did not quite succeed in maintaining her pretty, mocking tone.

Over in his corner Alois stood in suspense, in readiness. What Oscar was doing was daring; it was the technique of suggestion, a method made up of hypnotism and telepathy mixed; only the true telepathist could permit himself this. "You think," Oscar began now, always in the same, groping tone of voice, "that your husband should finally ally himself and his interests with the Party. You don't want this for any great or small advantage, but simply because you think it amusing. Do you remember when this wish first became clear and definite to you? Yes, you remember. And I remember with you. Please imagine exactly the way it was." He gazed before him, listened to what sounded in him, in her. "Thank you," he said and smiled, "thank you, now you're really making an effort. Your memory is becoming clear. Now I

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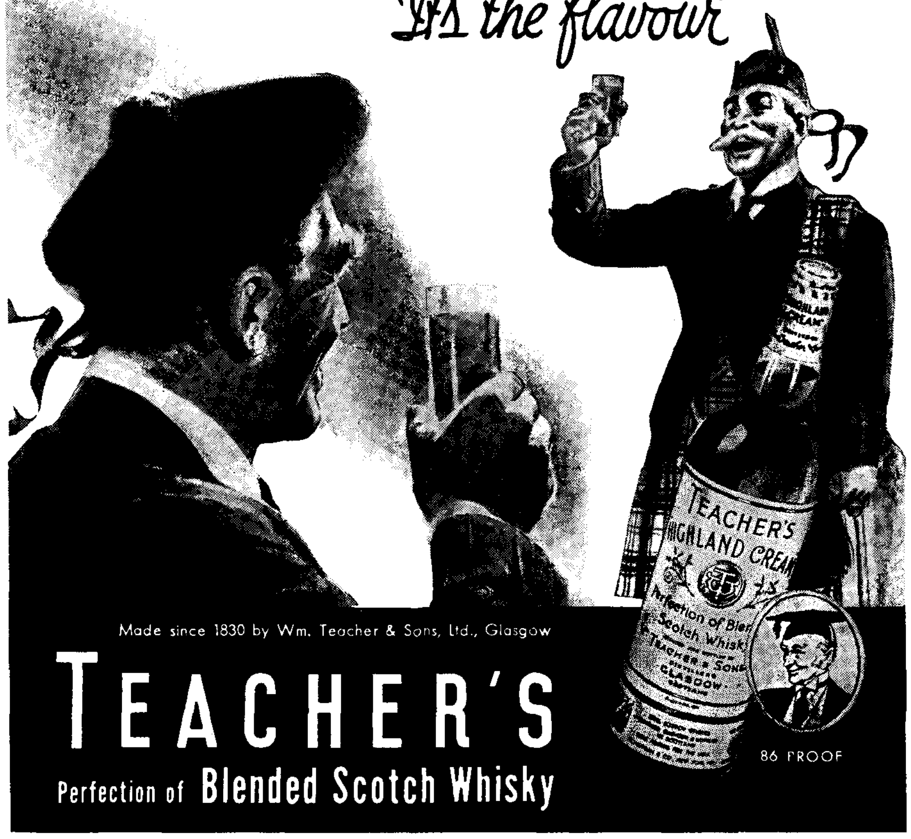

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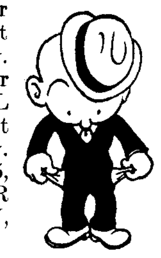

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can see well. You are in a room with a lot of greenery. Is it a hothouse? It's something like a conservatory. With you is a youngish man. He has black hair. He has a marked part in his hair. You are looking at a basin of plants with him. Yes, they are water plants. Am I right?"

"It might be," Ilse Kadereit answered hesitantly. And Dr. Kadereit, benevolently interested but more unbelieving than believing, asked smiling, in an undertone: "Does he mean Stockmann perhaps? Didn't you tell me that you had a conversation with Stockmann about the Party two or three weeks ago?"

"The man with the part," Oscar went on, "is speaking derogatorily about the Nazis. Am I right?" And without waiting for her answer he continued: "You, perhaps just in a spirit of contradiction, defend the Party. In your thoughts more vehemently than with words. 'Actually,' you think, 'those fellows with their bad manners are ten times more interesting than all of you put together,' and you think something very coarse about the class to which the gentleman with the part belongs, a vulgar word of the kind a lady rarely uses."

Dr. Kadereit laughed. "Is it right?" he asked half-whispering in his high, thin voice, and answered himself: "It could be right: you could have thought something of that sort about Stockmann."

Oscar, however, declared decidedly: "That was the moment you first wished that your Fritz would ally himself with the others, not with these." He opened his eyes fully, and said, no longer sleepily but in his everyday voice, very triumphantly: "I don't ask you if I'm right. I am right." Alois was full of professional admiration for his colleague.

Dr. Kadereit pretended to clap. "Not bad," he said, "not at all bad," and with a little smile he looked at his wife who was sitting there also smiling slightly, but with a preoccupied expression, running her tongue along her teeth. Oscar passed his hand over his forehead. "Now I'd like to let that be enough for today," he declared amiably, almost apologetically; the effort of concentration had taken a lot out of him, he explained. With that he left the platform.

ILSE KADEREIT was a skeptical woman and did not let herself be easily impressed. Now that Oscar had released her she felt a resistance to him. It wasn't a pleasant thought that somebody could look right into one like that, that he could, so to say, undress one spiritually; it was an uncomfortable feeling. But it was exciting too; she was not sorry she had come.

The others also were impressed and eyed Oscar with inquisitive awe. "Did I promise you too much?" asked Frau von Trettnow proudly. "Isn't our Oscar Lautensack really a master and prophet?" And, "Amazing," the guests admitted. "Really extraordinary," they said, and, "Did you really think that about Stockmann, my dear?" they asked Ilse Kadereit. But Ilse gave evasive answers. "Possibly," she replied, and with her sharp young girl's voice she added: "To tell you the truth, I don't know."

Lean Herr Tischler approached Oscar awkwardly. He poked him lightly in the ribs, and said with a forced laugh, "You're a great joker, Master. What you did with me just now, that was just a macabre joke of course, wasn't it?" Oscar only shrugged his shoulders. "But it's really astonishing," Herr Tischler went on, "how many things you did hit. The way you guessed little Kadereit's thoughts—that was simply perfect. And one could read in her face that it was right. I'd like to have a longer talk with you sometime, Herr Lautensack," he said in a confidential tone. "I'd like to get your advice on a few matters."

"Ask my secretary," said Oscar ungraciously.

Alois, however, when Herr Tischler applied to him, said surlily: "You'll just have to take the trouble to apply at the office of the German World Philosophy."

Meanwhile Ilse Kadereit had spoken to Oscar. She stood, a dainty little figure, beside her uncouth husband. "You did that cleverly, Master," she said, "very effectively." Her little voice did not sound sharp now, but birdlike, and her gray eyes sparkled brightly and intelligently beneath her dark hair; she was very pretty. Oscar was indignant at her impudence, but he couldn't help finding her attractive. Everything about her appealed to him: her delicate yet firm figure, her bold, pale-brown boy's face with the short black hair, the cleanly chiseled chin, and the pretty, determined nose. She could go on mocking at him. In the end he'd get the better of her; he'd already got the better of her, he felt it.

As he drove home with Alois, Oscar felt very much stimulated. One just had to formulate a question adroitly and push it right in people's faces. One just had to declare with the requisite certainty that they had thought or experienced something, and they believed it themselves.

Alois leaned back sullenly in his corner. "Whom are you telling all this?" he growled. "Me? You know that it *all* comes from me—all your wisdom." He yawned. "It's a rotten life here in Berlin. Monday I'm off to Munich."

KÄTHE SEVERIN was copying the manuscript of Richard Wagner, Prototype and Warning. While she typed mechanically, her thoughts were occupied with other things. Obviously with not very pleasant ones. For her beautiful, somewhat haggard face was twisted with vexation; three sharp vertical furrows cut into her broad foreheard just above her nose.

"Käthe Severin, Stenographic Work of Every Kind," announced the sign downstairs. But for weeks now it had not attracted any clients. If things went on like this, she would have to close shop.

Tall, blond, and slender, Käthe Severin sat at her typewriter; her thin hands moved over the keys in practiced strokes. Her half-brother Paul had given her the job of copying this thick manuscript, Richard Wagner, but only because he didn't want to have her sitting around completely unoccupied. For he had no need of the copies. The book was one single, acid criticism of the figure of Richard Wagner; he wouldn't find a publisher for that sort of thing nowadays.

It was becoming harder and harder to get along with Paul. There was the question of the Nazis. Of course a whole lot of the Nazi principles were annoying, ridiculous. She herself, when she was together with Nazis, protested against them. Yet when she was with Paul she defended the movement, praised their honest fanaticism, their vigor. The arrogance with which Paul disposed of the Nazi principles simply forced one to contradiction.

Käthe loved her brother. He was amiable, he had an exceptional mind, he had a sense of humor, he was obliging, and when he expounded his ideas, his beautiful enthusiasm carried one away. Yet it was hard to be dependent on him, and unfortunately it was impossible to foresee when that dependence would be at an end.

Käthe inserted a new sheet, page 319. The manuscript had seven hundred and fifty-six pages. Her brother Paul took seven hundred and fifty-six pages to bare the weaknesses of a great man. Just because Wagner's music entered into one so sweetly and poisonously, he maintained, it was dangerous, and it was time to show its other side. Käthe was indignant that Paul should take so much pains to belittle a great man. Nevertheless, as she wrote she had to smile from time to time at Paul's grace and wit. He could write.

The doorbell rang. Käthe answered without haste. She had lost the habit of waiting for clients. What could there be of importance? A traveling salesman.

But it was a client, a gentleman in an ample overcoat, a gentleman with a powerful, imposing face, one who as soon as he entered filled the whole little room. He asked if he might dictate to her. It was a question of an experiment. "But if I'm to make the experiment," he said, "then it has to be at once." It all sounded rather imperious and violent.

"Very well, sir," replied Käthe in her crisp voice, her politeness mingled with only a very slight irony. "If you're in such a hurry we can try it right away."

THE stranger looked her up and down. "Yes," he said, "to begin with we shall just have to limit it to a trial. With the type of material I have to dictate, it's of some importance whether—and to what extent—I find a basis of understanding in the person to whom I dictate."

So the new client dictated, while she took shorthand. He paced up and down, now before Käthe, now in back of her. It was not very easy to follow his dictation. One moment he spoke measuredly, emphasizing every word, with theatrical deliberation; the next his words rushed out. What he had to say sounded vague and obscure; on the other hand there was music in his sentences and Käthe listened to them with enjoyment.

The stranger described a phenomenon which until then had been foreign to her, and which he called now telepathy, now mind reading, now metapsychology. The concept did not seem to have definite boundaries, and at bottom Käthe was not any the wiser even after the gentleman had dictated for some time. But she felt a grandeur behind his obscure sentences which swept away any irreverent criticism.

He dictated in a rich, silky tenor; one felt the sentences forming within him. Now and then he interrupted himself and asked: "Can you follow? Do I speak too fast." But Käthe was well trained and made a concentrated effort, not wanting to interrupt him.

He dictated in this style for quite some time. Whenever it was possible Käthe's glance sought his agitated face. A sense of excitement, of animation, went out from the speaker such as Käthe had rarely felt in the course of any job. While this stranger spoke, grand and pleasurable feelings arose in her as they did during the Fuehrer's speeches. She floated on his words as if bathing in the sea. She no longer thought how hopelessly complicated everything was in the world around her; she had the feeling that she was controlled and led by an obscure but not unfriendly power.

He inserted more and more frequent pauses. Now he seemed to be finished. "Enough for today," he said, and: "Why, you look quite disappointed, Fräulein Severin. One can't dictate such things for hours. Surely you in particular can understand that." Without embarrassment, almost shamelessly, he eyed her long, beautiful, narrow face, her curved lips, her brown eyes beneath the full brows, the wide forehead slightly bulging at the base, the thick, dark blond hair with its lovely line, braided into a knot contrary to fashion. It certainly was different working with this girl instead of with Petermann, the desiccated sneak. "You're good to work with," he complimented her. "You don't upset one's mood." He smiled; actually he had a somber face, but when he smiled, it quite lit up.

"Thank you," she said happily.

"Could you really follow while I was dictating?" he went on to ask. "Or does the technical process of writing require your whole attention?"

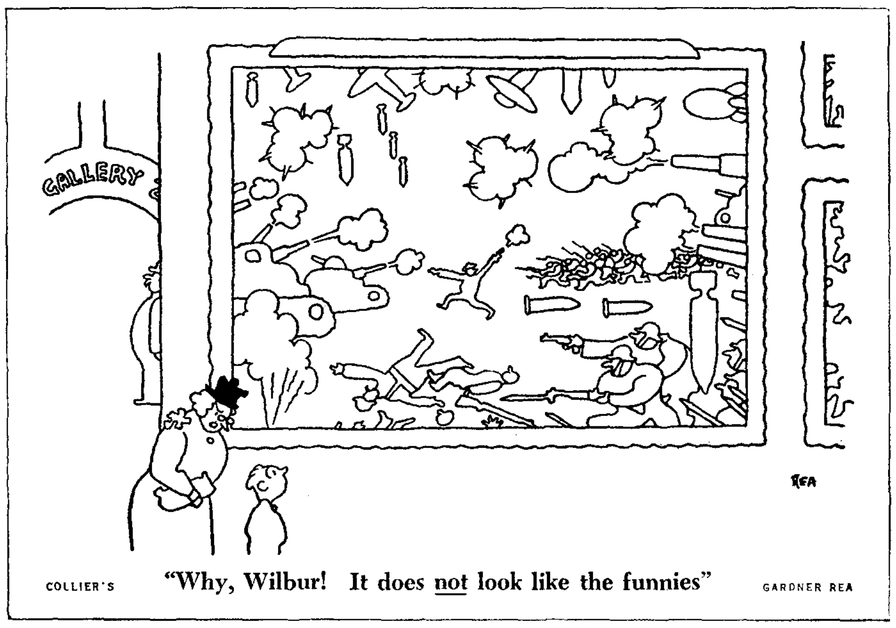
"I couldn't keep up all the time," Käthe admitted. "But when something takes as much out of a person as the ideas you drew out of yourself, then one makes an effort to listen to them."

"'Drew out of myself'—you hit on a good word for what I do there," he said approvingly. "But please read over to me once more what I 'drew out of myself.'"

SHE read aloud in her crisp voice. To read smoothly from shorthand notes is not very easy, even for an expert. She made a concentrated effort, repeated his sentences fluently and with the correct emphasis, and—remarkably enough—there were only a few hesitations and corrections. "You read that with your soul," he said commendingly. Paul would certainly have thought that "with your soul" was a cheap expression; yet she was pleased; she even blushed. And he, eying her once again, declared graciously: "I think we'll be working together often."

While he put on his expensive, ample overcoat he asked smiling: "As a matter of fact, do you know who I am?" He asked it as if she must know him; and his face did seem familiar to her; surely she had seen it in the papers, but she couldn't think of the name. She had to shake her head, blushing. "All the better, all the better," he said, with slightly forced good humor.

(To be continued next week)



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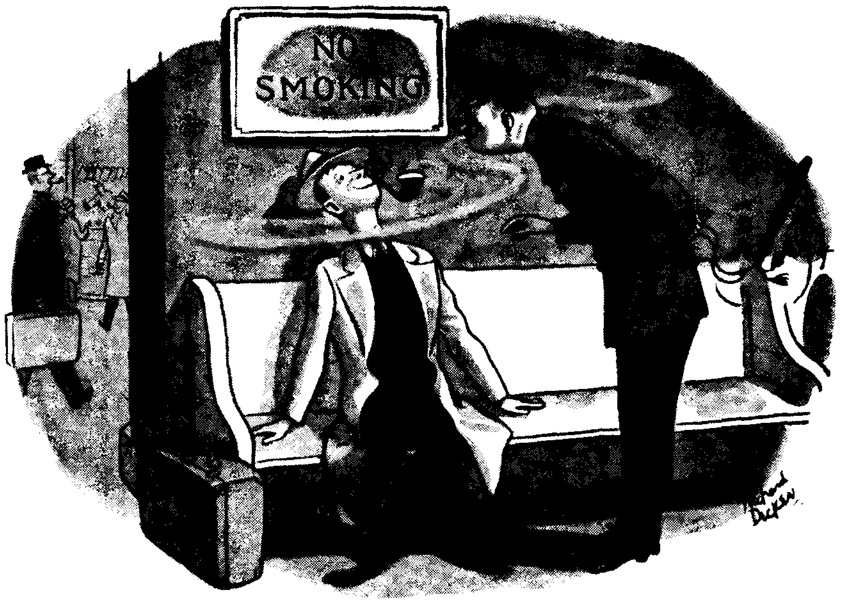

"Oh! Sir Walter Raleigh—that's different! Go right ahead, pal"

EVER BEEN TOLD how to make your pipe taste better (and smell sweeter)? Just clean it regularly and fill up with fragrant Sir Walter Raleigh. Blended from choice Kentucky burleys, it's mellow and mild, with a superb aroma all its own! Try *"the quality pipe tobacco of America."*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
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SIR WALTER RALEIGH
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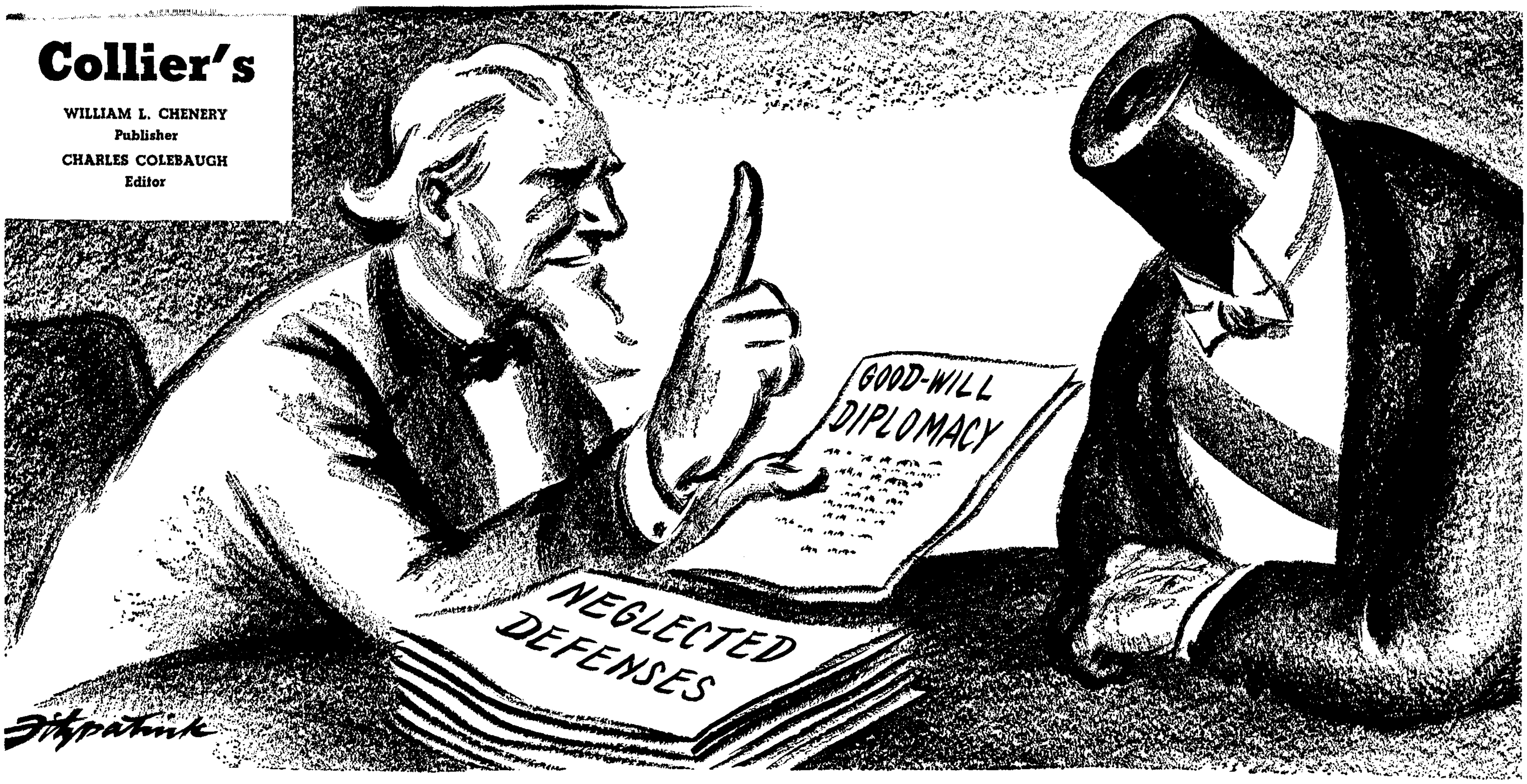


OUR ROAD TO WAR

MANY a book is hailed by its publishers and one or more critics as the most important book of the year, decade or century. In our opinion, the United States government has recently had the honor of issuing one of the most important books of the last ten years.

The book is Peace and War, by the Department of State. (Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., 1942; 144 pages, 25 cents.)

You've probably heard of this document. It is the story of the United States government's diplomatic deals and discussions all over the world in the decade which began with Japan's attack on Manchuria, September 18, 1931, and ended with Japan's lunge for the backbone of our Pacific fleet at Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

The book makes exciting reading from start to finish. It is a digest of much of the international news you read from day to day during those fateful ten years; and it brings those bits and pieces of news into focus and perspective as it weaves them into a connected story.

What interests us most about the book is the strange dualism of character which our people and our government exhibited throughout those ten years. All along, we did two things: (1) We called repeatedly for world peace and good will, scolded nations that threatened peace, stuck the national nose into every explosive situation everywhere; yet (2) we neglected to arm ourselves in such a way as to be able to back up our righteous words with action. And other nations were not fooled.

To illustrate, we quote a paragraph from Peace and War on the subject of Ambassador to Japan Joseph C. Grew's December 27, 1934, report to the State Department on the Japanese situation:

> The Ambassador said that unless we were prepared to subscribe to the "Pax Japonica" in the Far East, we should rapidly build up our Navy to treaty strength, and when the Washington Naval Treaty expired we should continue, "regardless of cost," to maintain the existing naval ratios with Japan; *that Japan's naval policy had been formulated on a premise that the United States would never build up to treaty strength.* He reported that almost half of the Japanese national budget for 1935-36 was for the army and navy. [Italics ours.]

We hoped to eat our cake and have it too; to be interventionists and isolationists at the same time. The Axis powers clearly perceived this fatuous self-deception of ours. In due time, Japan led off the Axis attempt to snatch the cake which we hadn't eaten. Disaster followed disaster for the United Nations' arms around the world, until, a full eleven months after Pearl Harbor, we were able to mount an offensive in North Africa and score a big sea-air victory over the Japs off Guadalcanal.

We've acted that way more than once, as a nation; have tried to get something without paying for it, or to follow two irreconcilable courses of action or policy at the same time. Some of us are even now toying with the idea that we can furnish the bulk of the weapons with which to beat the Axis, and send only token forces of our own men to fight with those weapons; that others can be depended on to do most of the fighting for us.

It is no use blaming the President or Congress for our pre-Pearl Harbor unpreparedness. They were only reflecting the wishes of the people—though in some respects it must be admitted that the President was a little way ahead of the majority of the people.

If we can learn from this war to be prepared always to meet the full consequences of anything we may say officially to any other nation or nations, we shall learn a priceless lesson, and one which may save the national neck some day.

Anyway, we recommend that you spend 25 cents for this book and read it word for word.

◆

THE DAY OF GLORY

Allons, enfants de la patrie—
Le jour de gloire est arrivé . . .
—*La Marseillaise*

IT IS an honor to the Allies, as well as a great help, to have France back in the fight, though for the time being, France's fight is based in North Africa.

Not that the French people—the great majority of them—ever were out of the fight. Mistaken or timid counsels in June, 1940, persuaded against the planned flight of the French government to Africa, to carry on the war from there. Old Marshal Pétain may have been overconfident of his ability to cajole a fair deal for France out of Hitler. Or he may have made the only possible decision.

France's resurrection began with the Allied smash into North Africa last November 7th. It was the first opportunity. The political squabbles, as Eisenhower and Anderson slugged eastward, and Montgomery slashed westward after Rommel, were only the surface foam on the waters stirred by the freshening air of freedom. When Roosevelt and Churchill met at Casablanca, and it became evident that the Allies were acting in good faith and had the force to back their promises, Giraud and De Gaulle agreed readily enough that the first thing on the calendar was to whip the Germans.

Meanwhile, the French fleet at Toulon had scuttled itself rather than let Hitler take it over—an act which led, as the French sailors knew it would, to the German occupation of all France and a stepping-up of brutal reprisals for the slightest acts of "disloyalty." Meanwhile, too, General Jacques Leclerc and his dauntless Fighting French had set out from Equatorial Africa on their 1,500-mile desert march for Tripoli—a story which we surmise will be retold for generations.

It now seems certain that France is destined to rise again, and in glory. The world will be the richer from the moment that promise comes true.

Aux armes, citoyens—
Formez vos bataillons . . .

How ***American*** *it is*... to want something better!

WASHING MACHINE

UNTIL AFTER THE WAR not too many of us will be able to get "something better" in washing machines, new refrigerators and the like.

But this doesn't keep us from *wanting*. It doesn't keep us from thinking, in this land of something better, of the better things—large and small—we are going after when the victory is won.

And even in the middle of war we can be thankful that many of the good things of life are still ours.

AMONG THE BETTER THINGS which many Americans have discovered is a moderate beverage—an ale. Its famous 3-ring trade mark—a ring for "Purity," one for "Body," one for "Flavor"—has become the symbol for *something better in ale* to so many people that Ballantine has become...

America's largest selling Ale

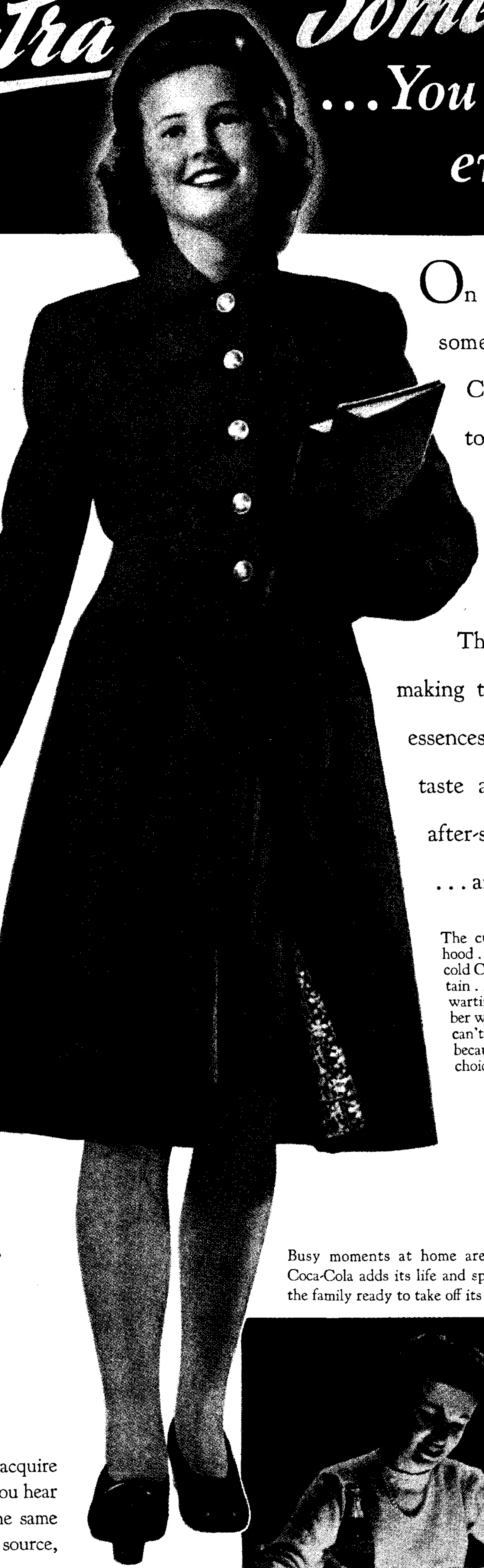
BALLANTINE'S
XXX
ALE

To speed the day when we can have more "better things" *buy war bonds and stamps*

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N.J.

That Extra Something!

...You can spot it every time



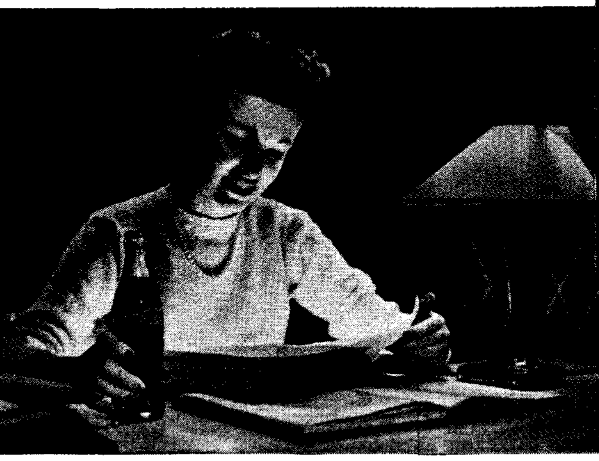
On the campus or off, Coca-Cola has that extra something that rates with youth. That's why Coca-Cola—a long-established product—belongs to the younger set, too, year after year. Choicest, special ingredients and special care in its making, give Coca-Cola a special refreshing taste and quality.

This unique taste comes from a finished art in its making that sets Coca-Cola apart . . . a blend of flavor-essences merging the ingredients of Coca-Cola into a taste all its own. And it leaves that unmistakable after-sense of refreshment that everybody recognizes . . . and welcomes.

The custom in every neighborhood . . . to enjoy delicious ice-cold Coca-Cola at the soda fountain . . . though not as often in wartime as before. And remember when you sometimes can't get Coca-Cola, it's because Coke, being first choice, sells out first.

Between hard-working shifts, girls in defense jobs welcome a refreshing pause for Coke, that little minute long enough for a big rest . . . leading to better work.

Busy moments at home are brighter when ice-cold Coca-Cola adds its life and sparkle. It's an old friend of the family ready to take off its cap and help out any time.



Coca-Cola
TRADE-MARK
5¢

The best is always the better buy!

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called Coke. Both mean the same thing . . . "coming from a single source, and well known to the community".

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